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THE GAY GORDONS.

A PLAY WITH MUSIC BY

SEYMOUR HICKS

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LYRICS BY

ARTHUR WIMPERIS

LONDON:

MUSIC BY

GUY JONES

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THE GAY GORDONS

A PLAY WITH MUSIC

BY

SEYMOUR HICKS.

Lyrics by

ARTHUR WIMPERIS.

Music by

GUY JONES.

***Additional Lyrics by* C. H. BOVILL *and* P. G. WODEHOUSE.**

VOCAL SCORE	**6s. net.**
PIANOFORTE SOLO	**3s. „**
LYRICS	**6d. „**

LONDON:

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Produced by Mr. Seymour Hicks at the Aldwych Theatre, London.

Dramatis Personæ.

Angus Graeme	Seymour Hicks
Nervy Nat	Fred Emney
Edmund Siddons	A. W. Baskcomb
Andrew Quainton	William Lugg
John Smith	Laurence Caird
The Marquis of Dalesbury	Cecil Kinnaird
Viscount Belstairs	Kenneth Maclaine
Lord Elmington	Arthur Royd
Lord Meilsham	Mervyn Dene
Archibald Speedy	J. C. Buckstone
Corporal	Will Bishop
Janet McCleod	Rosina Filippi
Victoria Siddons	Zena Dare
Charlotte Siddons	Sidney Fairbrother
Mary McCleod	Barbara Deane
Lady Millicent Graeme of Lockalt	Katie Butler
Lady Graeme of Lockalt	Vera Morris
A Peasant Woman	Georgina Delmar
and	
Peggy Quainton	Ellaline Terriss

Guests:—Misses Aime Dixon, Pauline Francis, May Gates, Rena Goldie, Hilda Harris, Elsie Kay, May Kennedy, Ruby Kennedy, Dorrie Keppel, Marion Lindsay, Claire Rickards, Doris Stocker, Sylvia Storey, Mabel Watson.

Act I. *A Moor in the Highlands on "The 12th."* (R. C. McCleery.)

Act II. *Tent in the Gardens of Meltrose Castle.* (Philip Howden and R. C. McCleery.)

The Dances and Choral Effects arranged by Edward Royce.

Acting Manager	(For Seymour Hicks)	T. Aynsley Cook
Stage Manager	(For Seymour Hicks)	Edward Royce
Musical Director	(For Seymour Hicks)	Frank E. Tours
General Manager	(For Charles Frohman)	W. Lestocq

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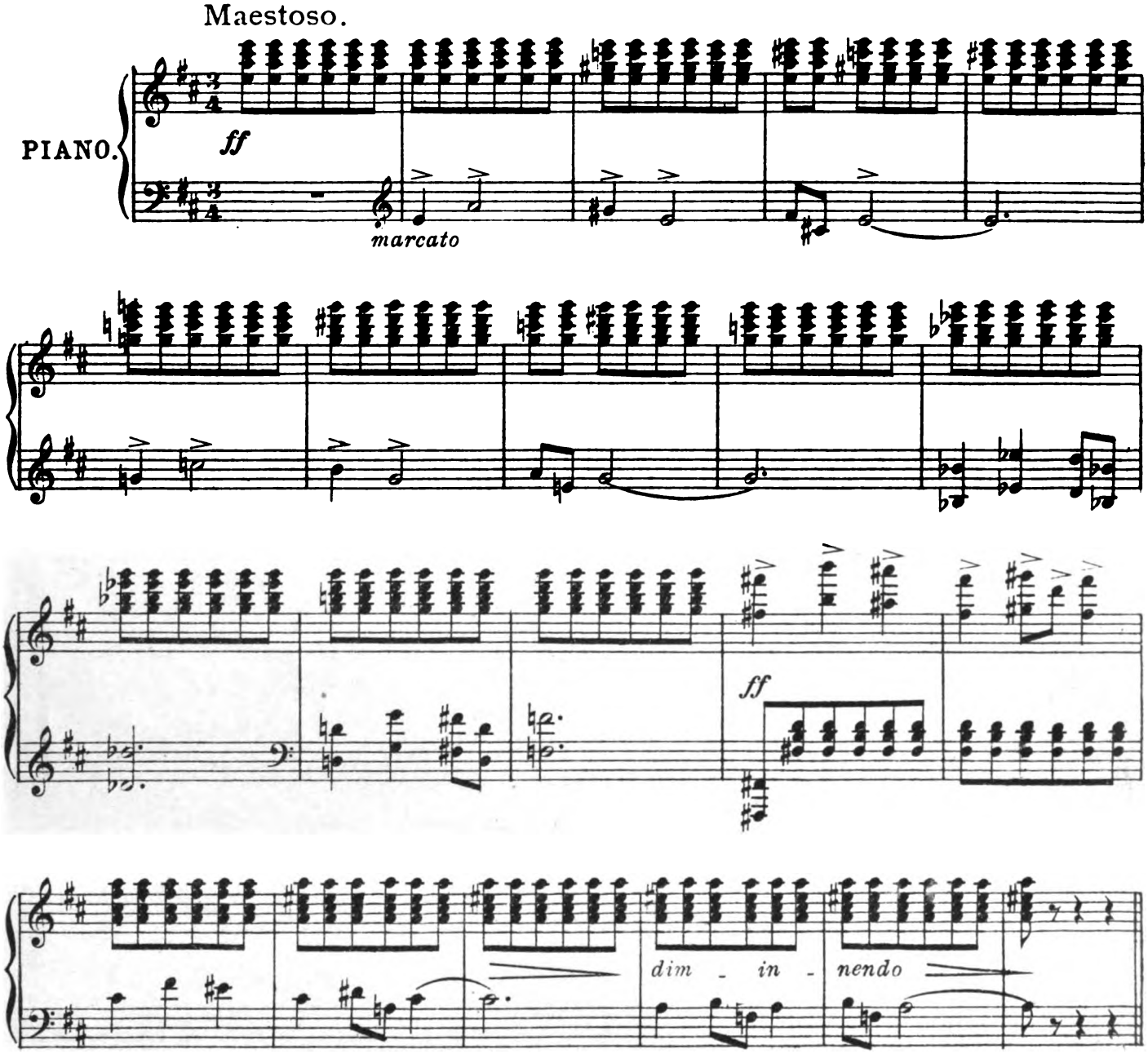
THE GAY GORDONS.

A Musical play
by
SEYMOUR HICKS.

Lyrics by
ARTHUR WIMPERIS.

Music by
GUY JONES.

OVERTURE.



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Valse Lento.

p cantabile

rall.

a tempo

p

rallentando-

rall.

Andante.

p

cantando

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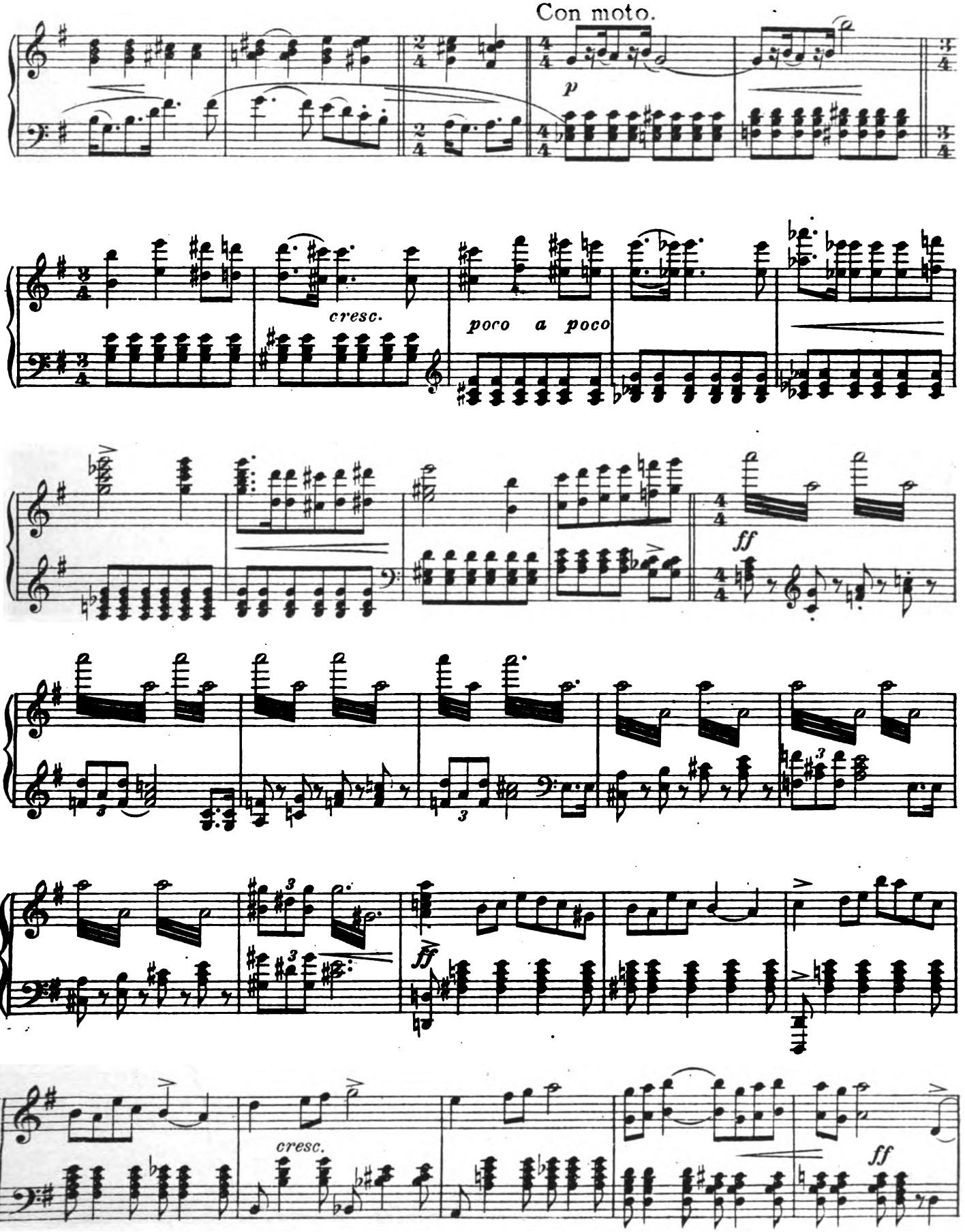

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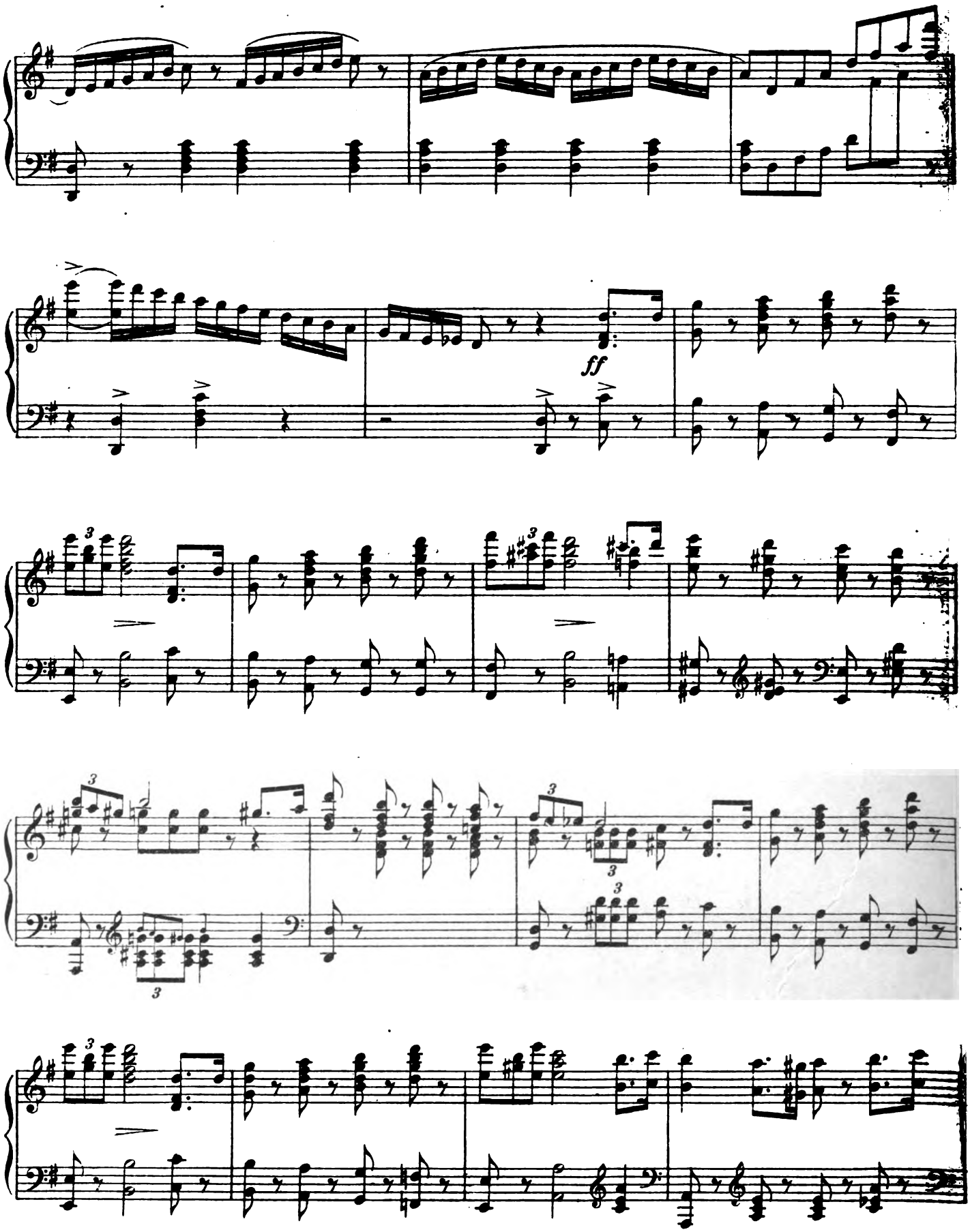

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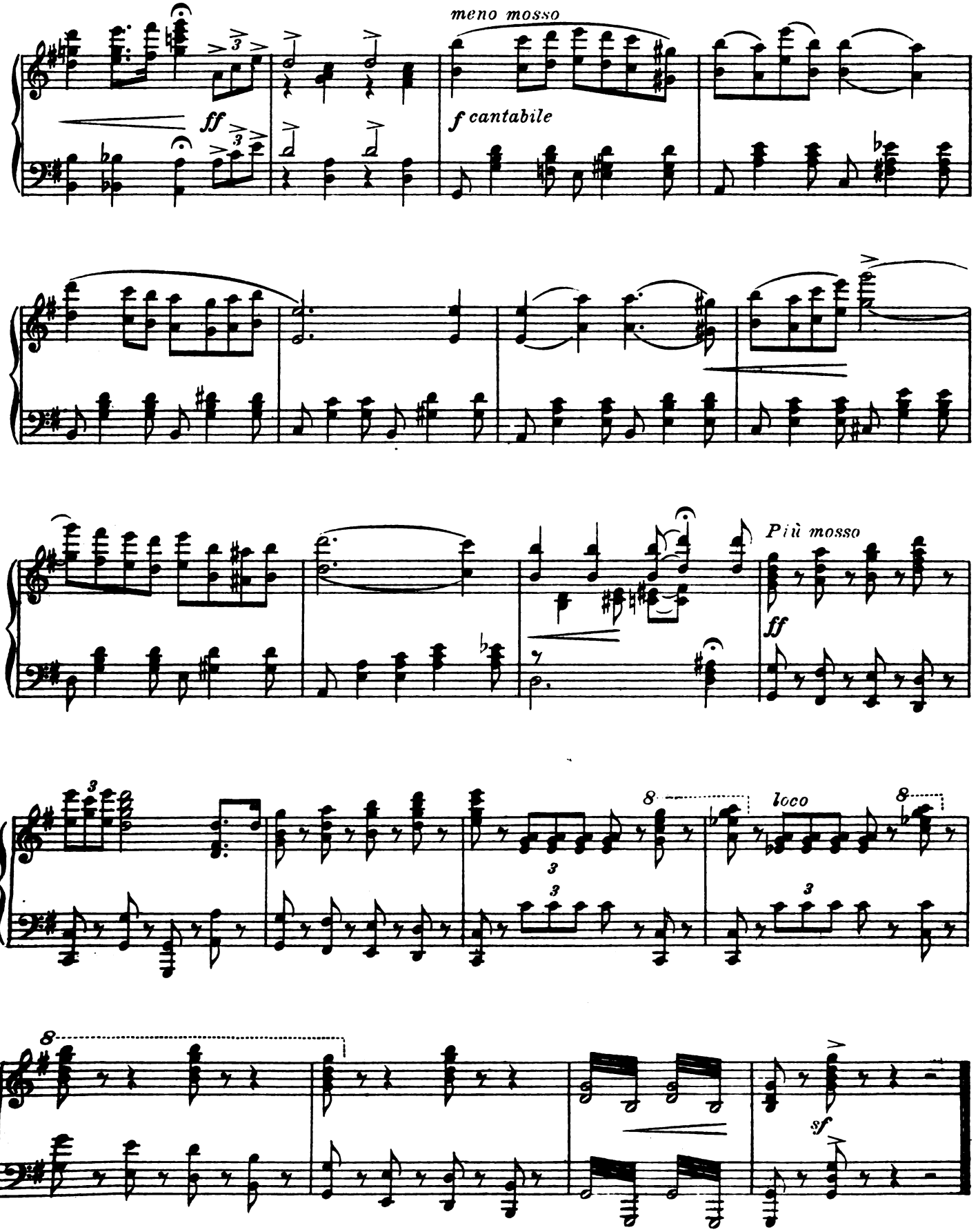

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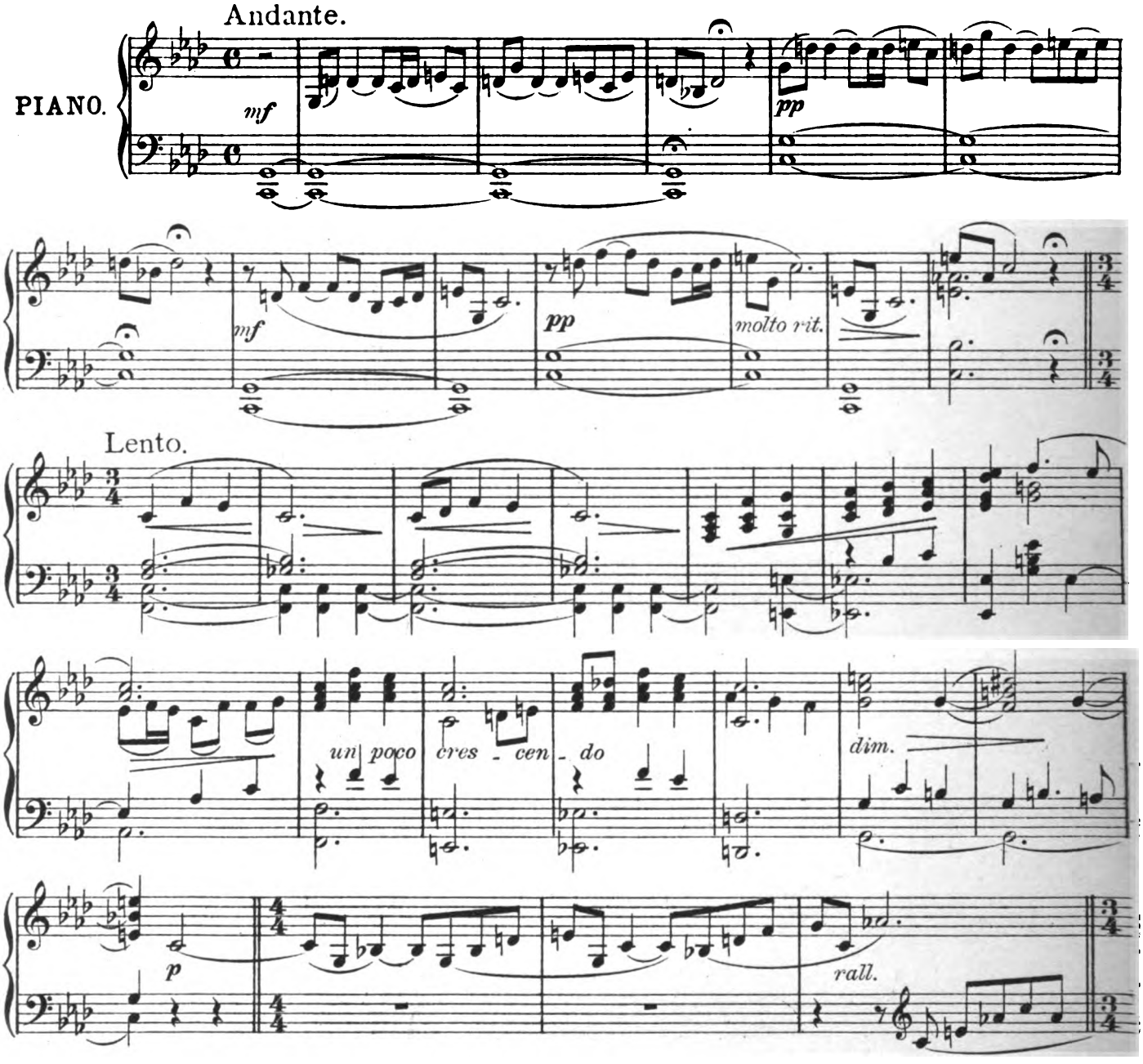
"THE GAY GORDONS."

ACT 1.

No. 1. OPENING CHORUS. "THE DAWN."

HENRY HAMILTON. GUY JONES.



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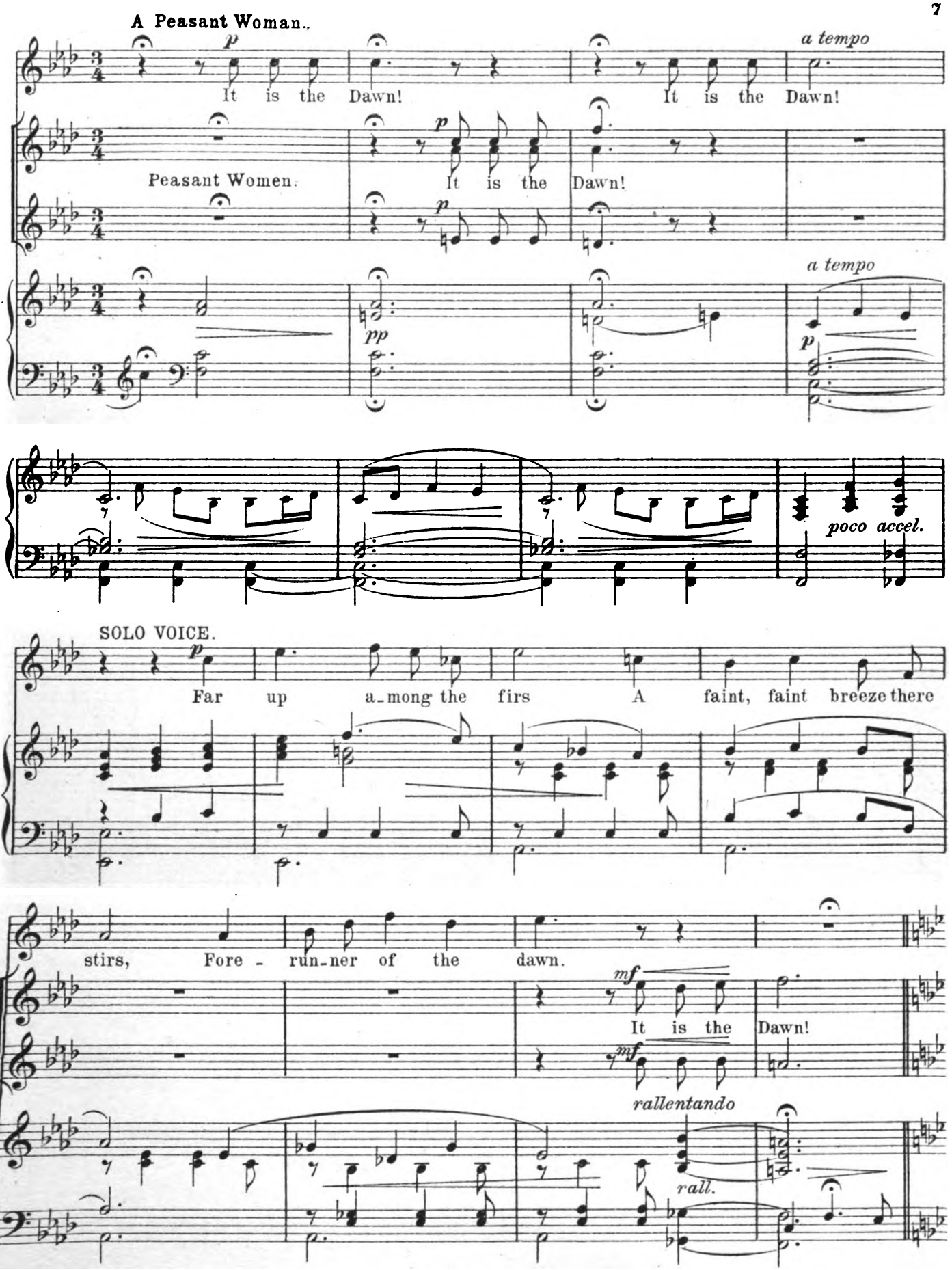

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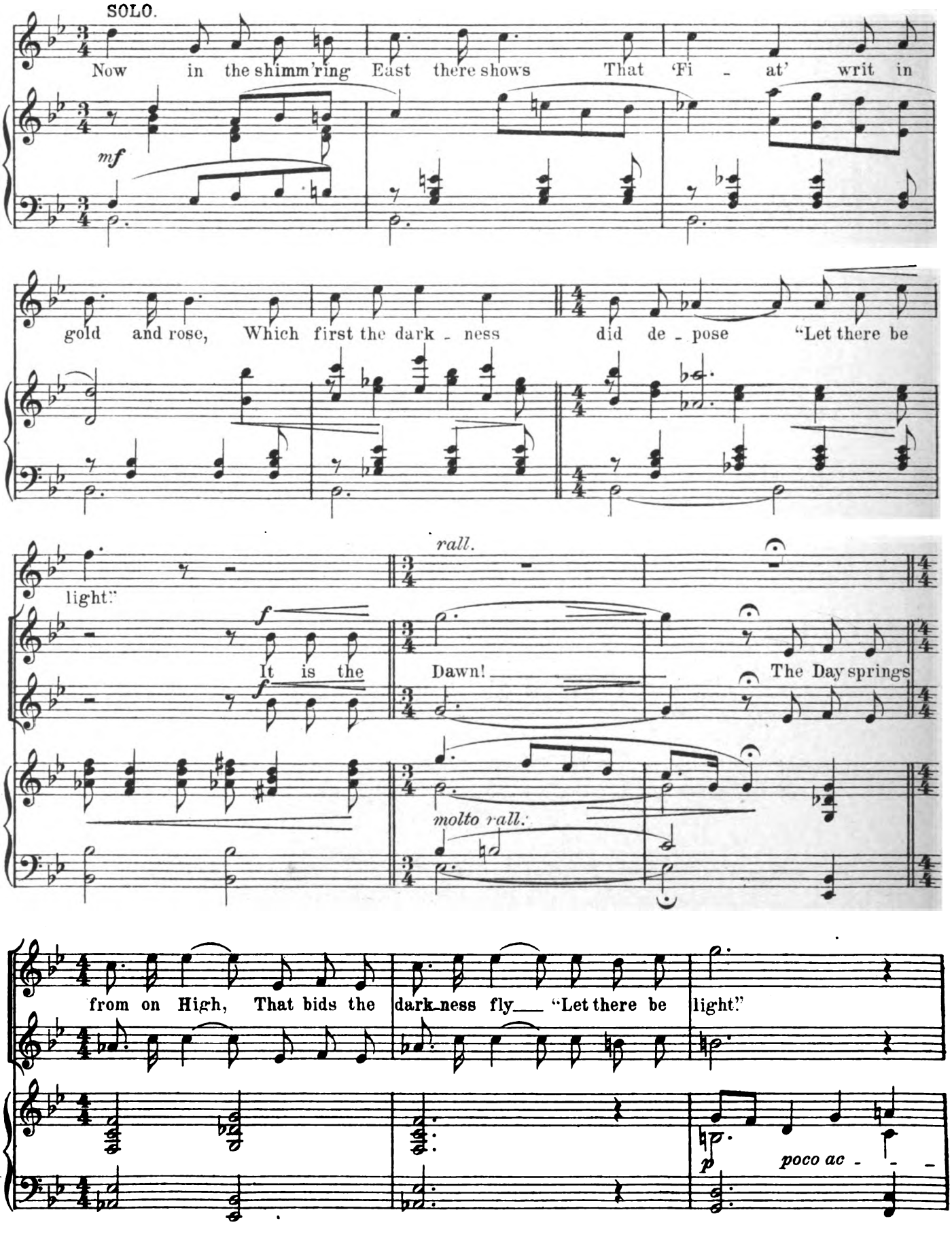
Con moto.
SOLO.
Now in the shimm'ring East there shows That 'Fi - at' writ in
mf
gold and rose, Which first the dark - ness did de - pose "Let there be
light."
rall.
f
It is the
Dawn!
The Day springs
molto rall.
from on High, That bids the dark-ness fly "Let there be light."
p
poco ac -

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Con moto.

SOLO.

It is the Dawn! Now

celerando e crescendo

p

Con moto.

baff_led Dark_ness dies As look her ten_der eyes Thro' veils of

dawn. And o'er the mis_ty mountain-tops With foot that

fal_ters not nor stops She steps, and down by crag and copse Steals to the

crescendo

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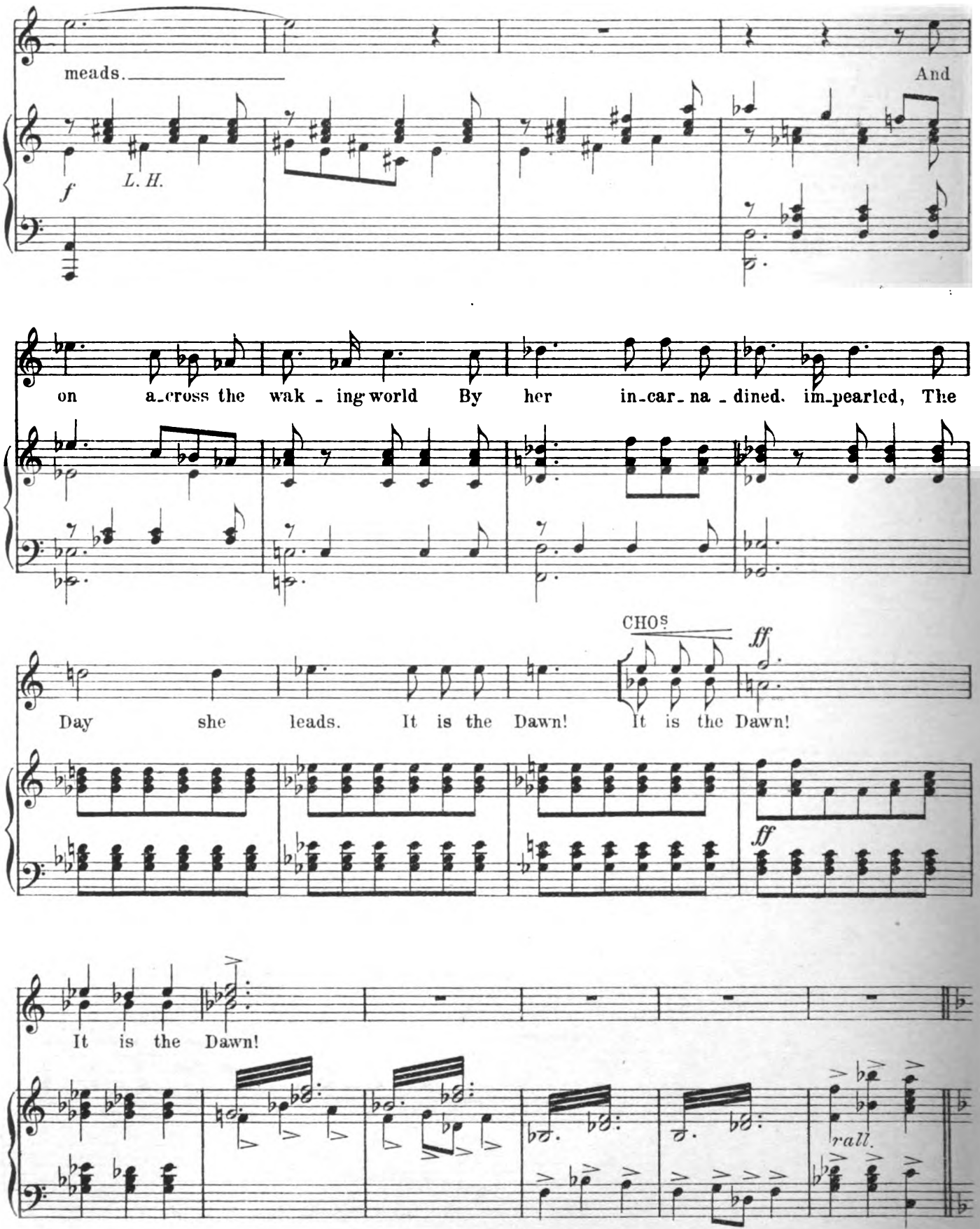

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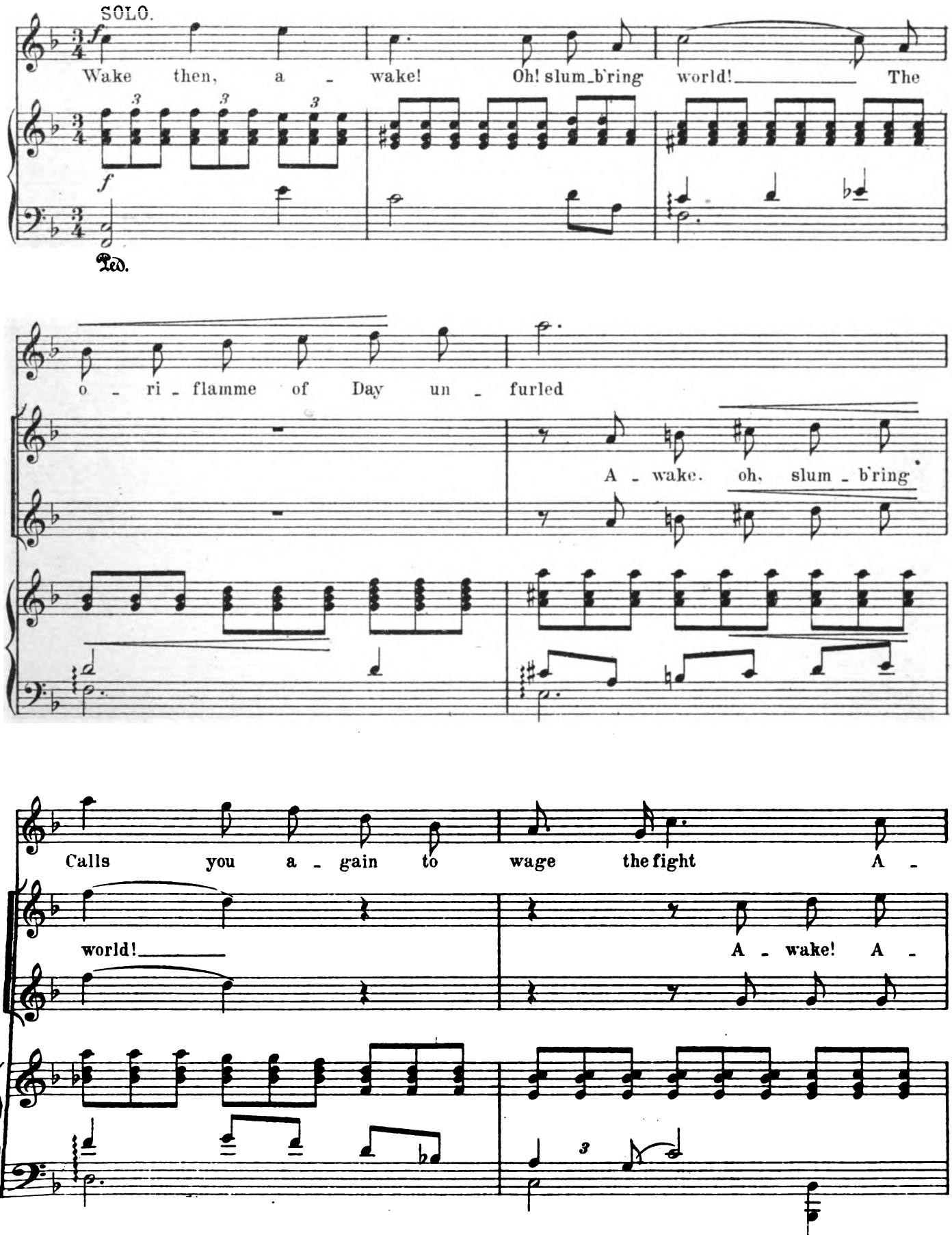
Maestoso.

SOLO.


Wake then, a - wake! Oh! slum_b'ring world! The
Ped.
o - ri - flamme of Day un - furled
A - wake. oh, slum - b'ring
Calls you a - gain to wage the fight A -
world!
A - wake! A -

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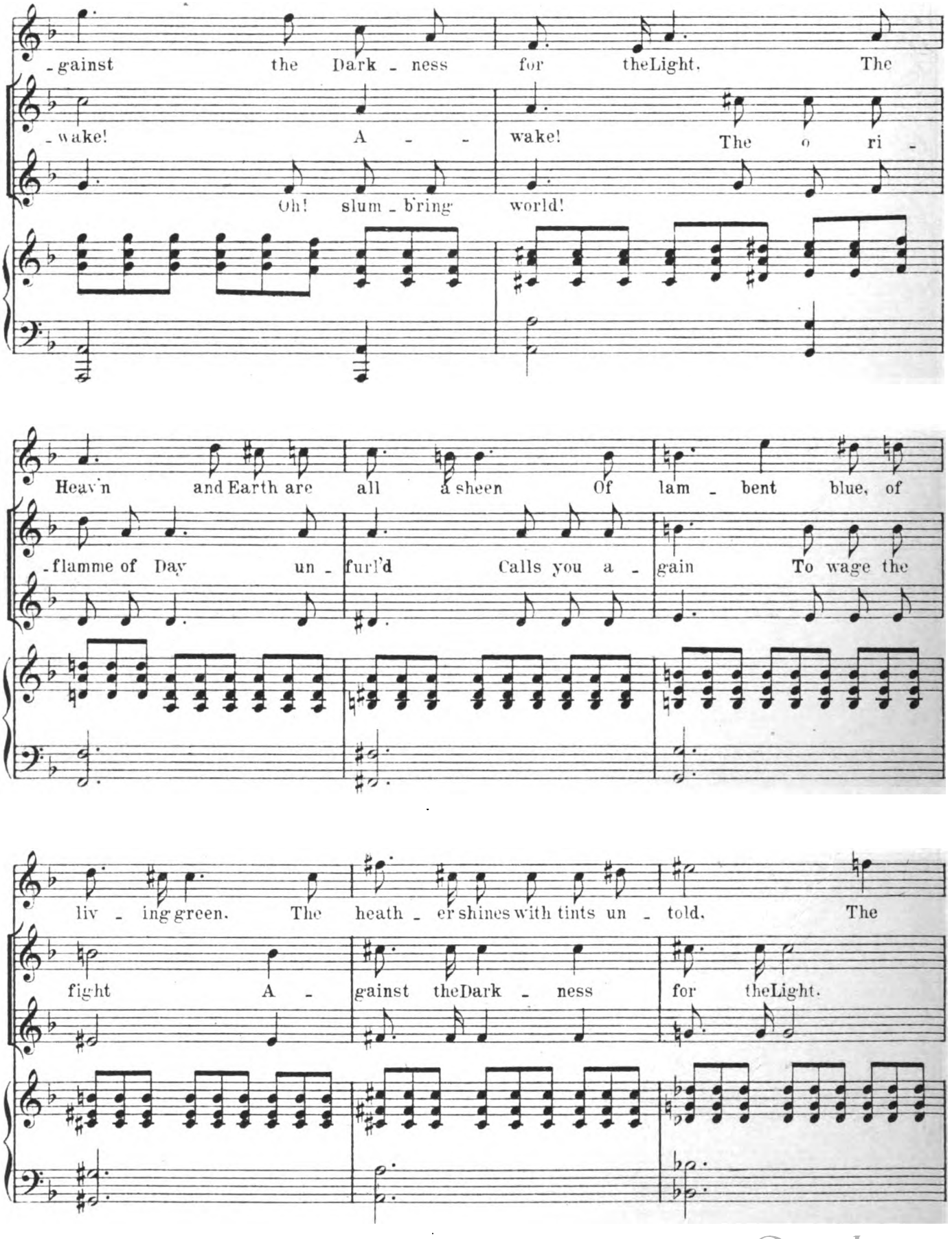
-gainst the Dark - ness for the Light. The
-wake! A - - wake! The o ri -
Oh! slum - b'ring world!
Heav'n and Earth are all a sheen Of lam - bent blue, of
-flamme of Day un - furl'd Calls you a - gain To wage the
liv - ing green. The heath - er shines with tints un - told. The
fight A - gainst the Dark - ness for the Light.

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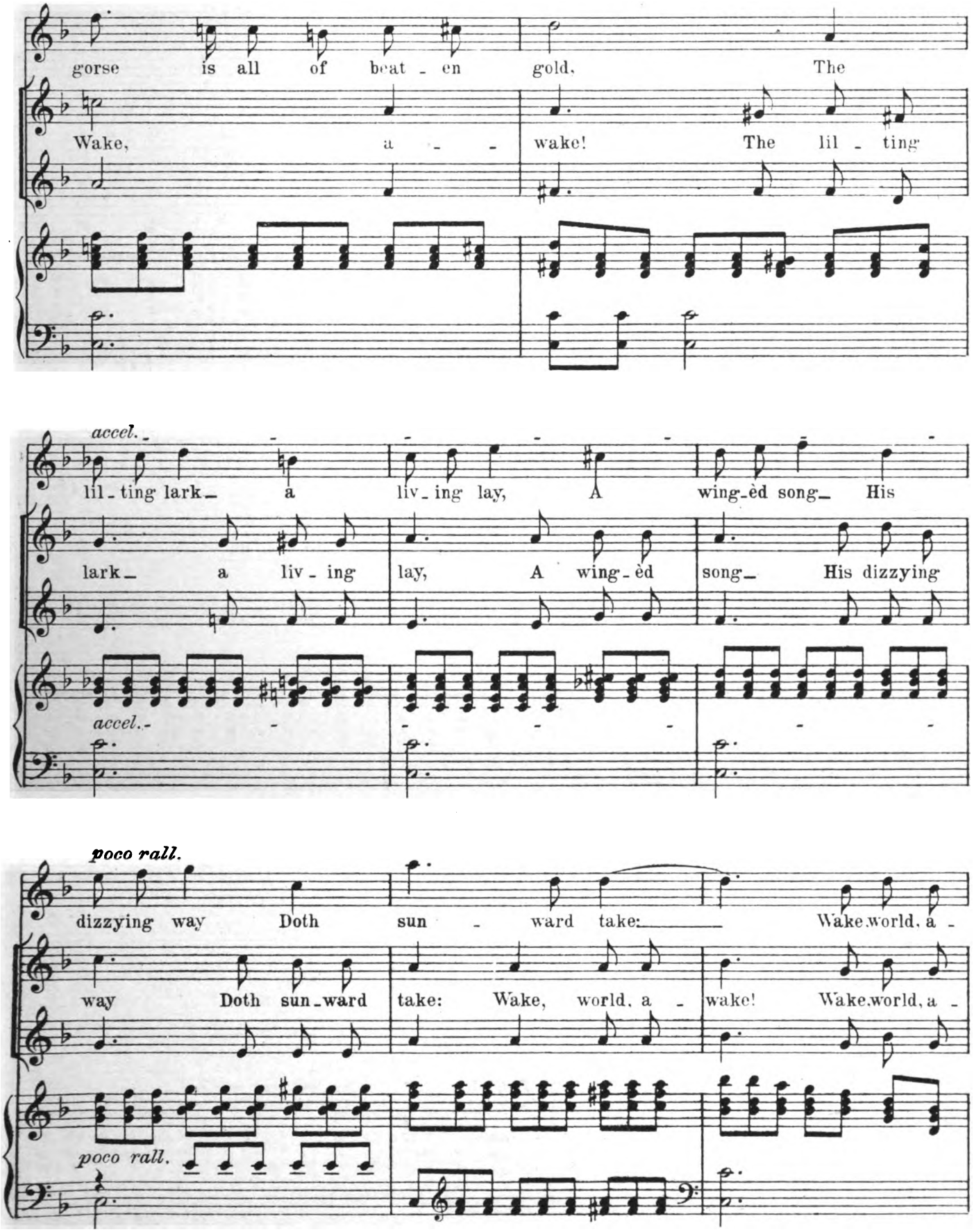
gorse is all of beat - en gold, The
Wake, a - - wake! The lil - ting
accel.
lil - ting lark - a liv - ing lay, A wing - èd song - His
lark - a liv - ing lay, A wing - èd song - His dizzying
accel.
poco rall.
dizzying way Doth sun - ward take: Wake world, a -
way Doth sun - ward take: Wake, world, a - wake! Wake world, a -
poco rall.

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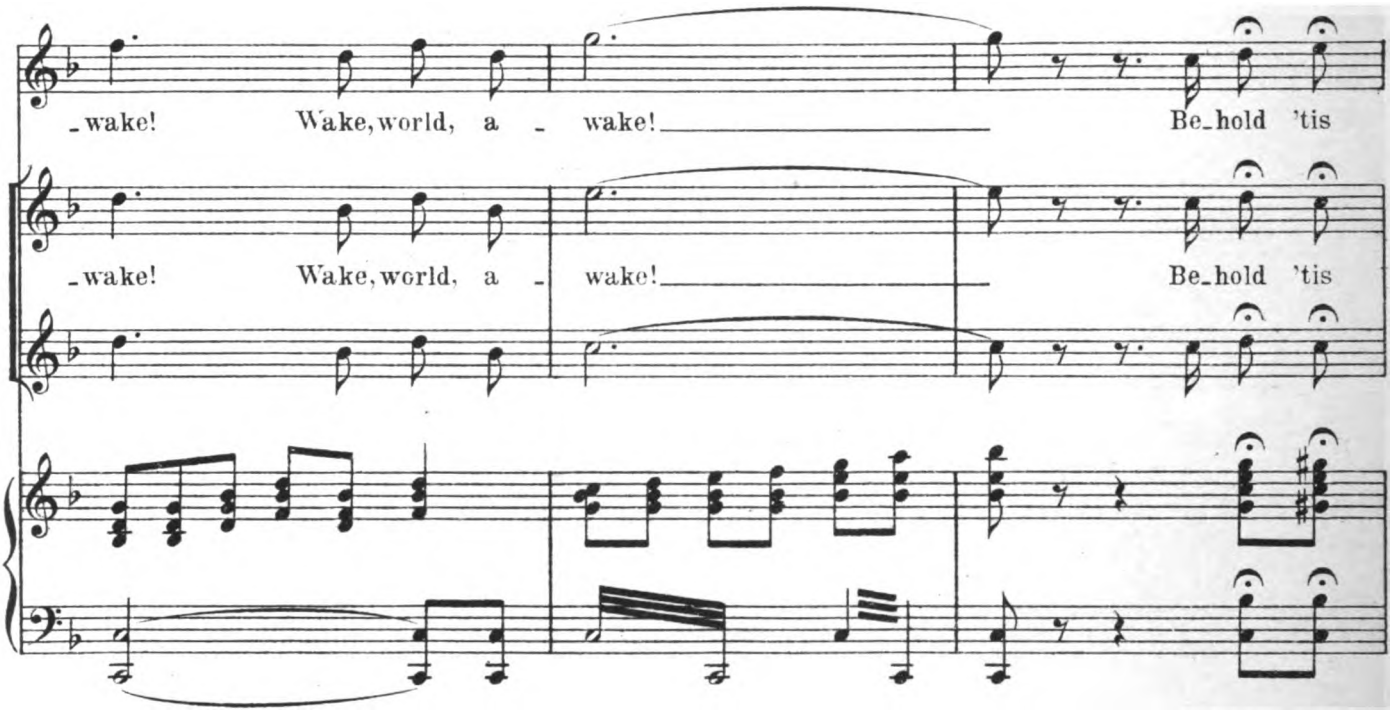

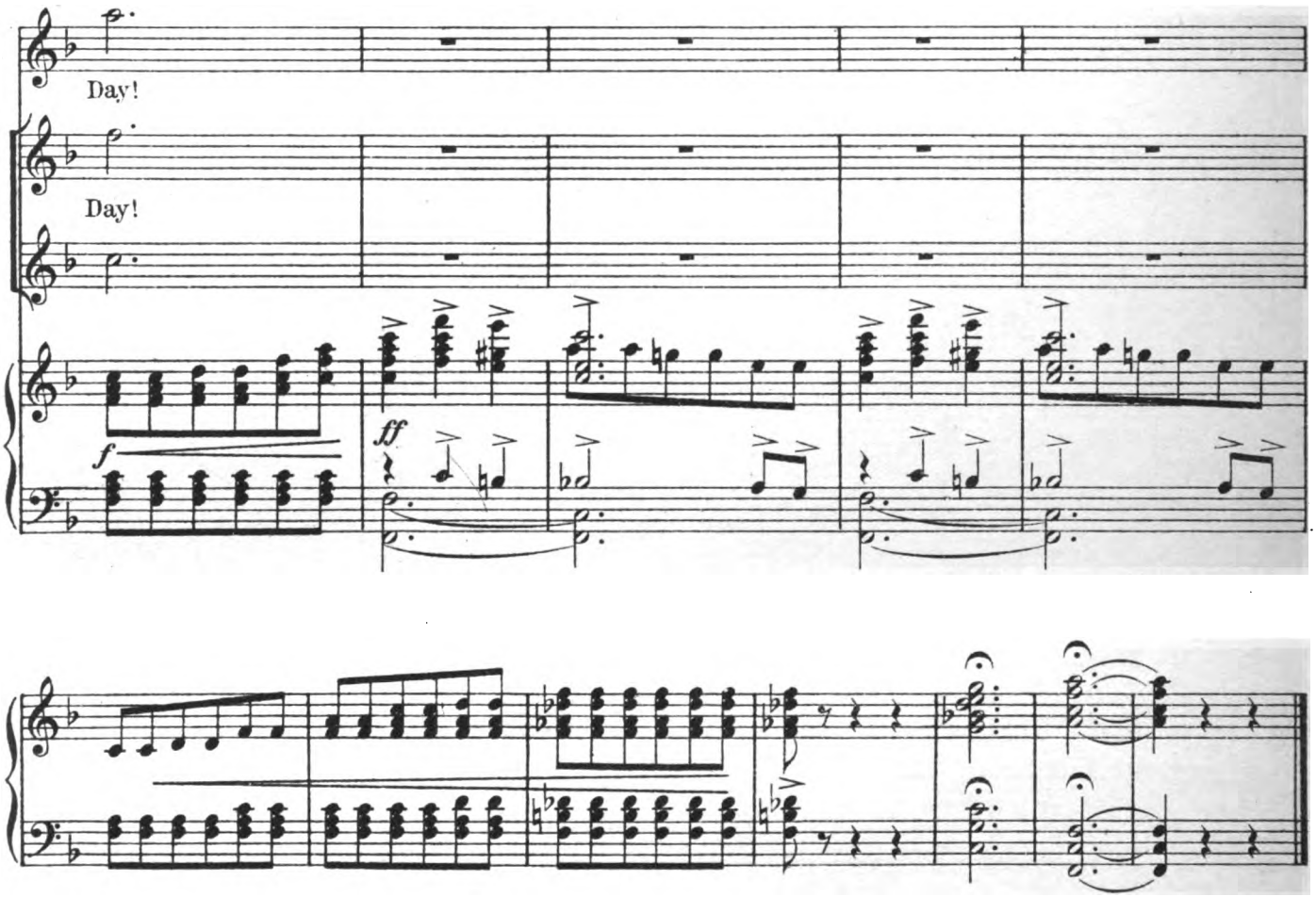

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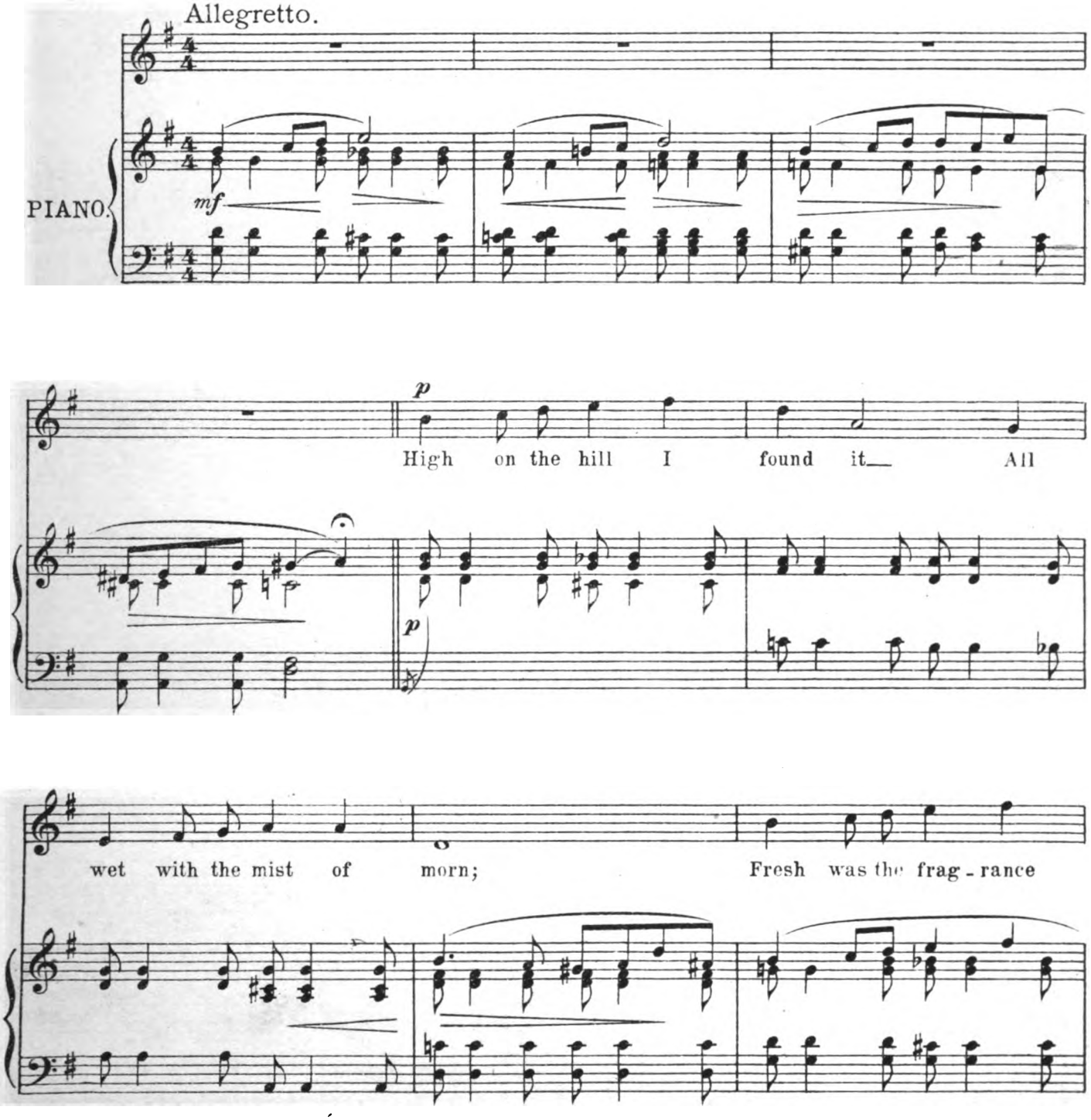
No2. SONG. "WHITE HEATHER".

(MARY McLEOD)

C. H. BOVILL. GUY JONES.



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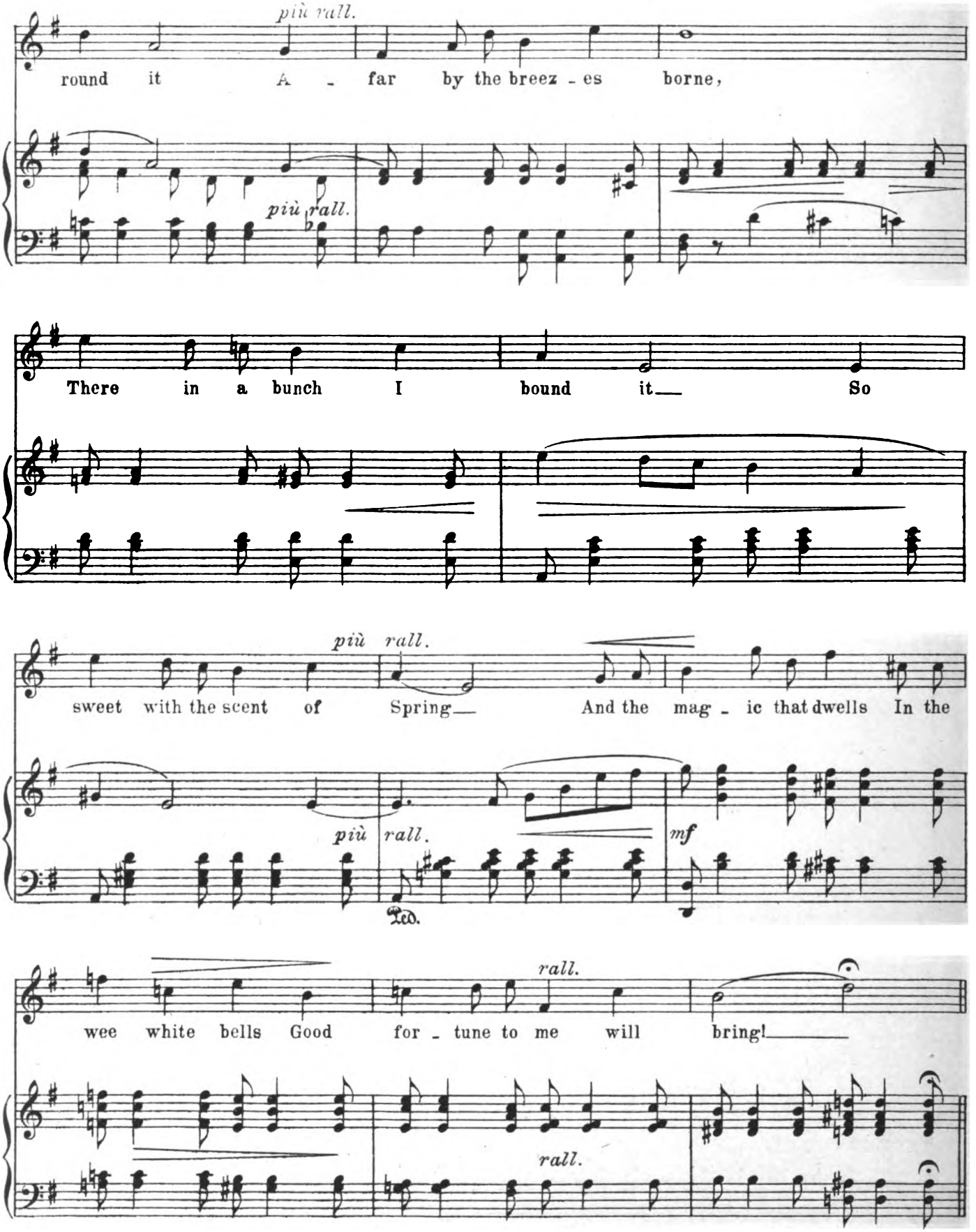
più rall.
round it A - far by the breez - es borne,
più rall.
There in a bunch I bound it So
più rall.
sweet with the scent of Spring And the mag - ic that dwells In the
più rall.
mf
Ped.
rall.
wee white bells Good for - tune to me will bring!
rall.

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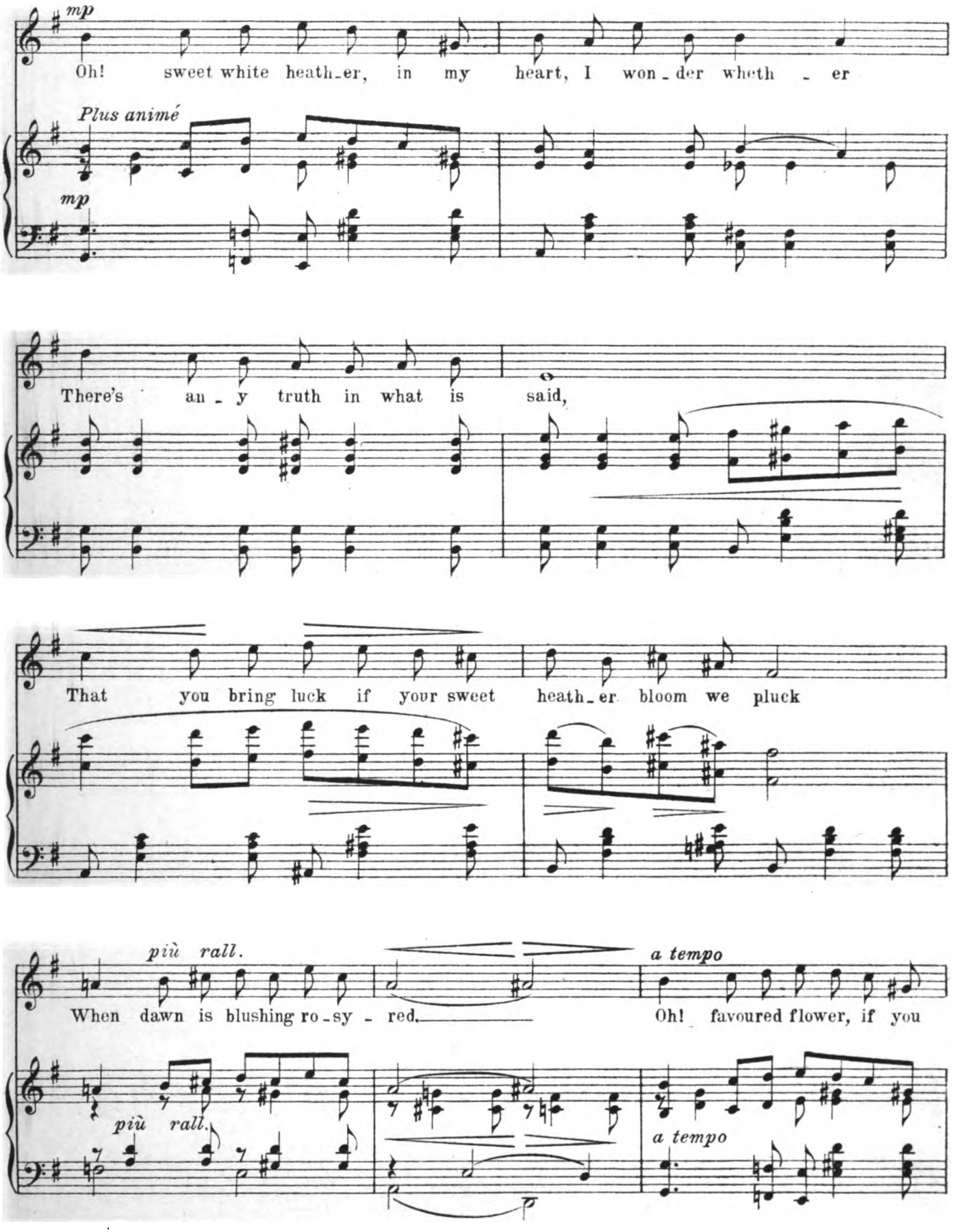
mp
Oh! sweet white heath-er, in my heart, I won-der wheth - er
Plus animé
mp
There's an - y truth in what is said,
That you bring luck if your sweet heath-er bloom we pluck
più rall.
When dawn is blushing ro-sy - red.
a tempo
Oh! favoured flower, if you
più rall.
a tempo

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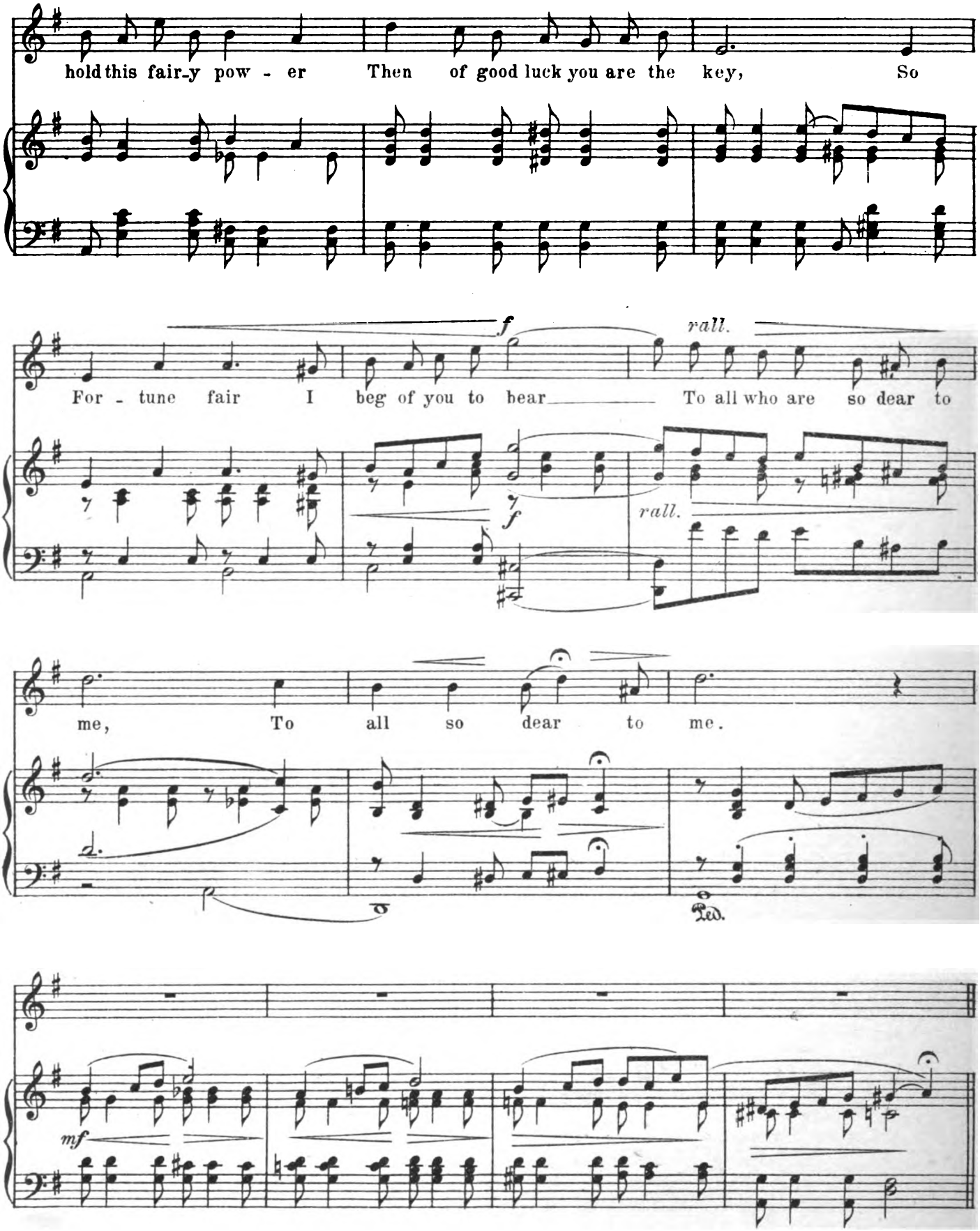
hold this fair-y pow - er Then of good luck you are the key, So
f
rall.
For - tune fair I beg of you to bear To all who are so dear to
f
rall.
me, To all so dear to me.
Ped.
mf

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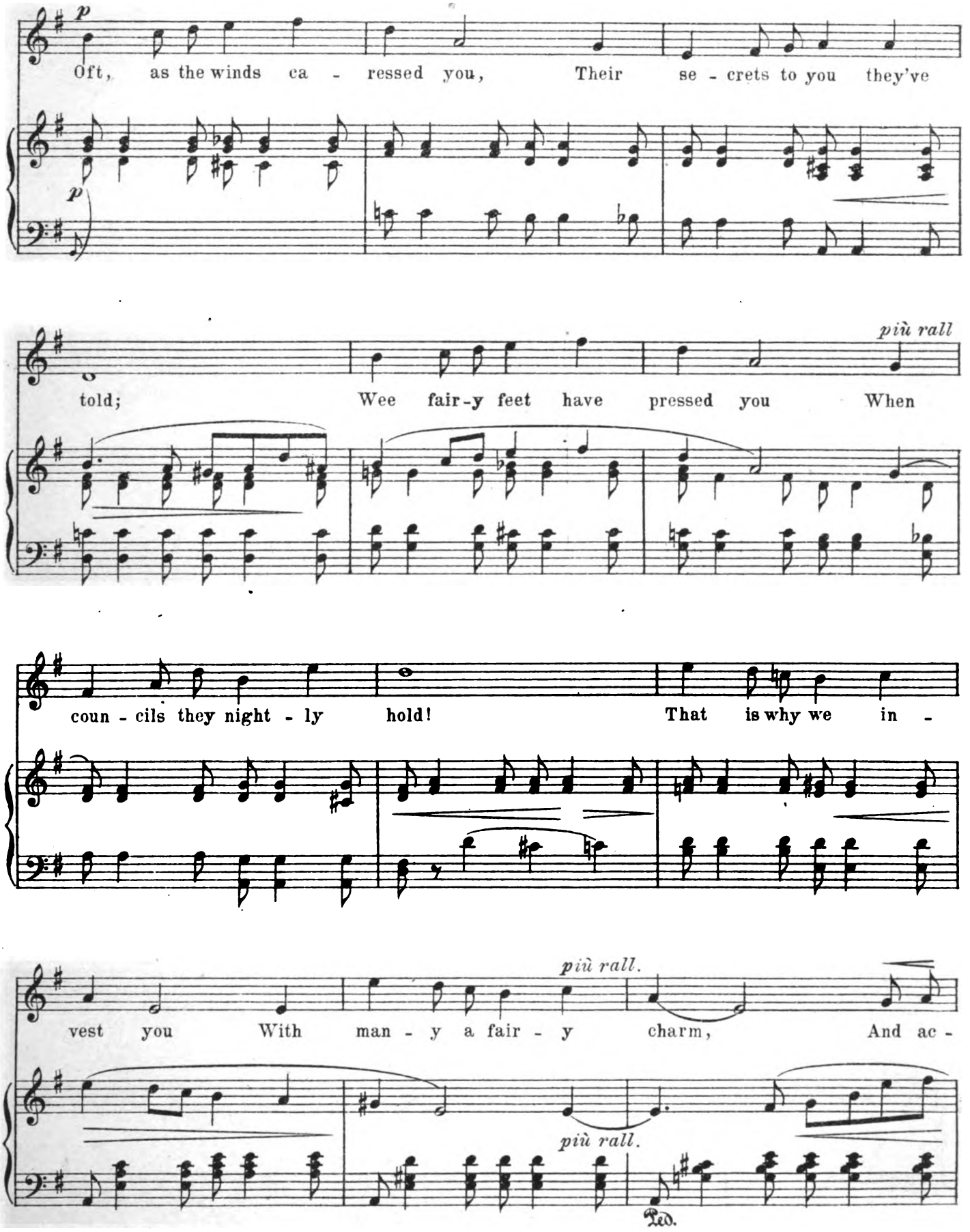
p
Oft, as the winds ca - ressed you, Their se - crets to you they've
p
più rall
told; Wee fair-y feet have pressed you When
coun - cils they night - ly hold! That is why we in -
più rall.
vest you With man - y a fair - y charm, And ac -
più rall.
Ped.

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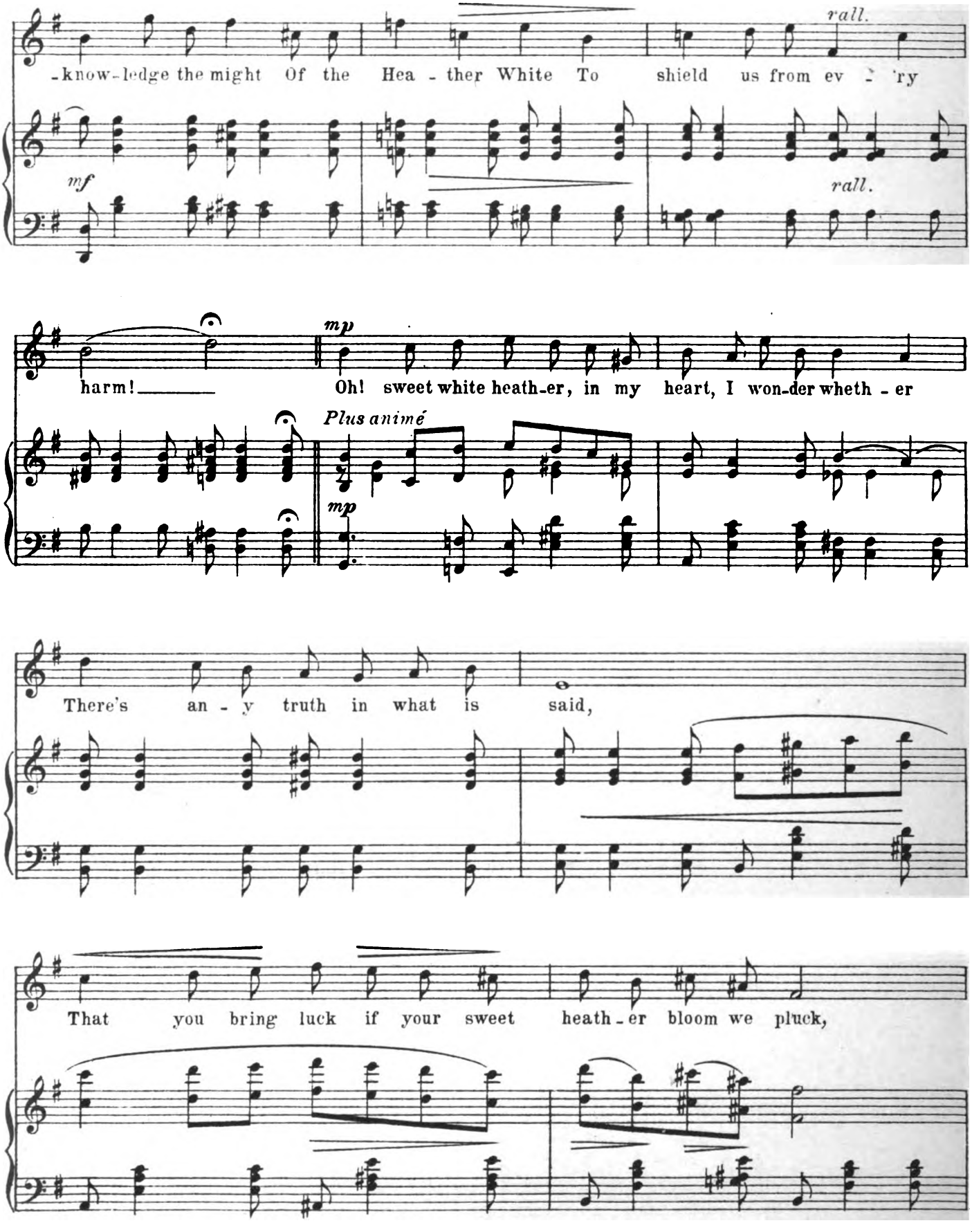
-know-ledge the might Of the Hea - ther White To shield us from ev - 'ry
rall.
mf
rall.
harm!
mp
Oh! sweet white heath-er, in my heart, I won-der wheth - er
Plus animé
mp
There's an - y truth in what is said,
That you bring luck if your sweet heath - er bloom we pluck,

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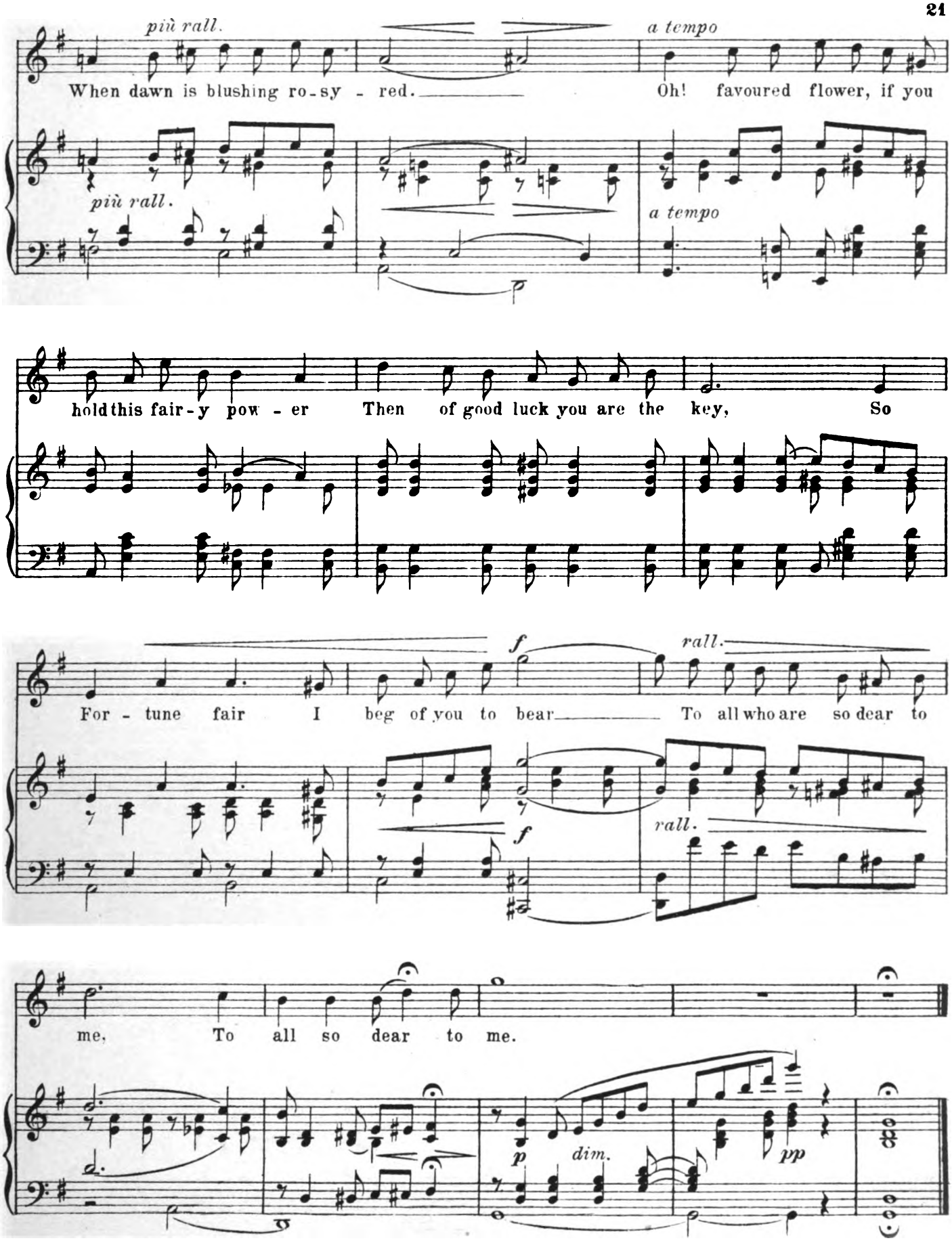

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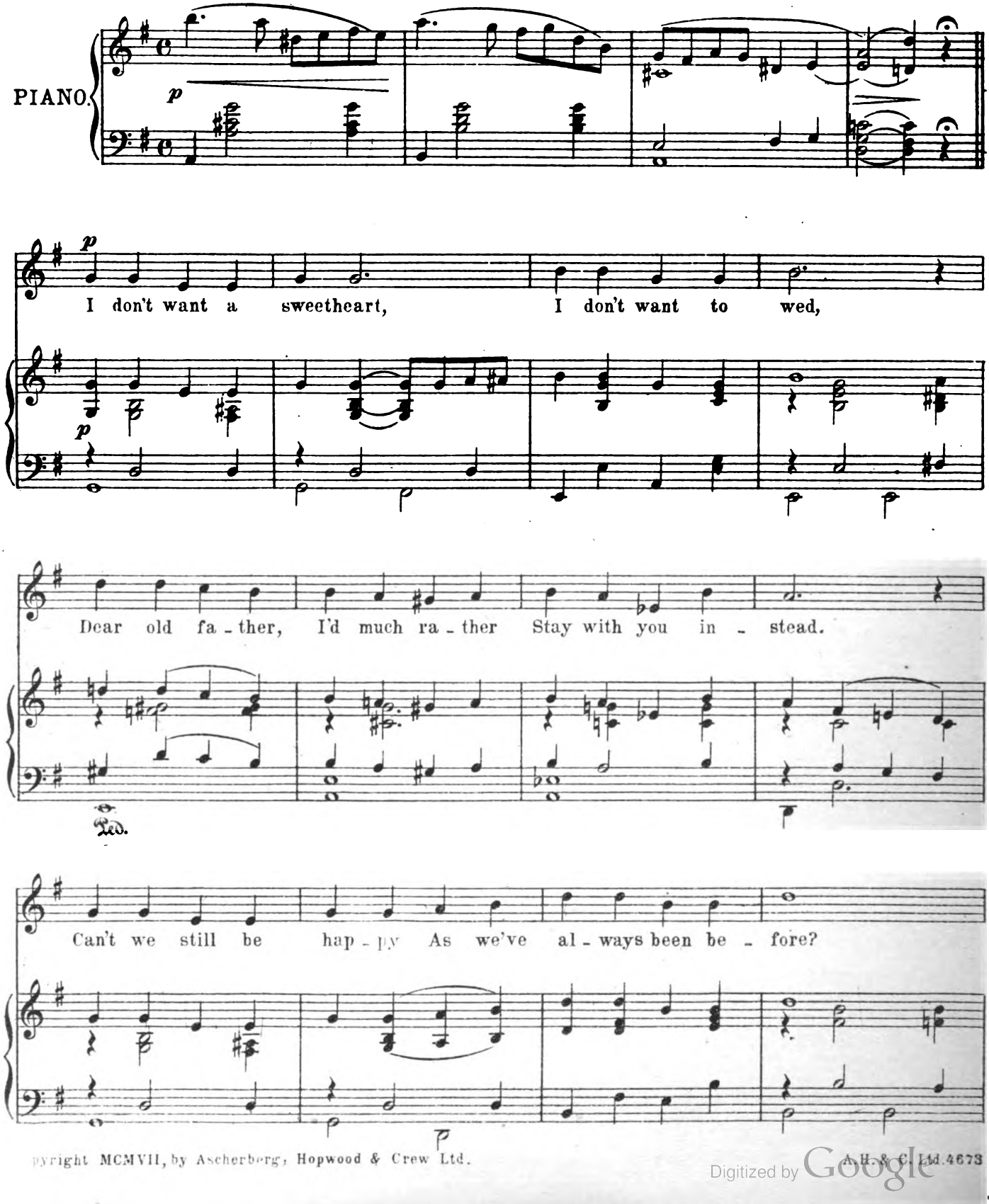
No 3. SONG. "DADDY DO."

(PEGGY.)

ARTHUR WIMPERIS. GUY JONES.


PIANO.
p
I don't want a sweetheart, I don't want to wed,
Dear old fa - ther, I'd much ra - ther Stay with you in - stead.
Ped.
Can't we still be hap - py As we've al - ways been be - fore?

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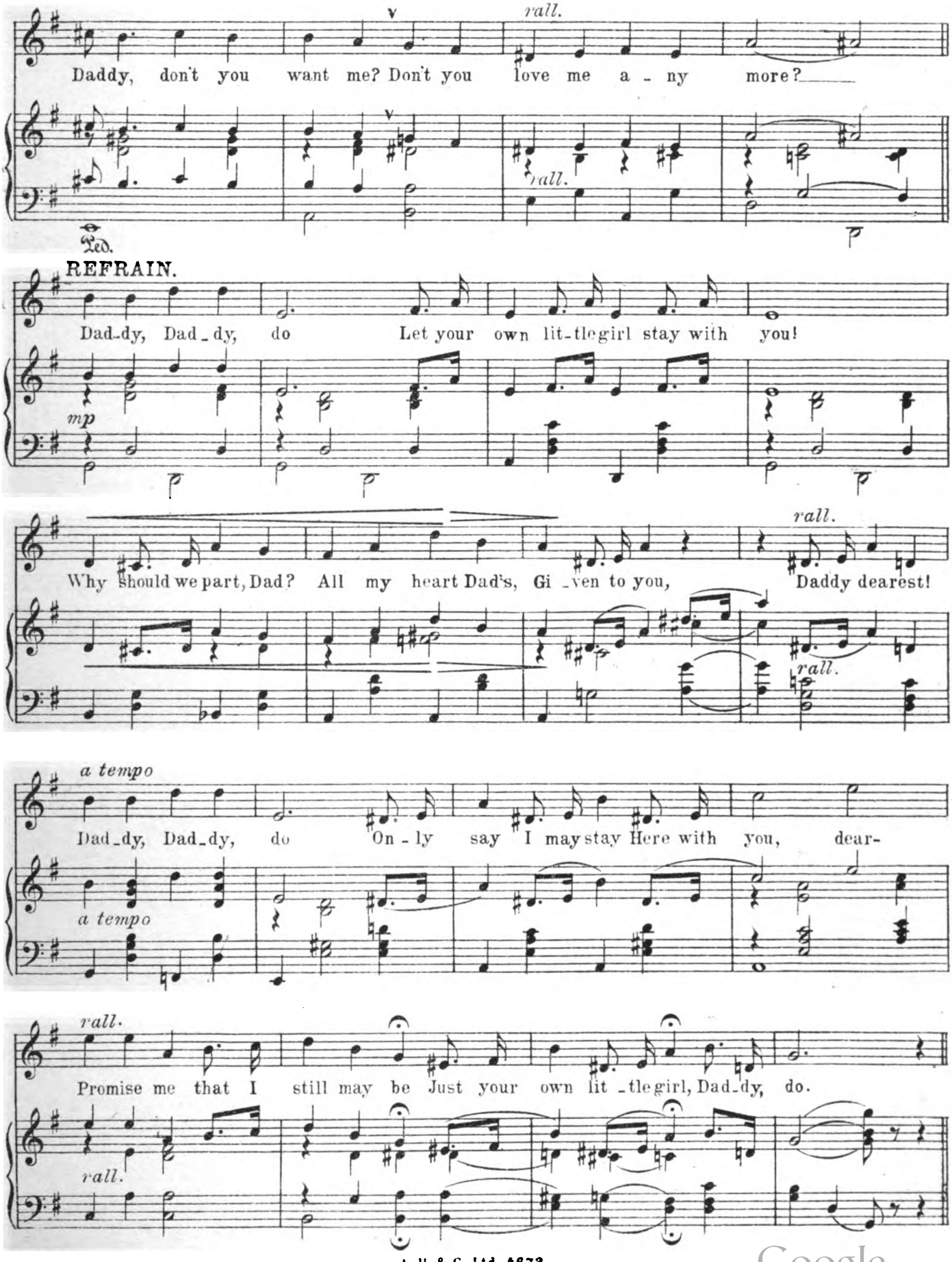
Daddy, don't you want me? Don't you love me a - ny more?
rall.
Ped.
REFRAIN.
Dad-dy, Dad - dy, do Let your own lit-tle girl stay with you!
mp
Why should we part, Dad? All my heart Dad's, Gi - ven to you, Daddy dearest!
rall.
a tempo
Dad - dy, Dad - dy, do On - ly say I may stay Here with you, dear-
a tempo
rall.
Promise me that I still may be Just your own lit - tle girl, Dad - dy, do.
rall.

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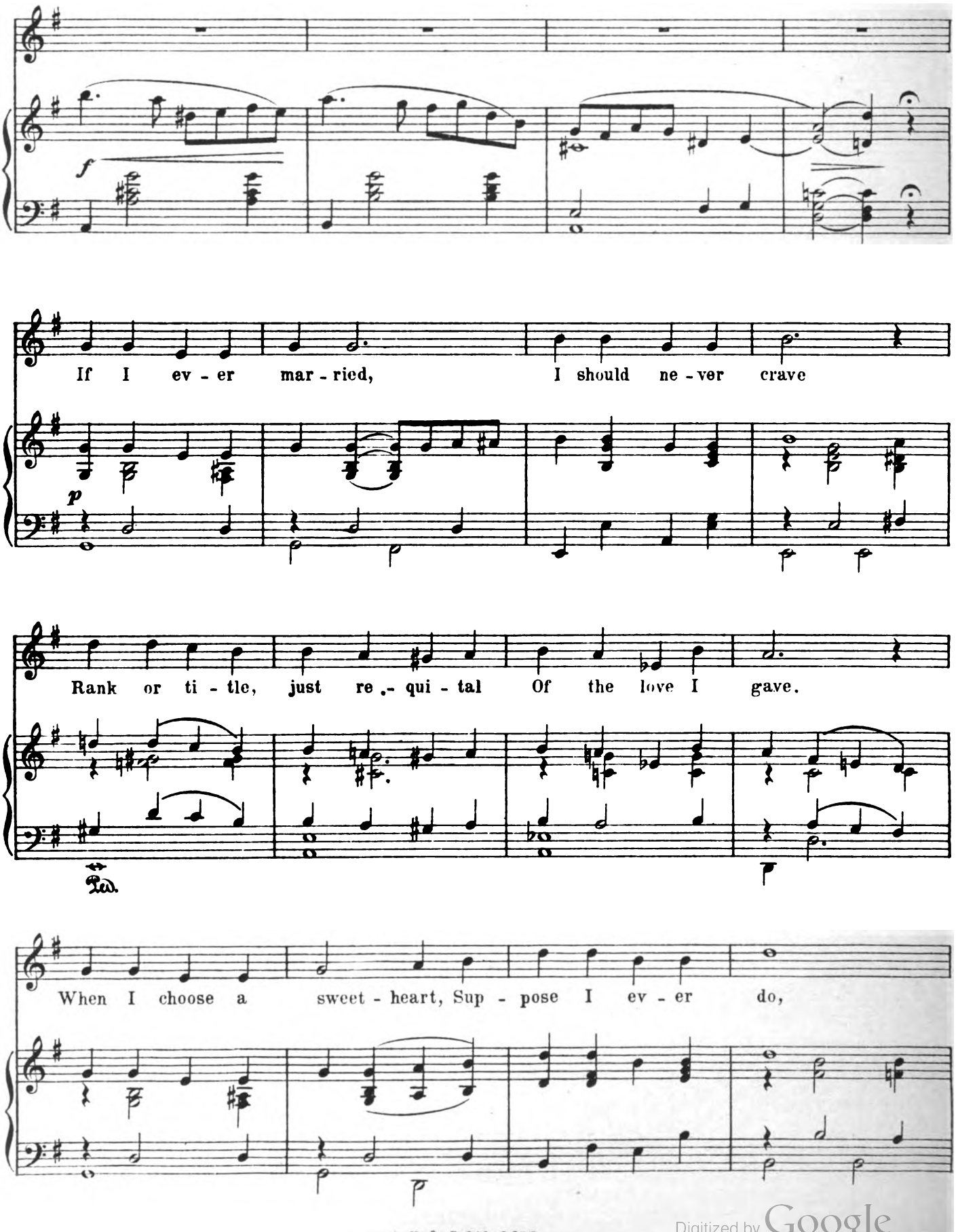
f
If I ev - er mar - ried, I should ne - ver crave
p
Rank or ti - tle, just re - qui - tal Of the love I gave.
When I choose a sweet - heart, Sup - pose I ev - er do,

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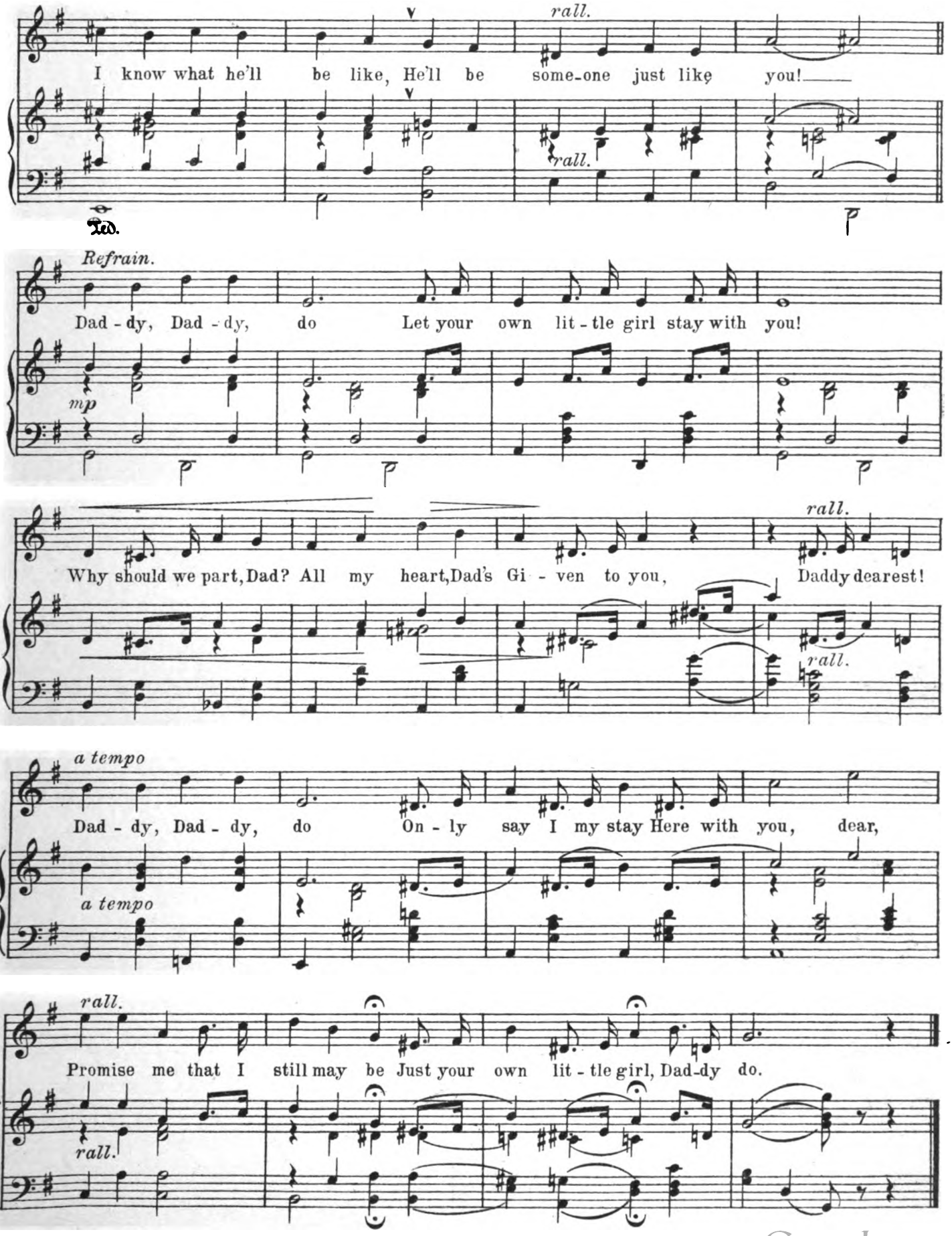
I know what he'll be like, He'll be some-one just like you!
rall.
rall.
Ped.
Refrain.
Dad - dy, Dad - dy, do Let your own lit - tle girl stay with you!
mp
Why should we part, Dad? All my heart, Dad's Gi - ven to you, Daddy dearest!
rall.
rall.
a tempo
Dad - dy, Dad - dy, do On - ly say I my stay Here with you, dear,
a tempo
rall.
Promise me that I still may be Just your own lit - tle girl, Dad-dy do.
rall.

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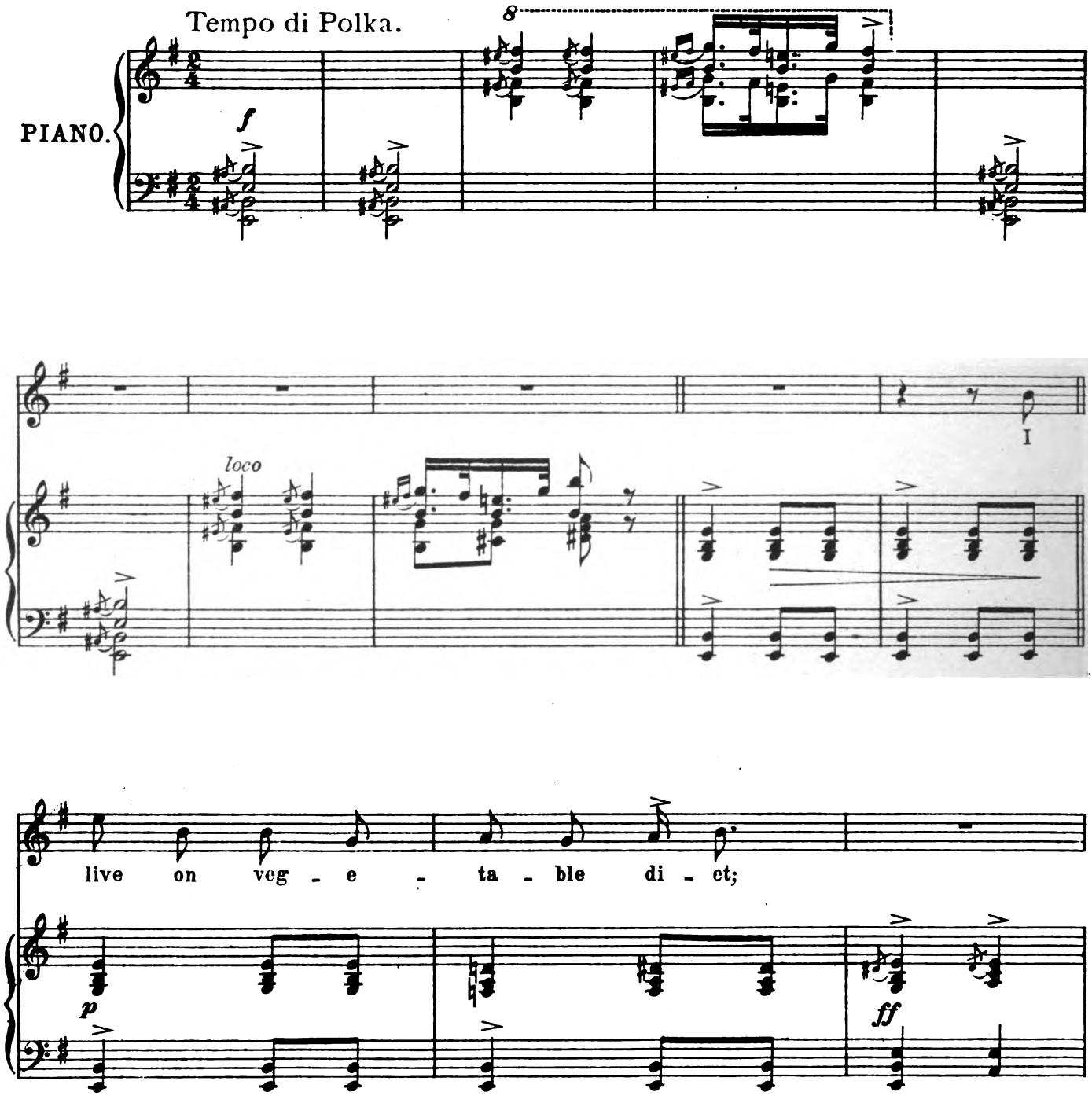
No 4. ECCENTRIC SONG AND DANCE.

(CORPORAL.)

GUY JONES.



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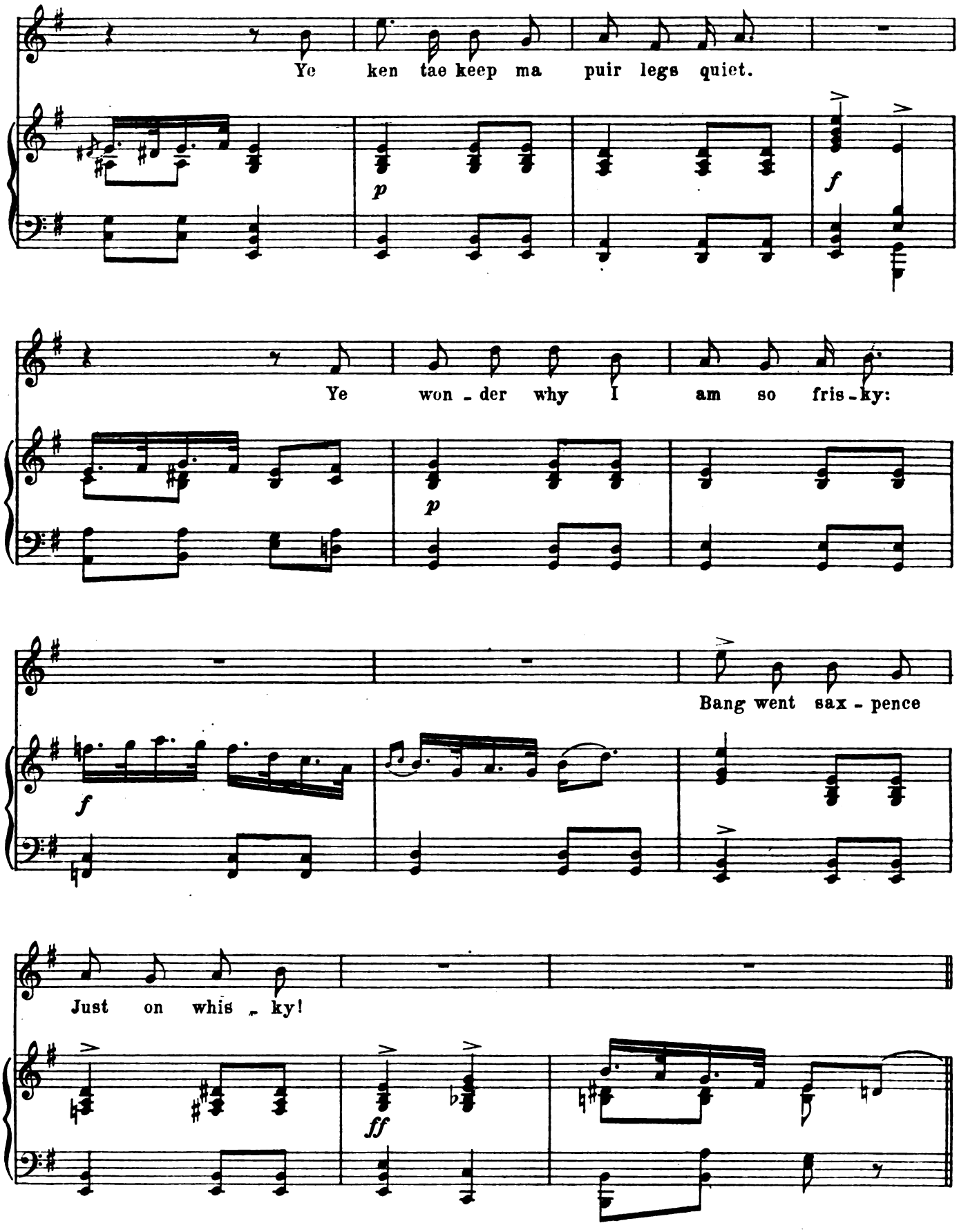

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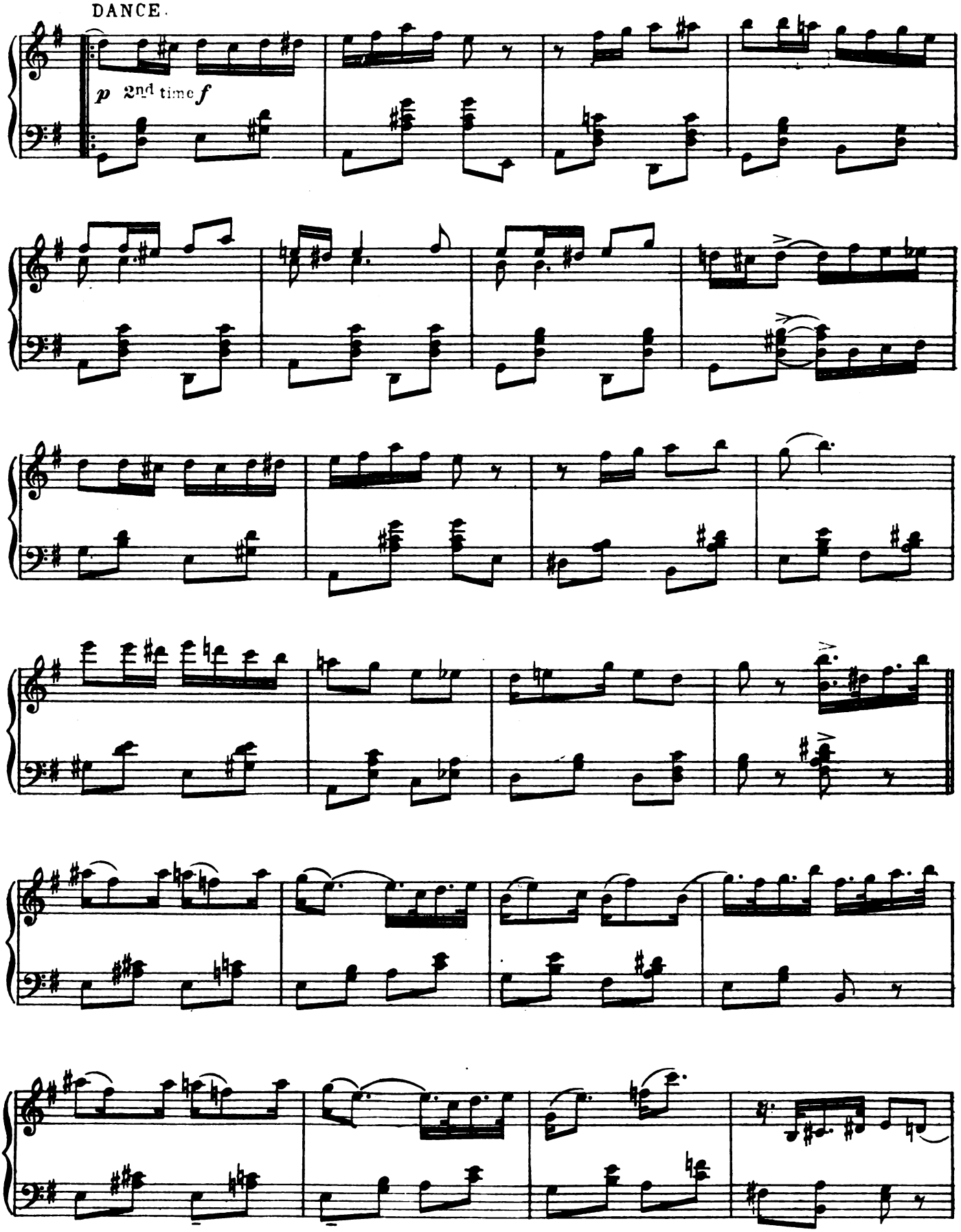
DANCE.



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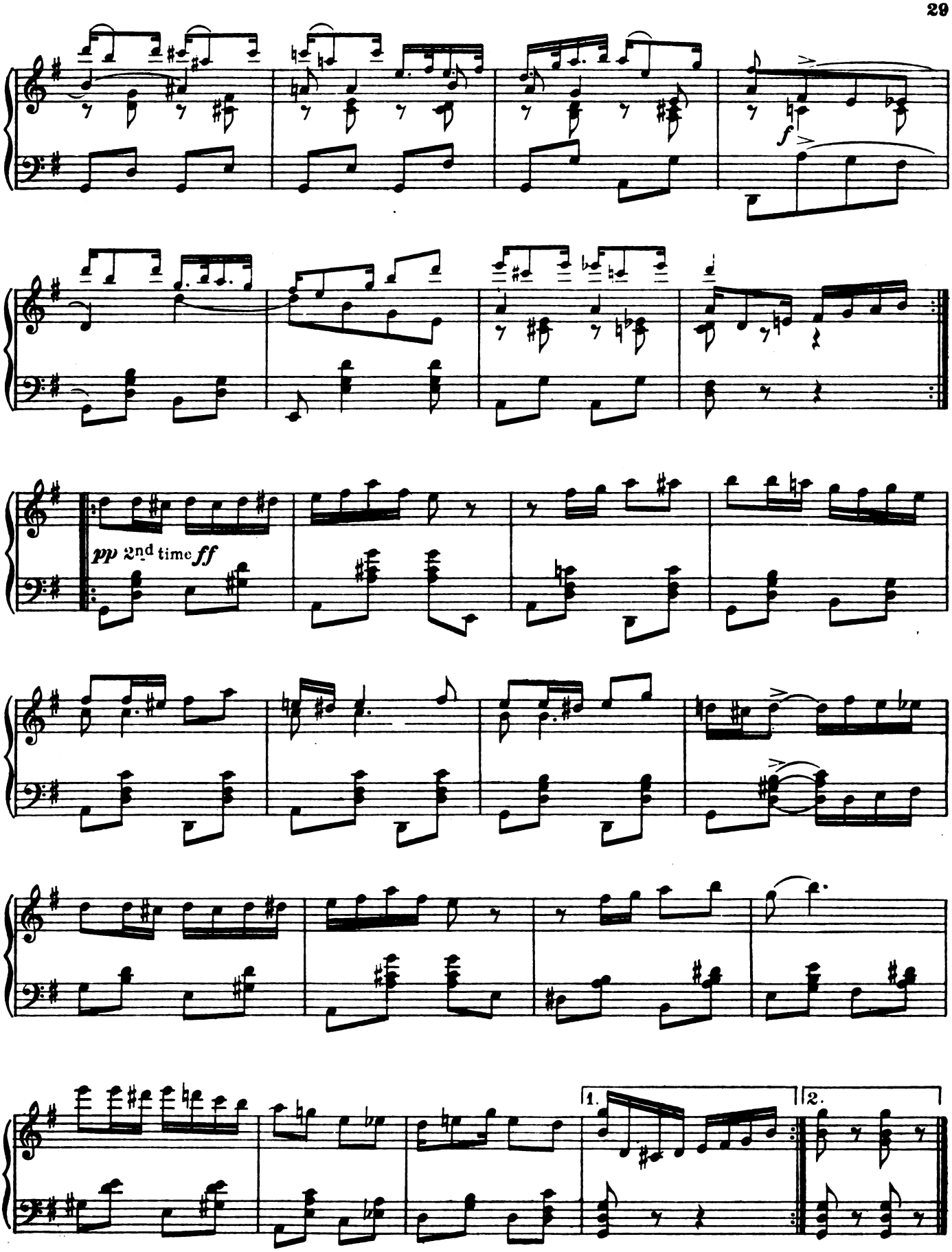

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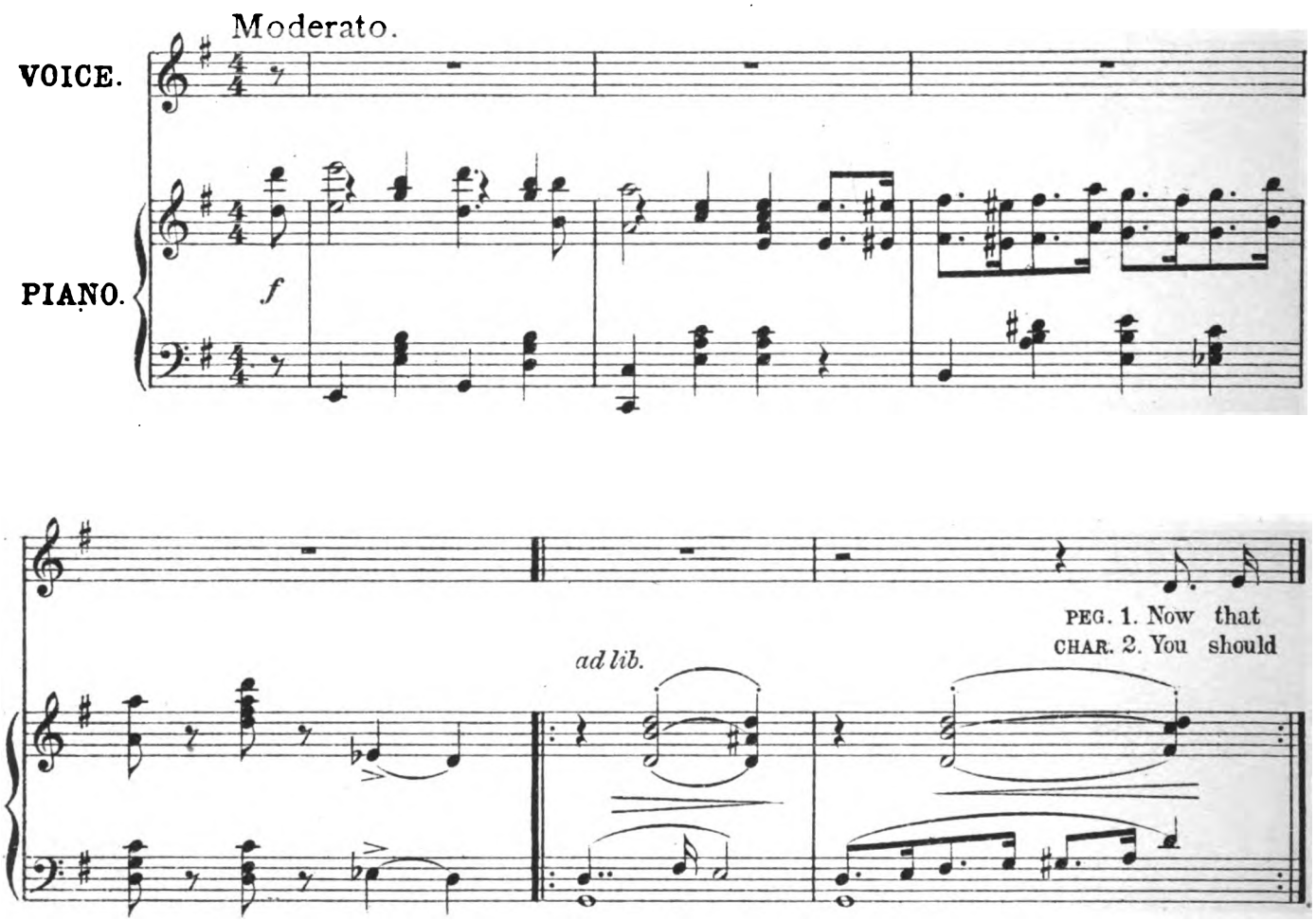
No 5. QUINTETTE:-"IN OUR SHOW."

(PEGGY, VICTORIA, NAT, EDMUND, and CHARLOTTE.)

C. H. BOVILL. GUY JONES.


Moderato.
VOICE.
PIANO.
f
ad lib.
PEG. 1. Now that
CHAR. 2. You should
I'm in the Show_You must tell me what to do. (NAT.)Right, my dear! You shall hear All a_
see me per_form On a tight_rope, nice and high! PEG. Oh how bold! (CHAR.)I am told I go
p

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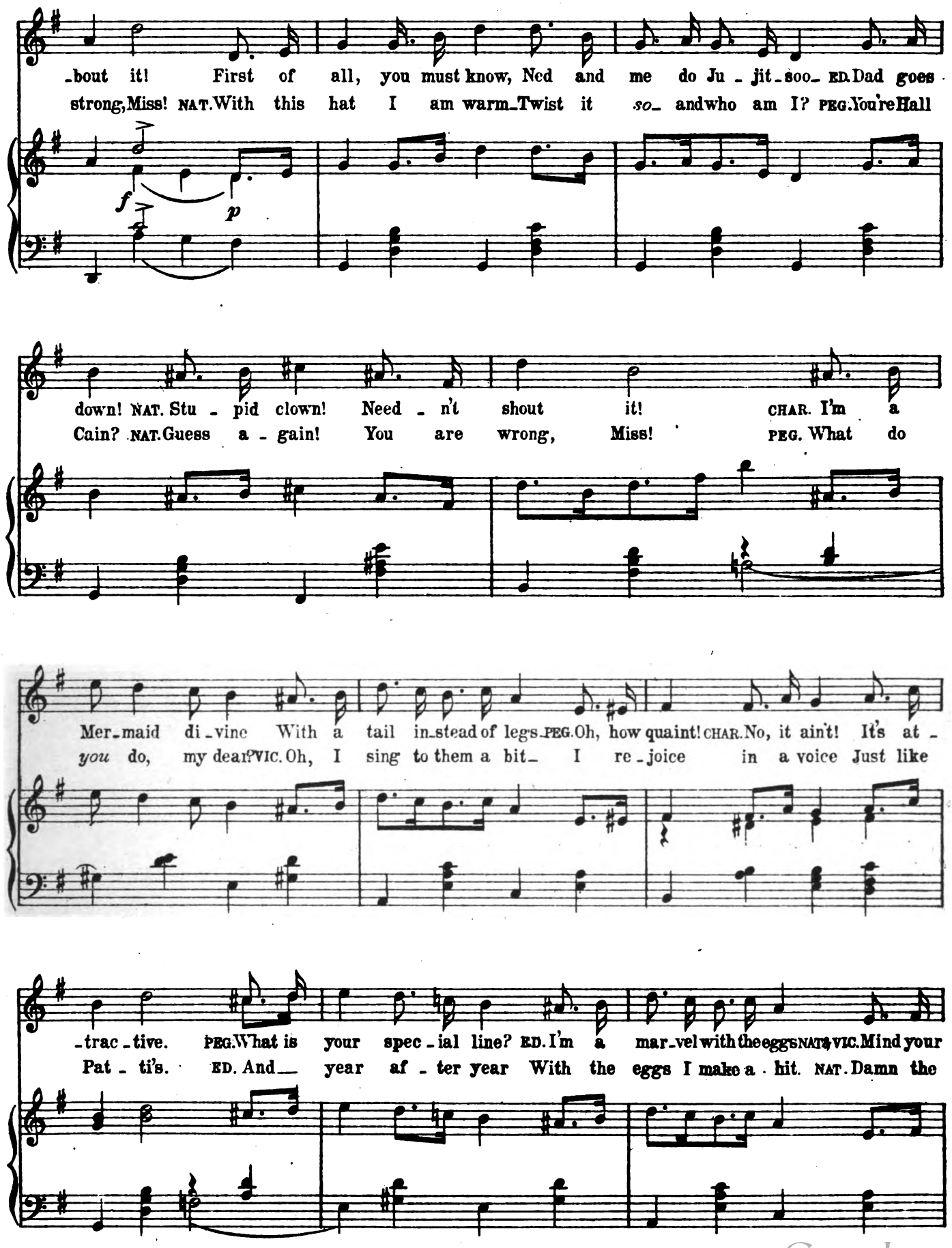
-bout it! First of all, you must know, Ned and me do Ju - jit - soo - ED. Dad goes
strong, Miss! NAT. With this hat I am warm - Twist it so - and who am I? PEG. You're Hall
f
p
down! NAT. Stu - pid clown! Need - n't shout it! CHAR. I'm a
Cain? NAT. Guess a - gain! You are wrong, Miss! PEG. What do
Mer - maid di - vine With a tail in - stead of legs - PEG. Oh, how quaint! CHAR. No, it ain't! It's at -
you do, my dear? VIC. Oh, I sing to them a bit - I re - joice in a voice Just like
- trac - tive. PEG. What is your spec - ial line? ED. I'm a mar - vel with the eggs - NAT. & VIC. Mind your
Pat - ti's. ED. And - year af - ter year With the eggs I make a - hit. NAT. Damn the

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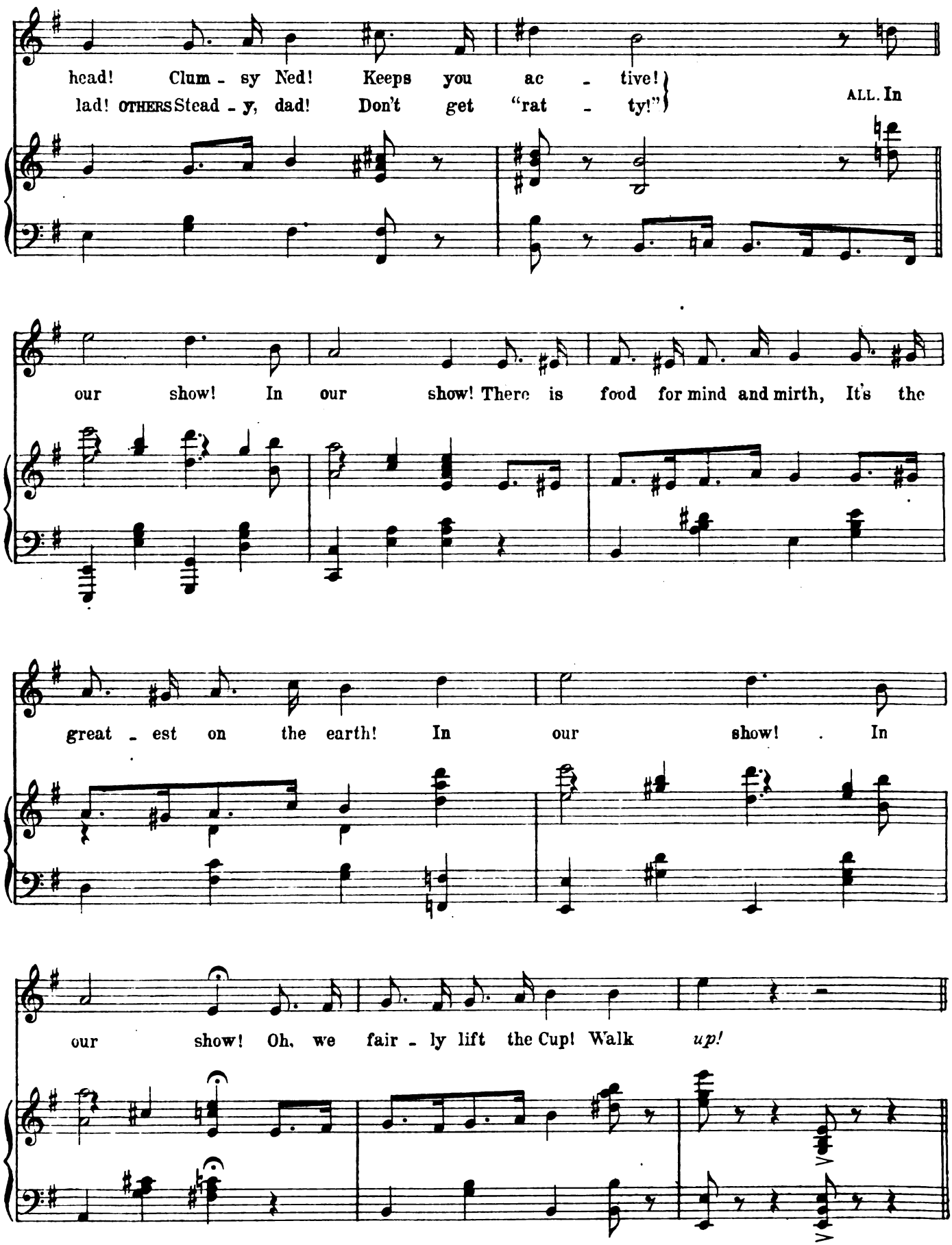
head! Clum - sy Ned! Keeps you ac - tive!
lad! OTHERS Stead - y, dad! Don't get "rat - ty!"
ALL. In
our show! In our show! There is food for mind and mirth, It's the
great - est on the earth! In our show! In
our show! Oh, we fair - ly lift the Cup! Walk up!

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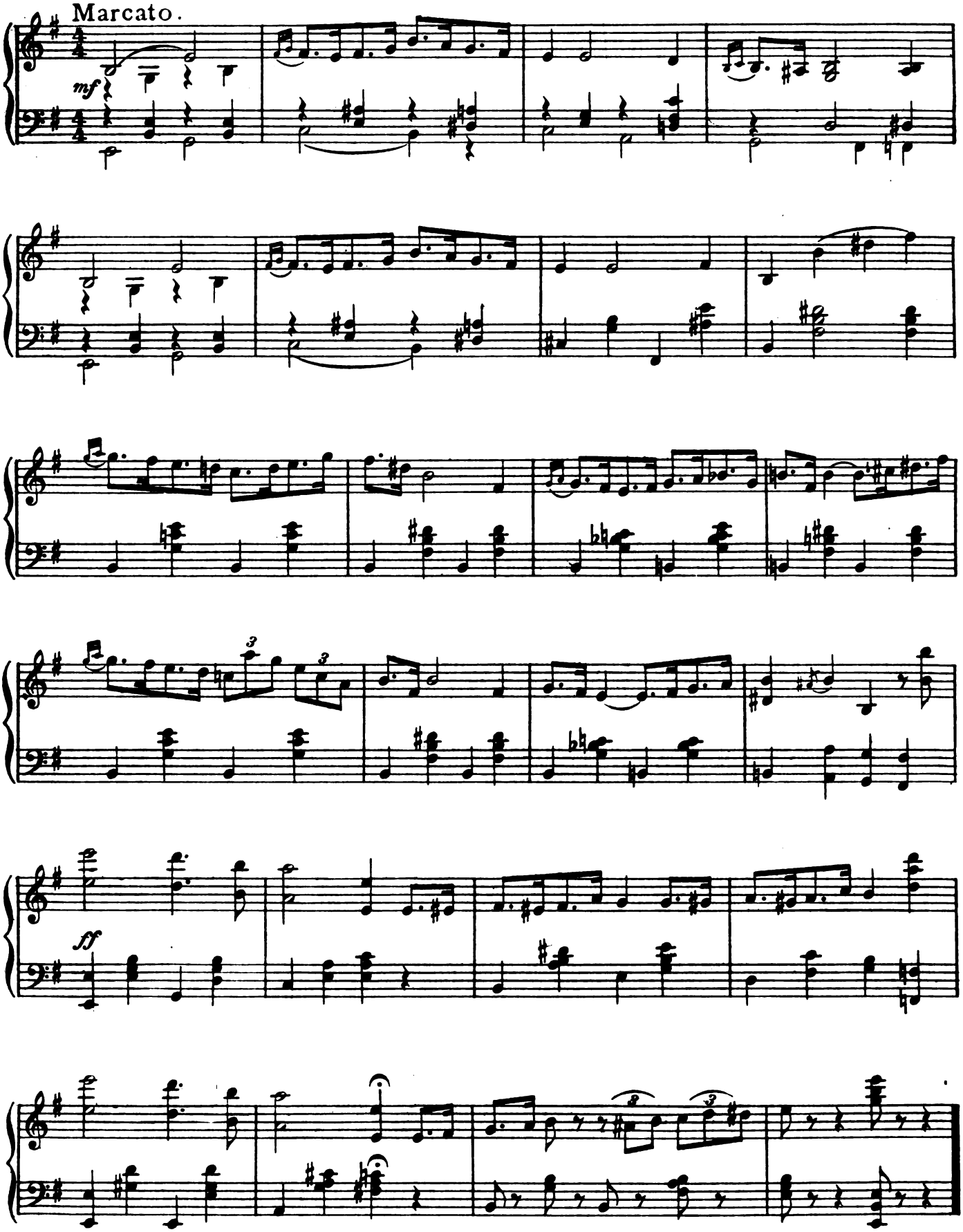
DANCE.

Marcato.



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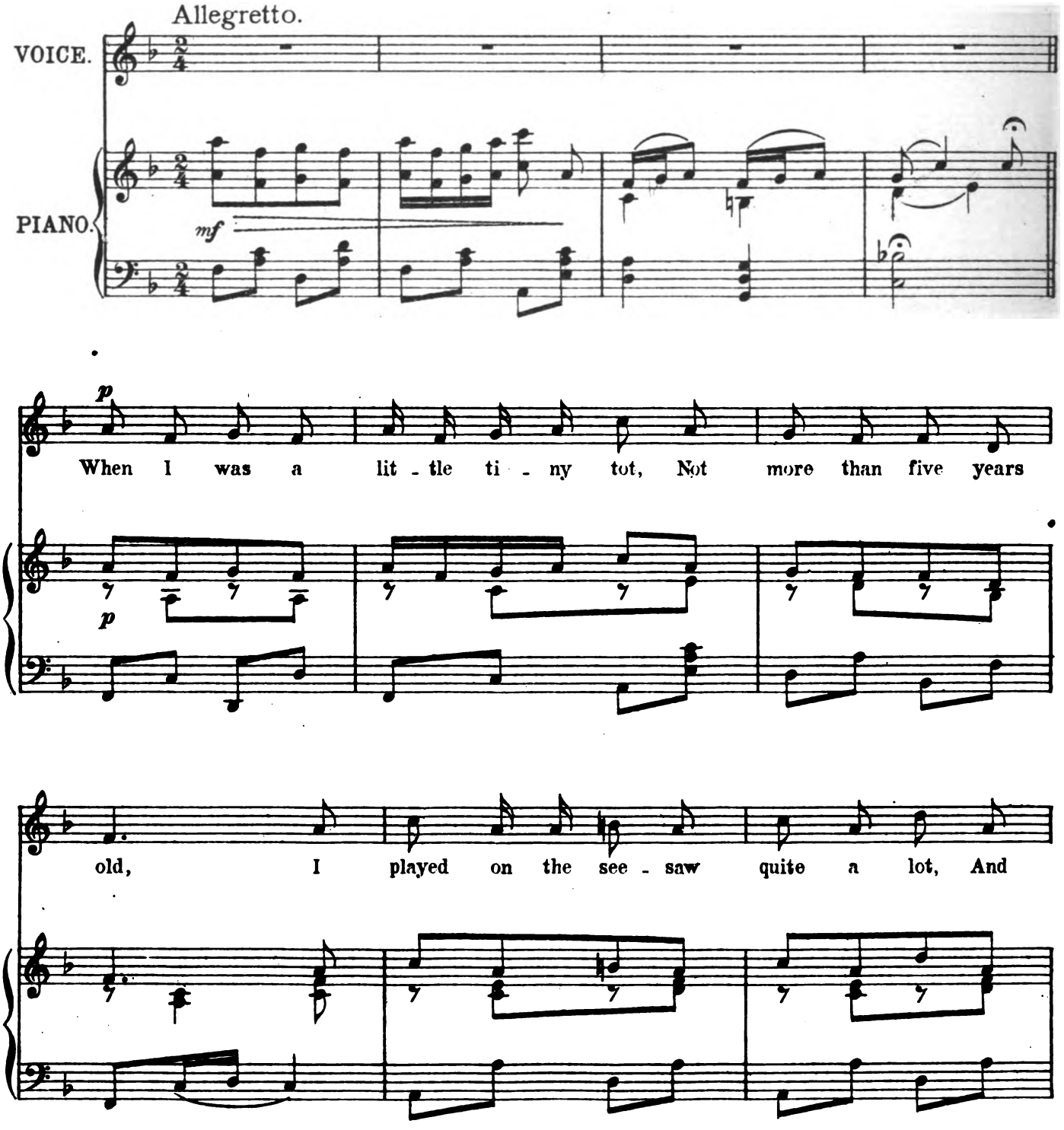
No 6. SONG.-"SEE SAW."

(PEGGY.)

HAROLD SIMPSON. GUY JONES.



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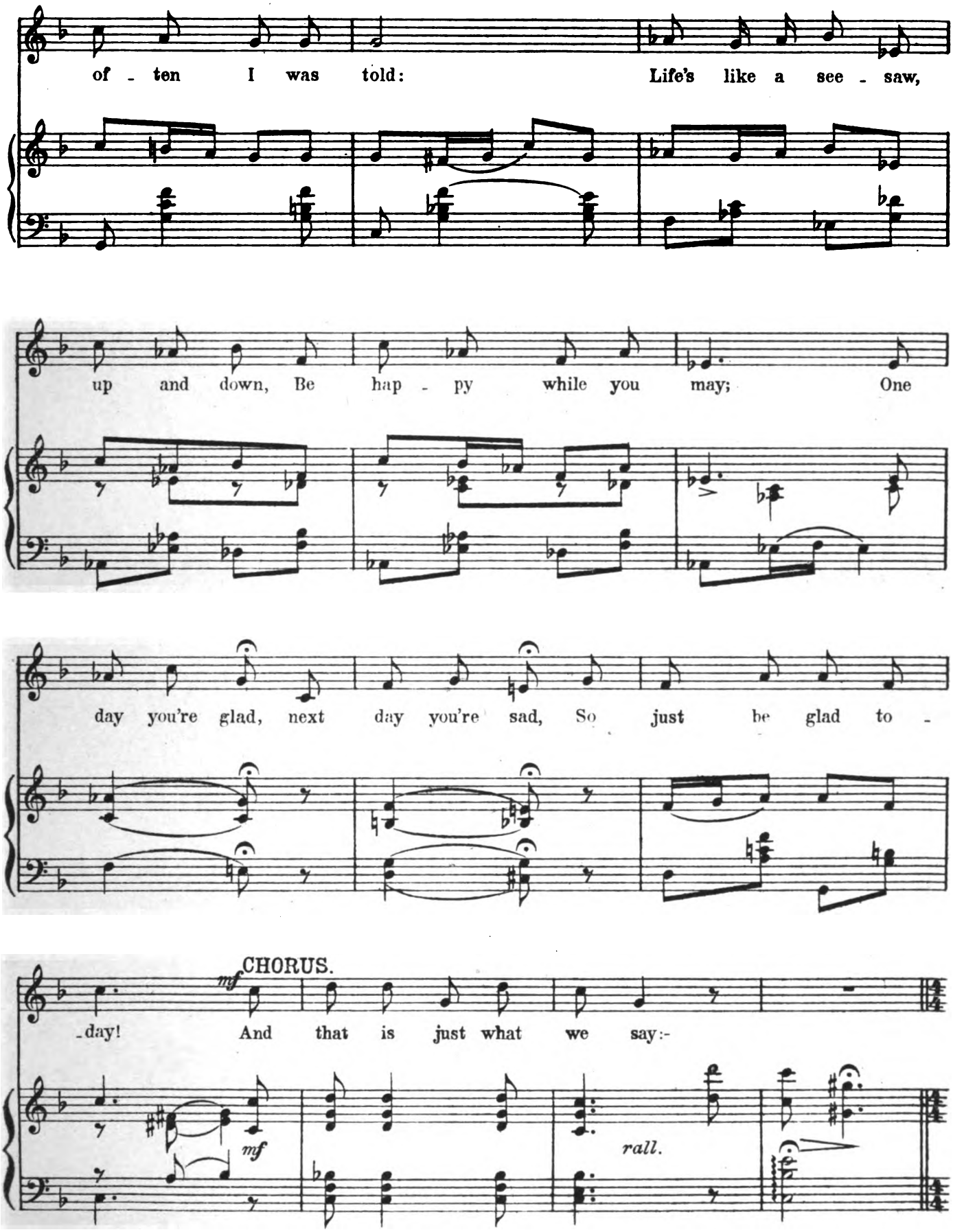
of - ten I was told: Life's like a see - saw,
up and down, Be hap - py while you may; One
day you're glad, next day you're sad, So just be glad to -
mf CHORUS.
-day! And that is just what we say:-
mf
rall.

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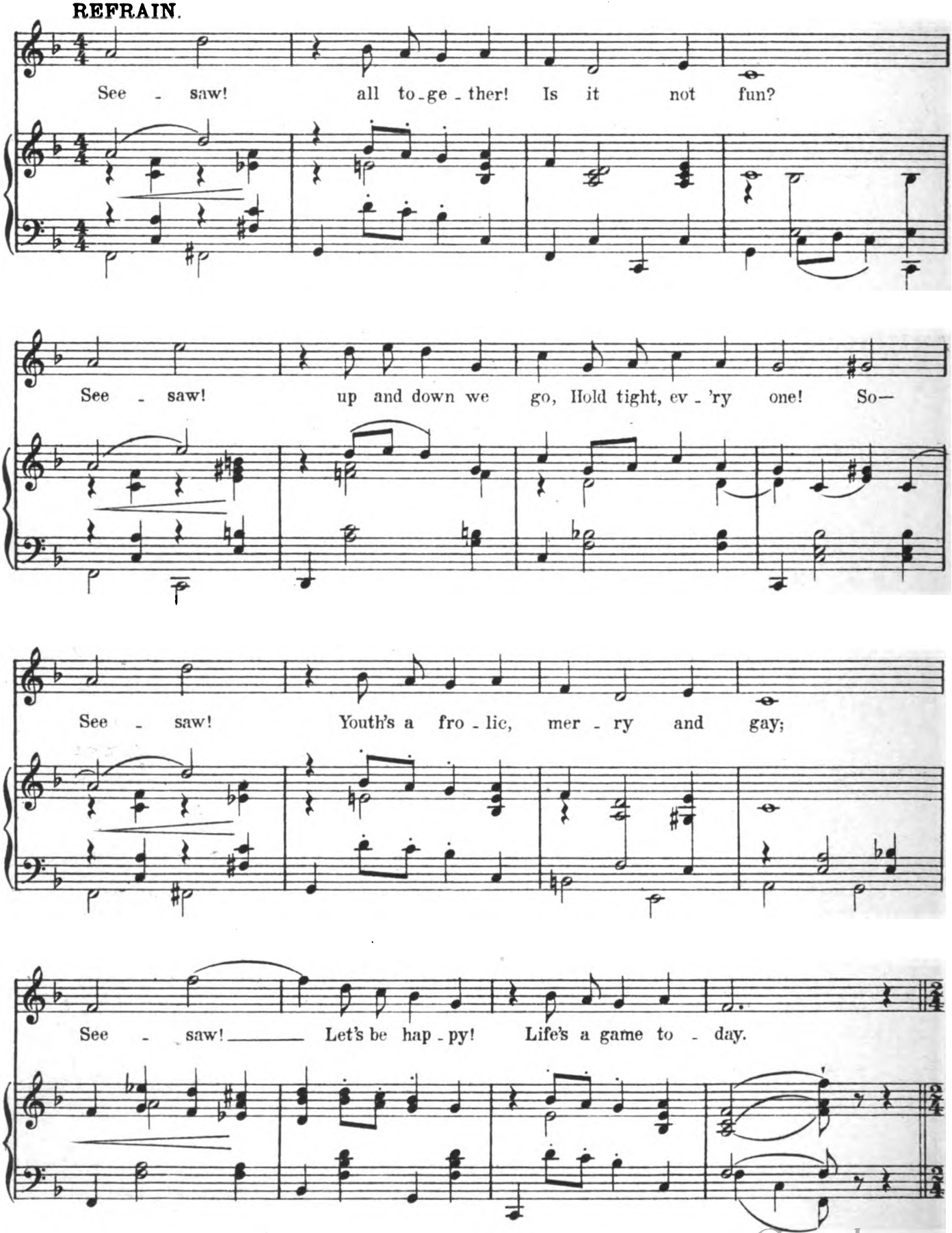
REFRAIN.


See - saw! all to-ge-ther! Is it not fun?
See - saw! up and down we go, Hold tight, ev-'ry one! So—
See - saw! Youth's a fro-lic, mer-ry and gay;
See - saw! Let's be hap-py! Life's a game to - day.

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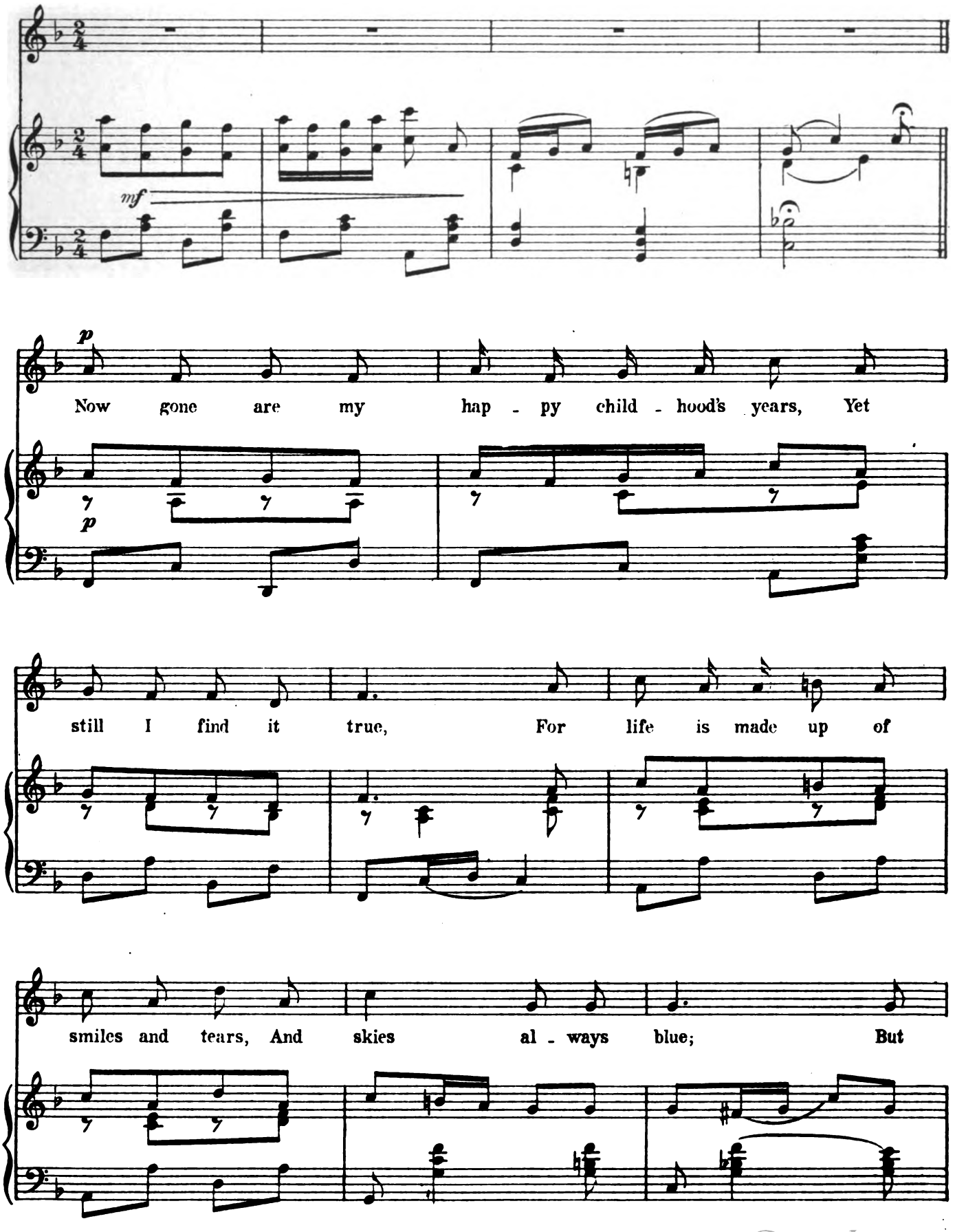
mf
p
Now gone are my hap - py child - hood's years, Yet
p
still I find it true, For life is made up of
smiles and tears, And skies al - ways blue; But

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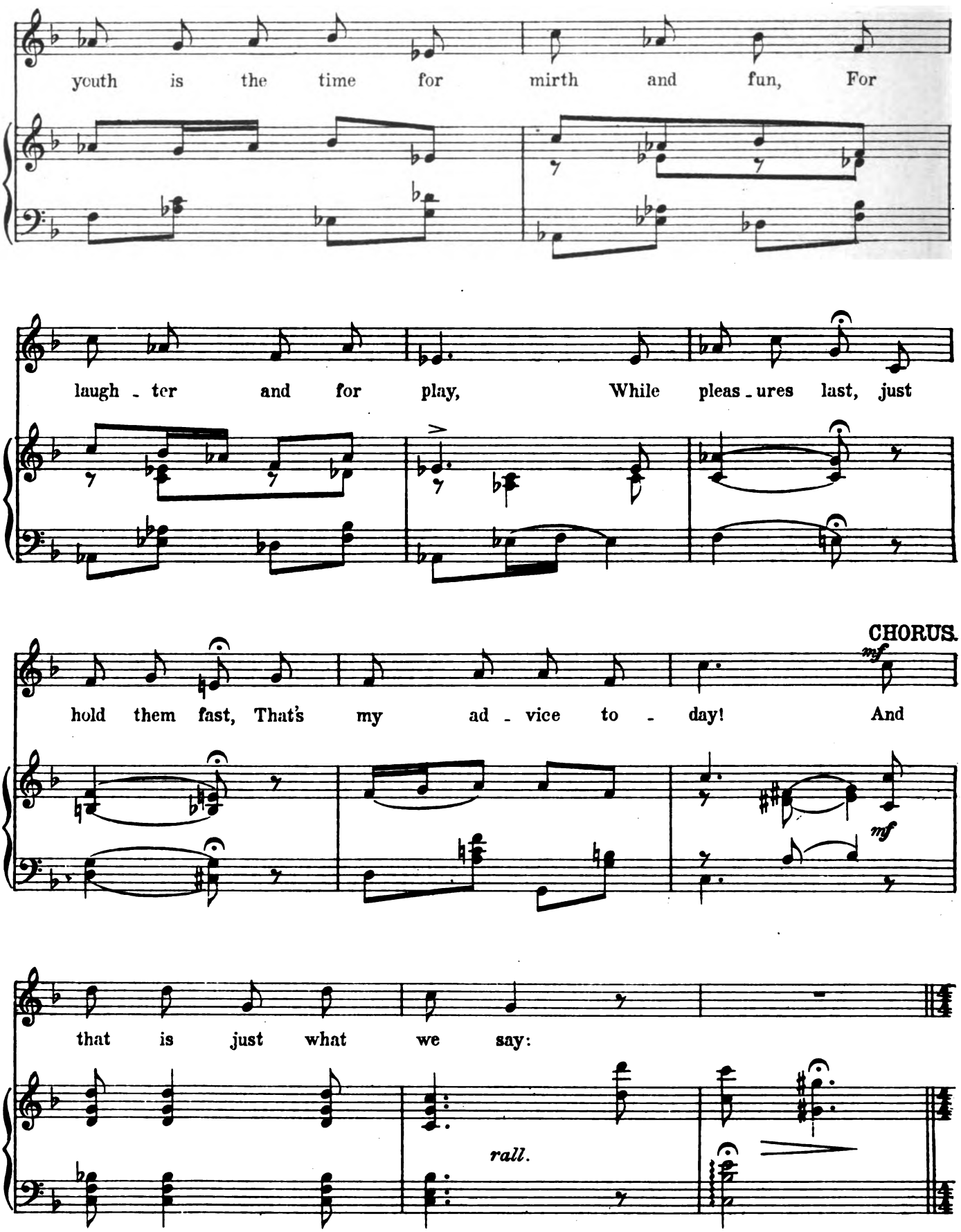
youth is the time for mirth and fun, For
laugh - ter and for play, While pleas - ures last, just
CHORUS.
mf
hold them fast, That's my ad - vice to - day! And
mf
that is just what we say:
rall.

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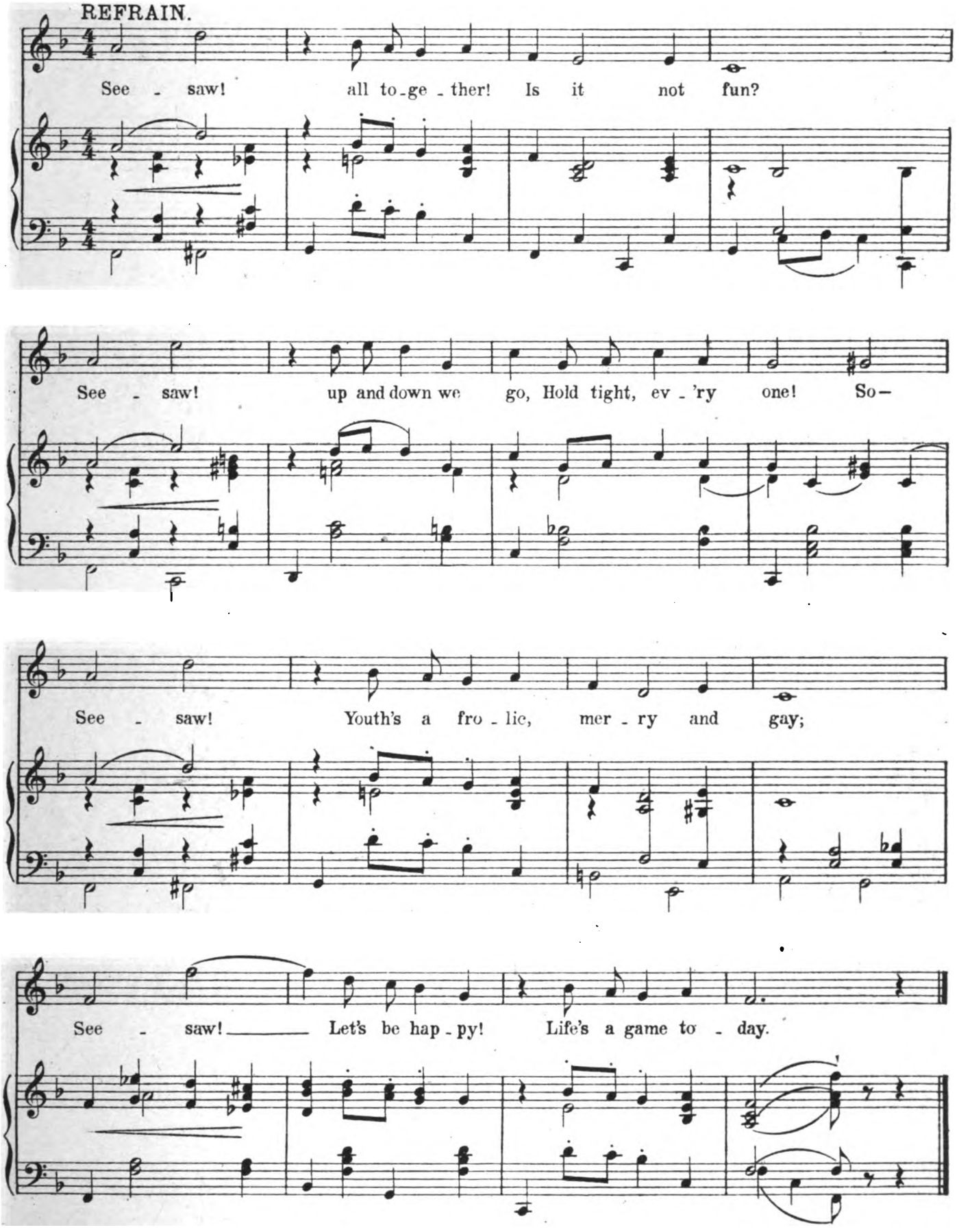
REFRAIN.
See - saw! all to-ge-ther! Is it not fun?
See - saw! up and down we go, Hold tight, ev-'ry one! So-
See - saw! Youth's a fro-lic, mer-ry and gay;
See - saw! Let's be hap-py! Life's a game to-day.

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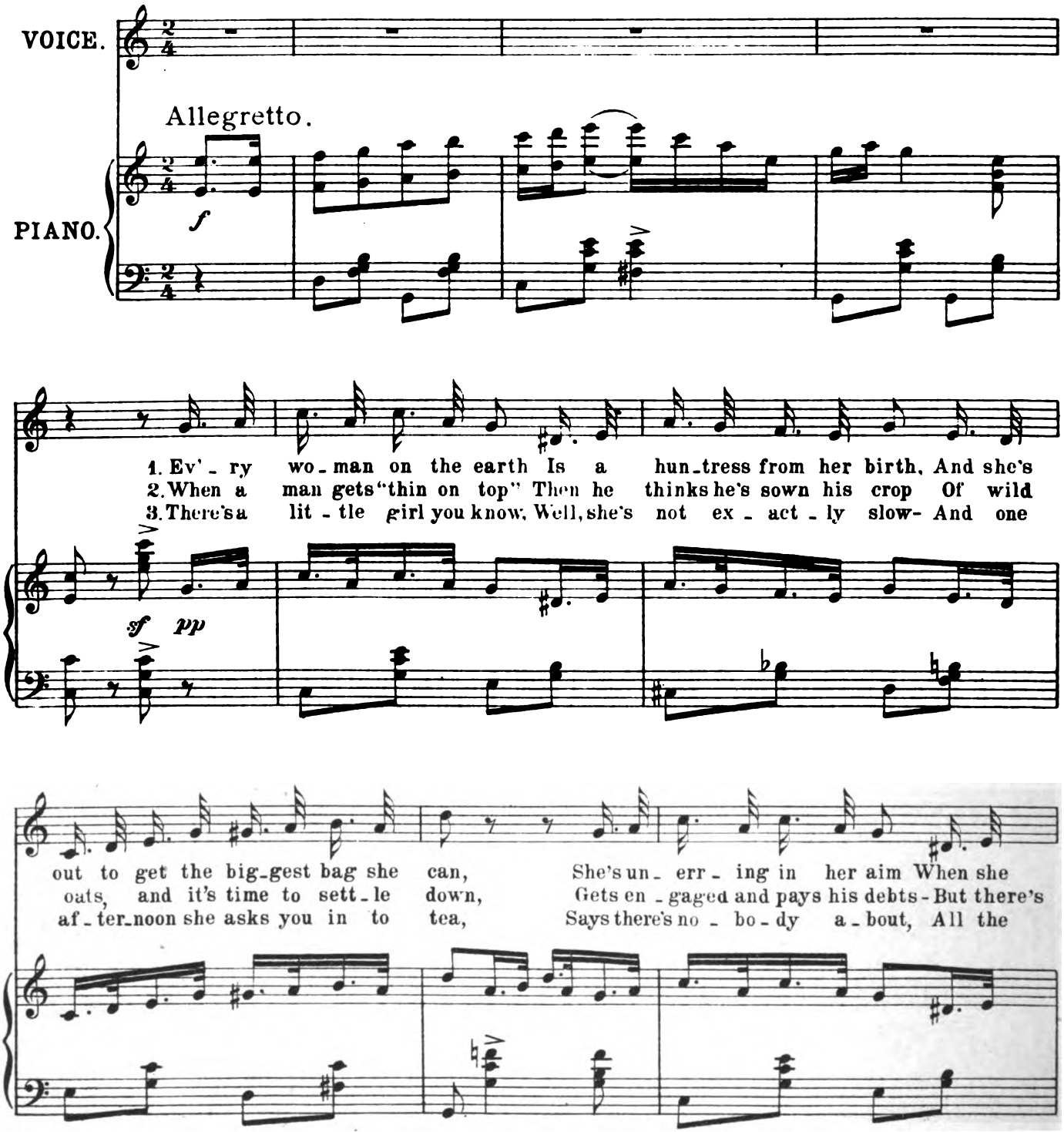
No. 7. SONG. "LITTLE GIRL WITH A GUN".

(MILLICENT GRAEME)

ARTHUR WIMPERIS. GUY JONES.


VOICE.
Allegretto.
PIANO.
f
1. Ev'-ry wo-man on the earth Is a hun-tress from her birth, And she's
2. When a man gets "thin on top" Then he thinks he's sown his crop Of wild
3. There's a lit-tle girl you know, Well, she's not ex-act-ly slow- And one
sf pp
out to get the big-gest bag she can, She's un-err-ing in her aim When she
oats, and it's time to sett-le down, Gets en-gaged and pays his debts- But there's
af-ter-noon she asks you in to tea, Says there's no-bo-dy a-bout, All the

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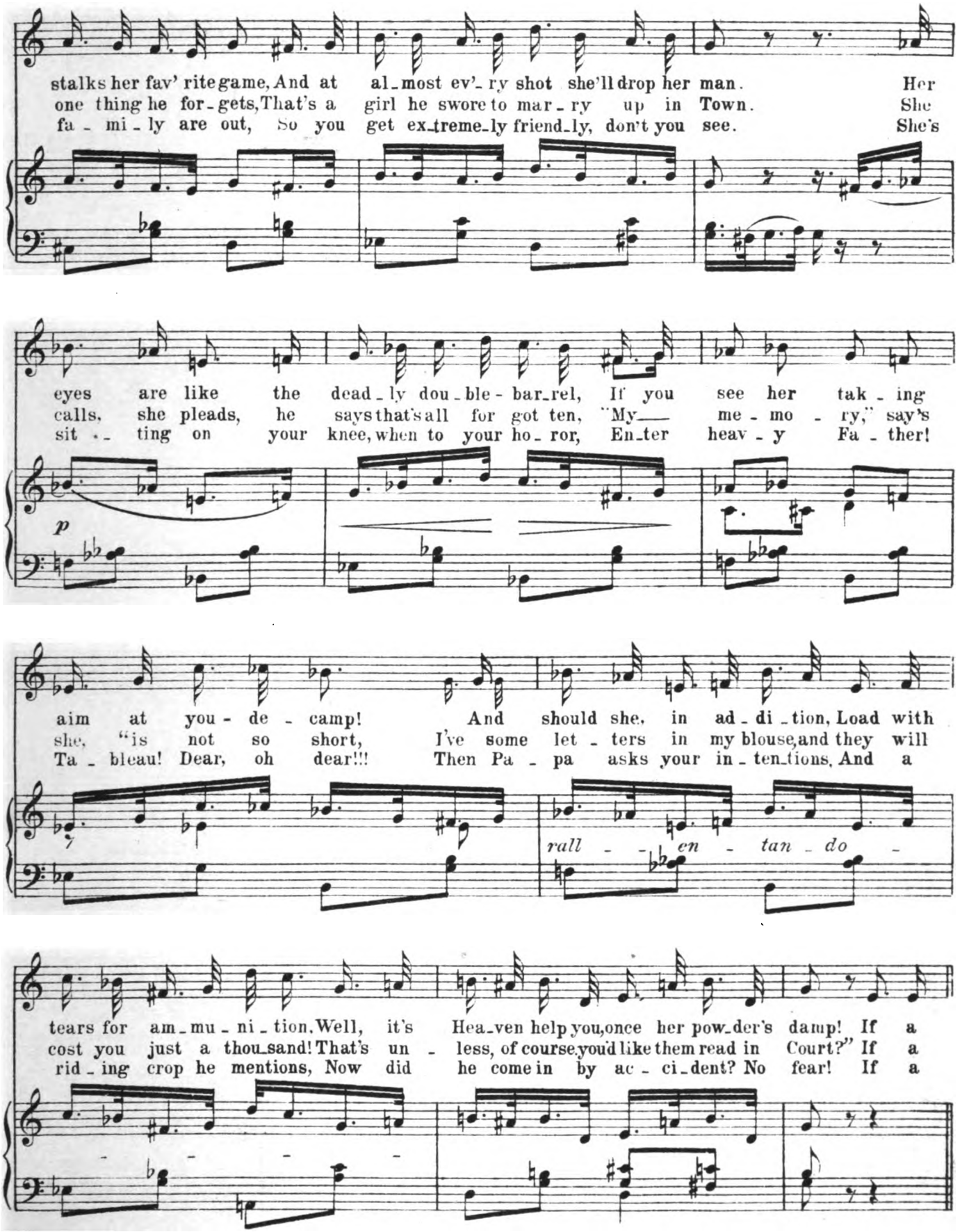
stalks her fav' rite game, And at al_most ev'_ry shot she'll drop her man. Her
one thing he for_gets, That's a girl he swore to mar_ry up in Town. She
fa_mi_ly are out, So you get ex_treme_ly friend_ly, don't you see. She's
eyes are like the dead_ly dou_ble-bar_rel, If you see her tak_ing
calls, she pleads, he says that's all for got ten, "My— me_mo_ry," say's
sit_ting on your knee, when to your ho_ror, En_ter heav_y Fa_ther!
p
aim at you-de-camp! And should she, in ad_di_tion, Load with
she, "is not so short, I've some let_ters in my blouse, and they will
Ta_bleau! Dear, oh dear!!! Then Pa_pa asks your in_ten_tions, And a
rall - - en - tan_do -
tears for am_mu_ni_tion, Well, it's Hea_ven help you, once her pow_der's damp! If a
cost you just a thou_sand! That's un_less, of course, you'd like them read in Court?" If a
rid_ing crop he mentions, Now did he come in by ac_ci_dent? No fear! If a

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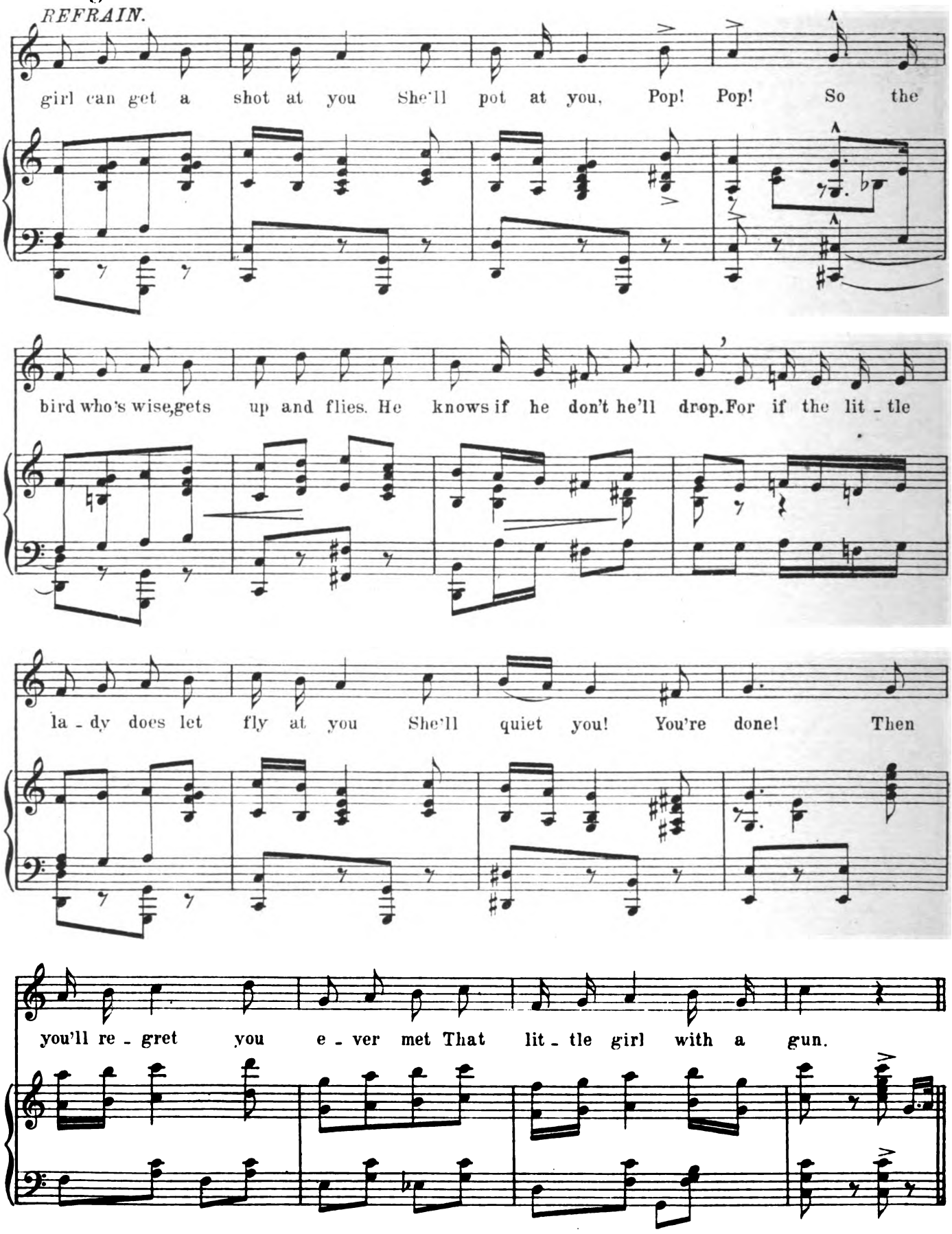
Allegretto.

REFRAIN.


girl can get a shot at you She'll pot at you, Pop! Pop! So the
bird who's wise, gets up and flies. He knows if he don't he'll drop. For if the lit - tle
la - dy does let fly at you She'll quiet you! You're done! Then
you'll re - gret you e - ver met That lit - tle girl with a gun.

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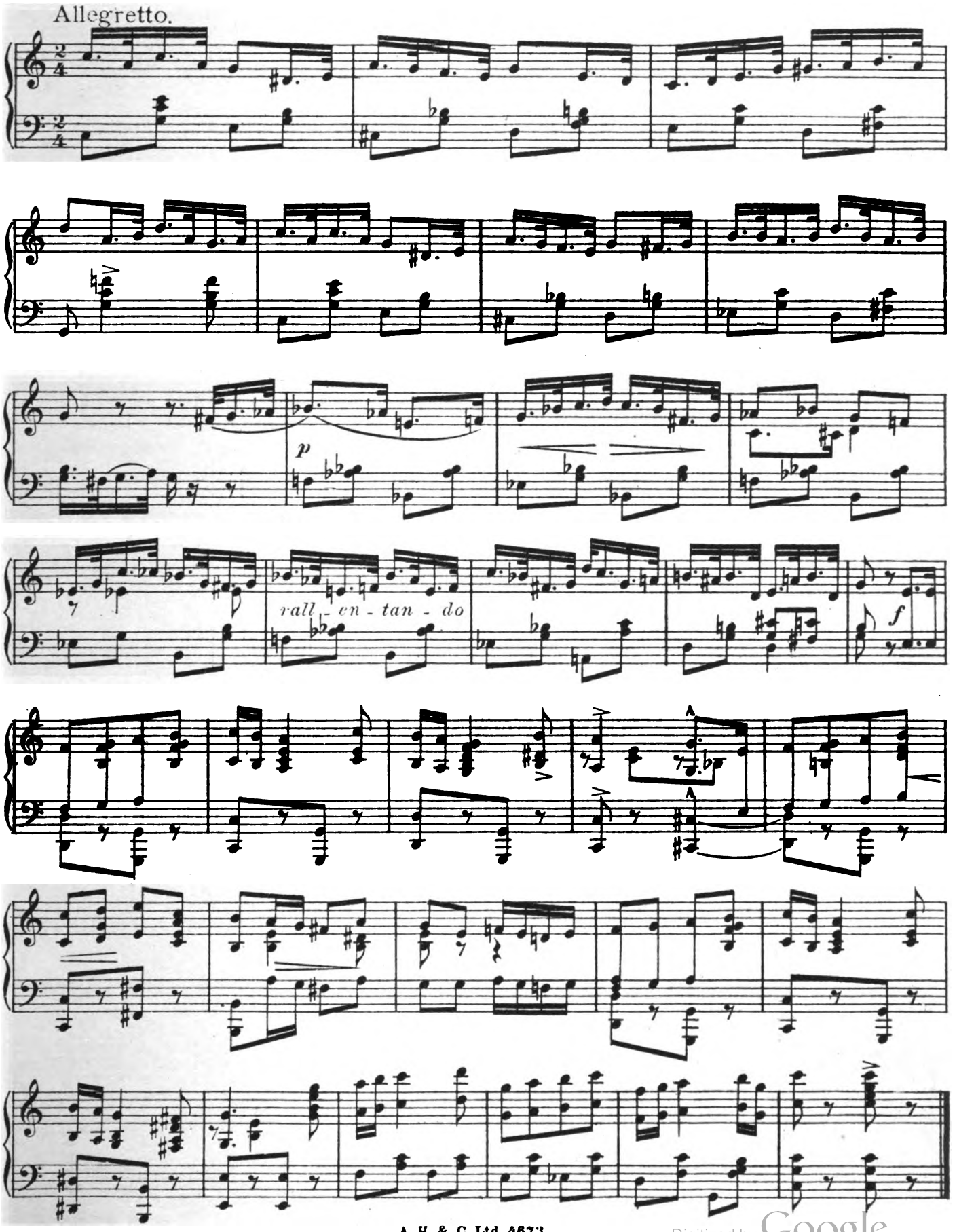
DANCE.

Allegretto.



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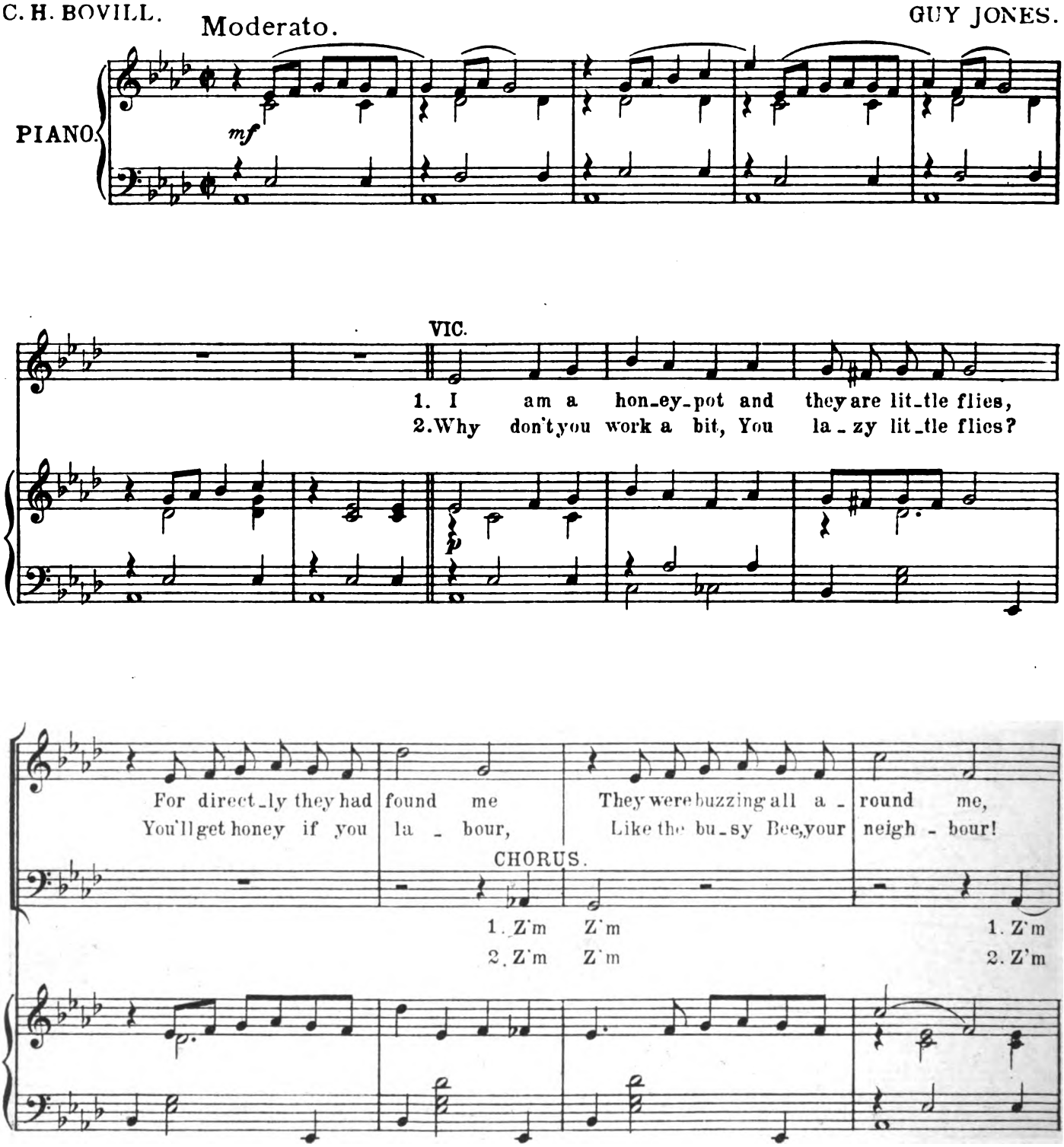
No 8. SOLO & CHORUS. "FLIES ROUND THE HONEYPOT."

(VICTORIA.)

C. H. BOVILL. GUY JONES.


Moderato.
PIANO.
mf
VIC.
1. I am a hon_ey_pot and they are lit_tle flies,
2. Why don't you work a bit, You la_zy lit_tle flies?
For direct_ly they had found me They were buzzing all a_round me,
You'll get honey if you la_bour, Like the bu_sy Bee, your neigh_bour!
CHORUS.
1. Z'm Z'm 1. Z'm
2. Z'm Z'm 2. Z'm

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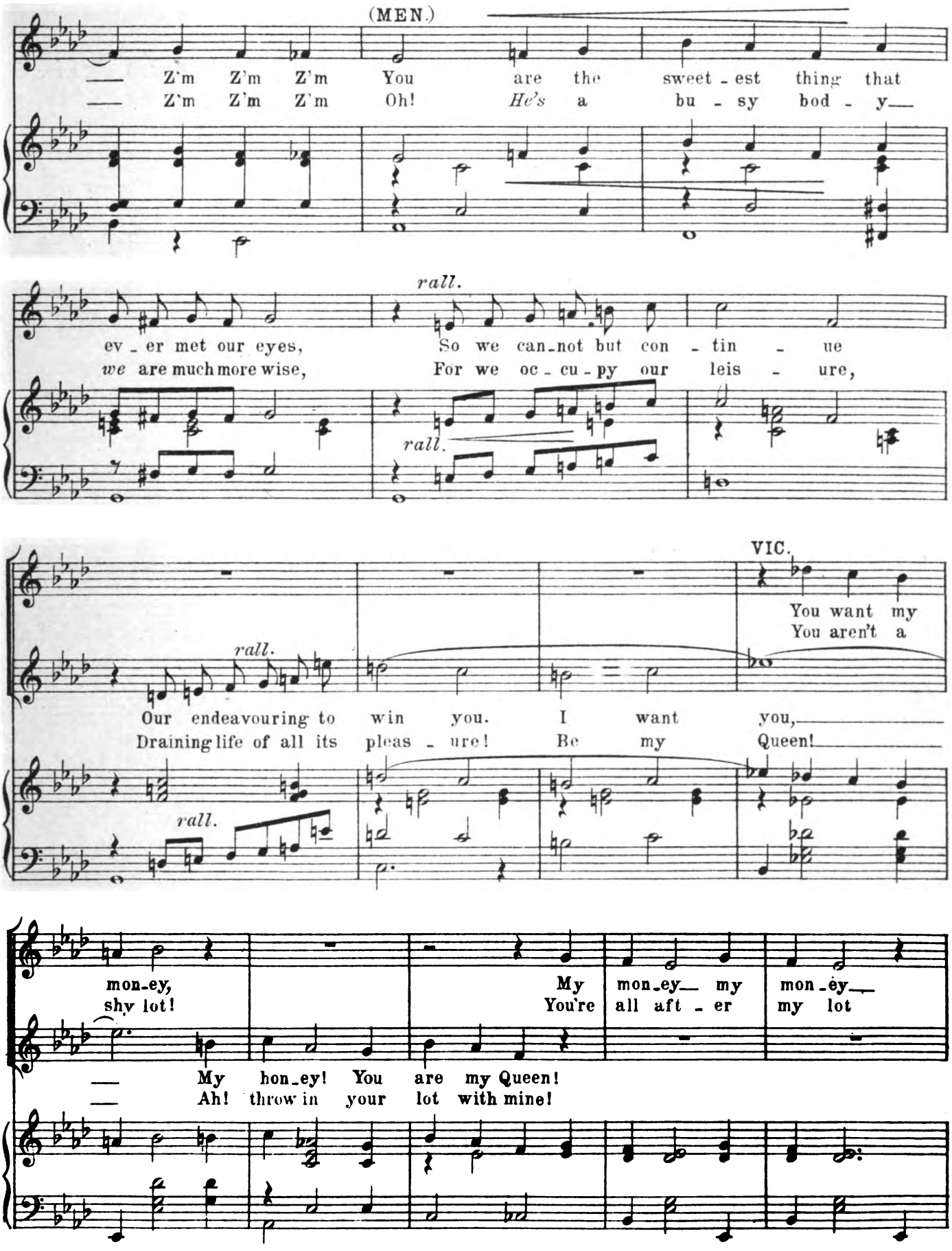
(MEN.)
— Z'm Z'm Z'm You are the sweet - est thing that
— Z'm Z'm Z'm Oh! *He's* a bu - sy bod - y—
rall.
ev - er met our eyes, So we can-not but con - tin - ue
we are much more wise, For we oc - cu - py our leis - ure,
rall.
rall.
VIC.
You want my
You aren't a
Our endeavouring to win you. I want you,—
Draining life of all its pleas - ure! Be my Queen!—
rall.
mon-ey,
shy lot!
My mon-ey— my mon-ey—
You're all aft - er my lot
— My hon-ey! You are my Queen!
— Ah! throw in your lot with mine!

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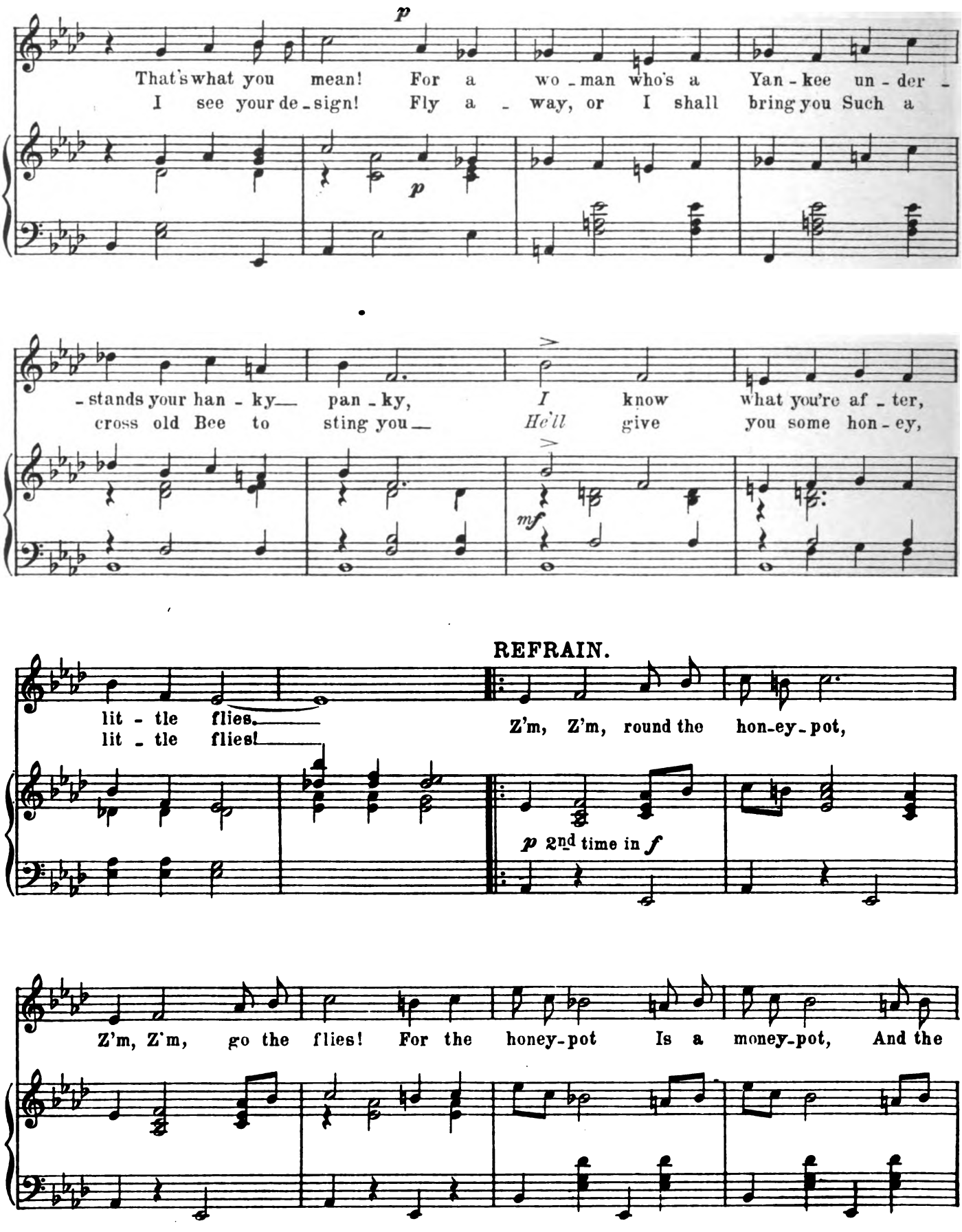
That's what you mean! For a wo - man who's a Yan - kee un - der -
I see your de - sign! Fly a - way, or I shall bring you Such a
- stands your han - ky— pan - ky, I know what you're af - ter,
cross old Bee to sting you— He'll give you some hon - ey,
REFRAIN.
lit - tle flies.
lit - tle flies!
Z'm, Z'm, round the hon-ey-pot,
p 2nd time in f
Z'm, Z'm, go the flies! For the honey-pot Is a money-pot, And the

Digitized by Google

world's all sun-ny When you've lots of hon-ey, hon-ey, Z'm, Z'm, round the

hon-ey-pot! Tho' it's high up on the shelf, But each fly you see Is as

rall.

sel-fish as can be, With his Z'm, Z'm, Z'm, For he wants all the hon-ey for him-

a tempo

self — That's me. me.

Z'm, Z'm,

1. 2.

f

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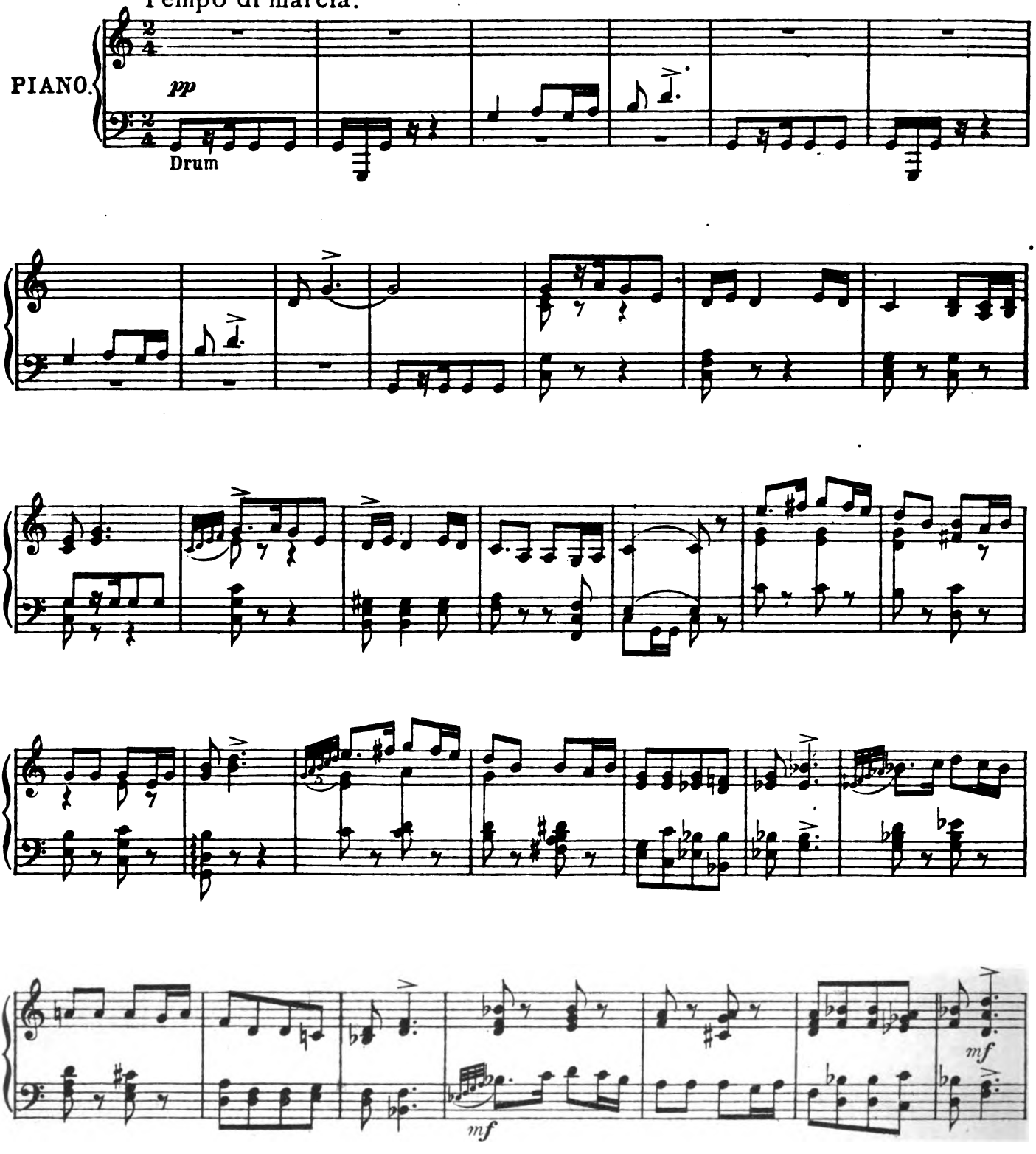
No 9.— MARCH OF THE "GAY GORDONS."

GUY JONES.

Tempo di marcia.



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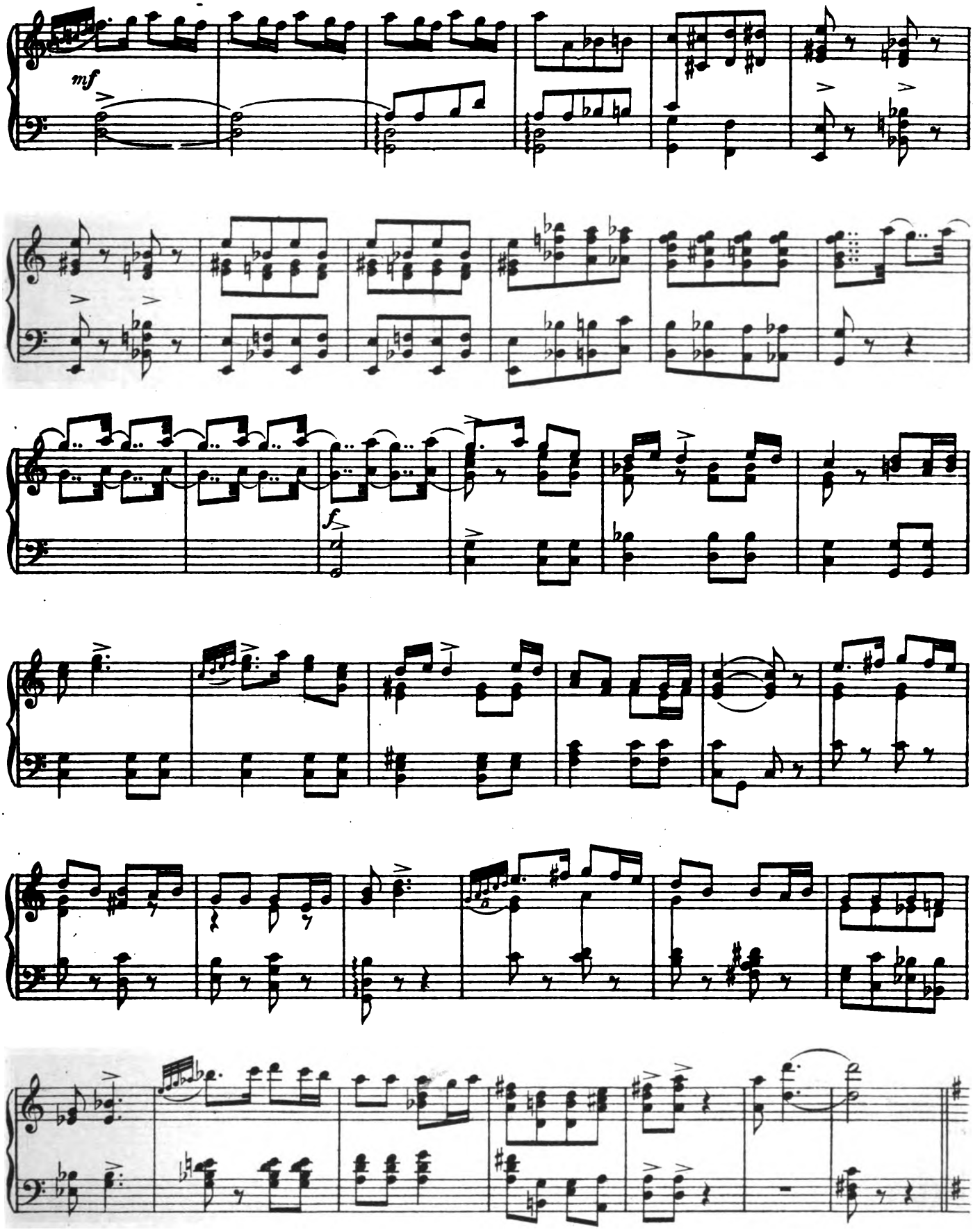

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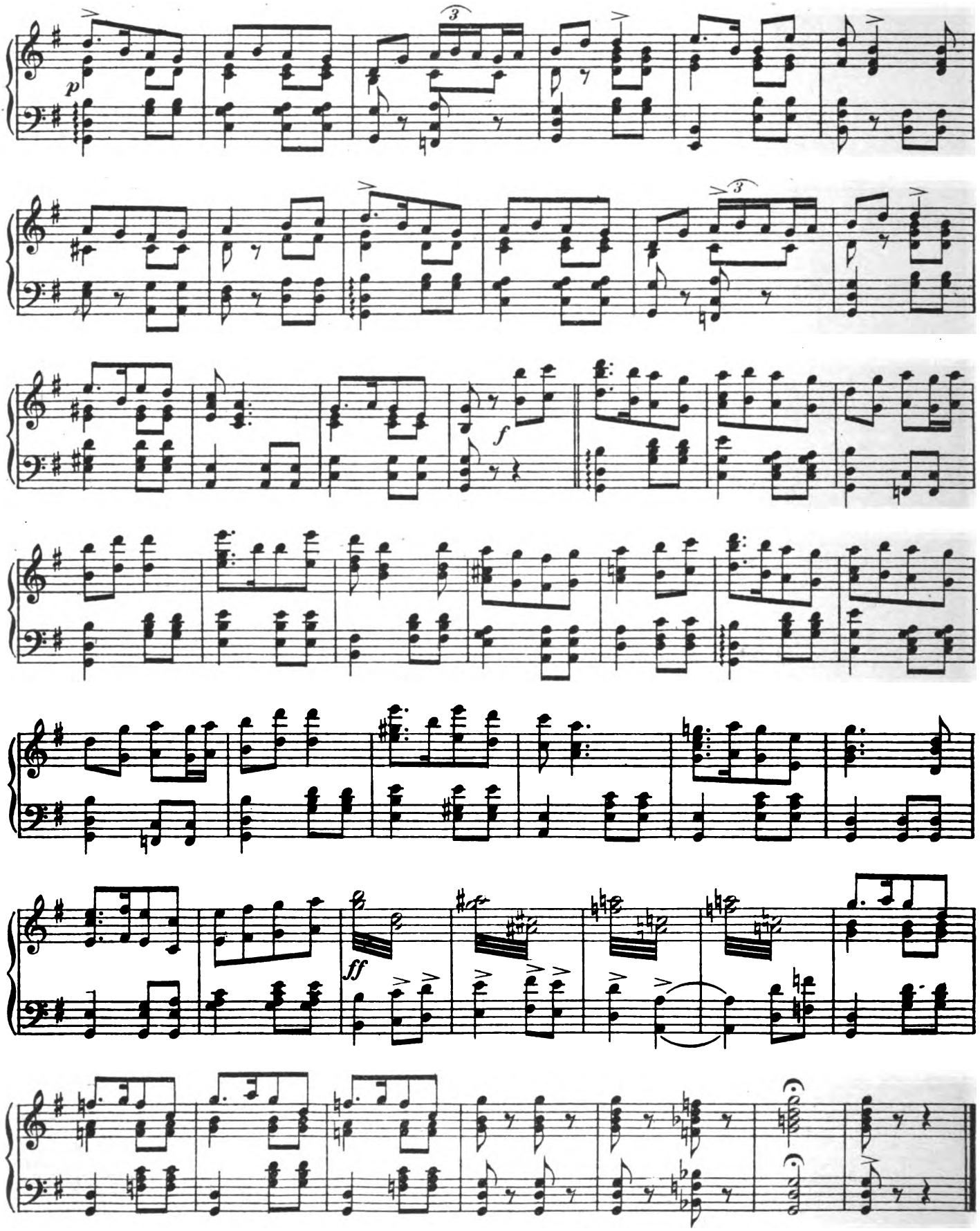

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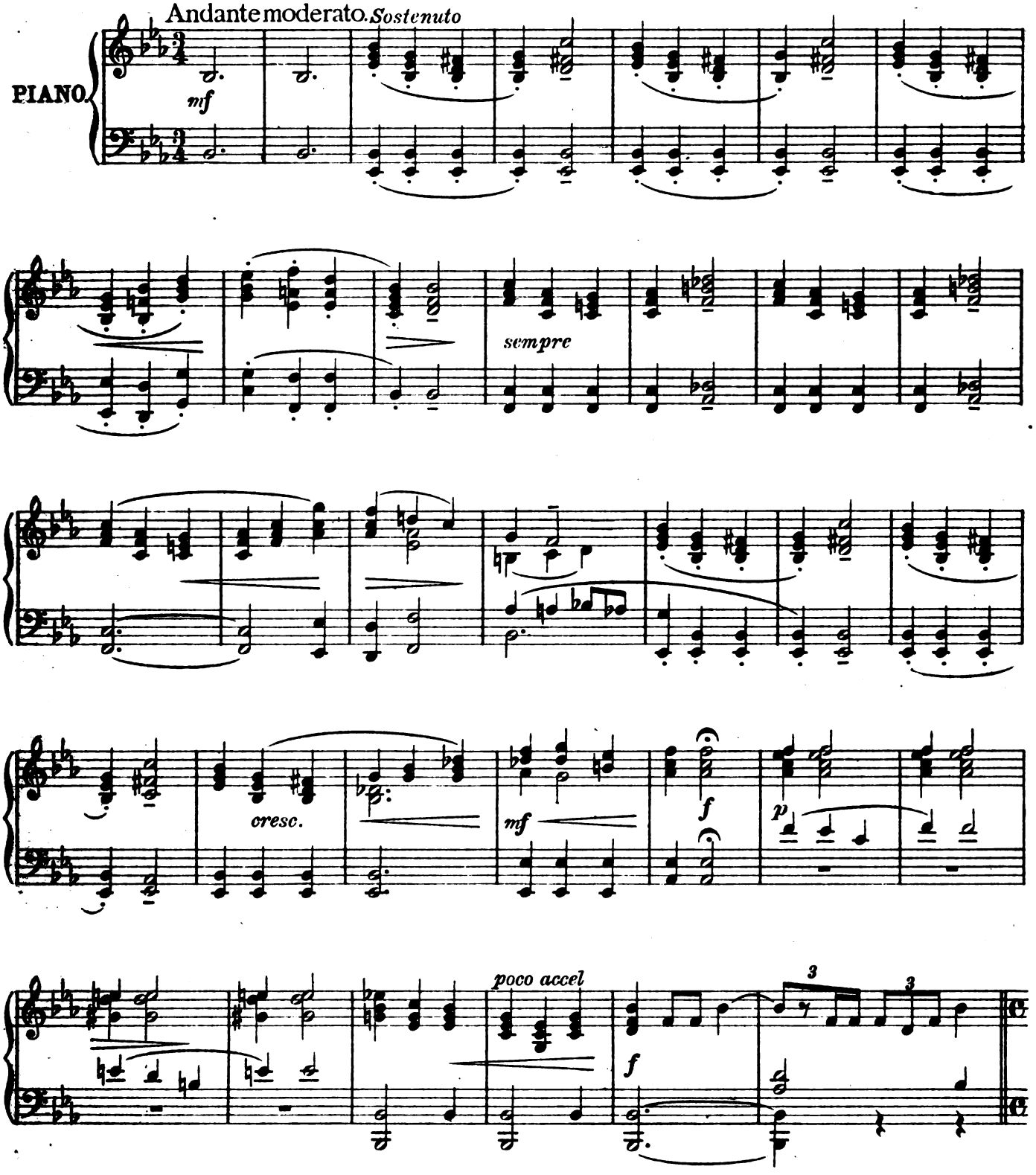
ACT 2.

No 10. INTRODUCTION.

GUY JONES.



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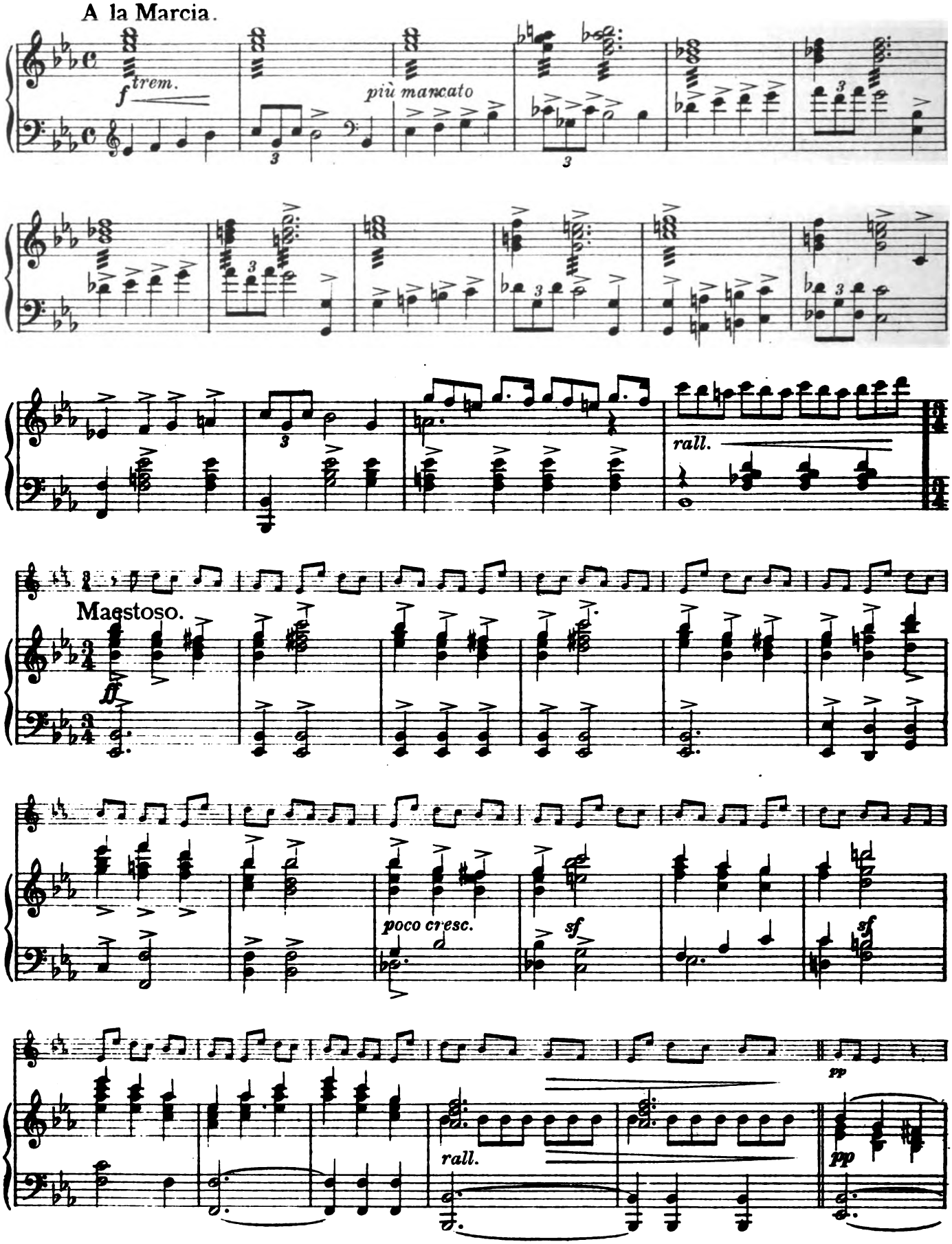

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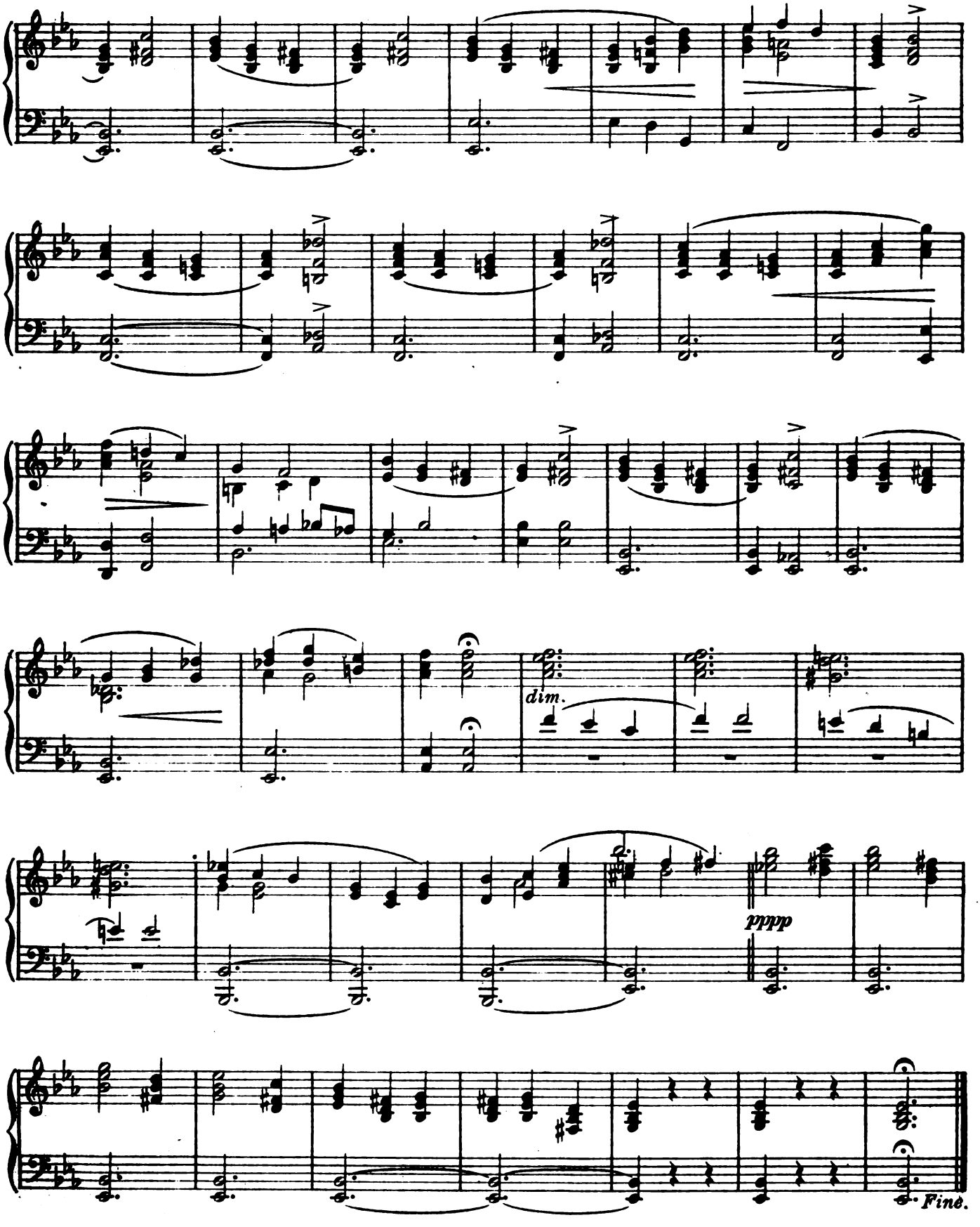

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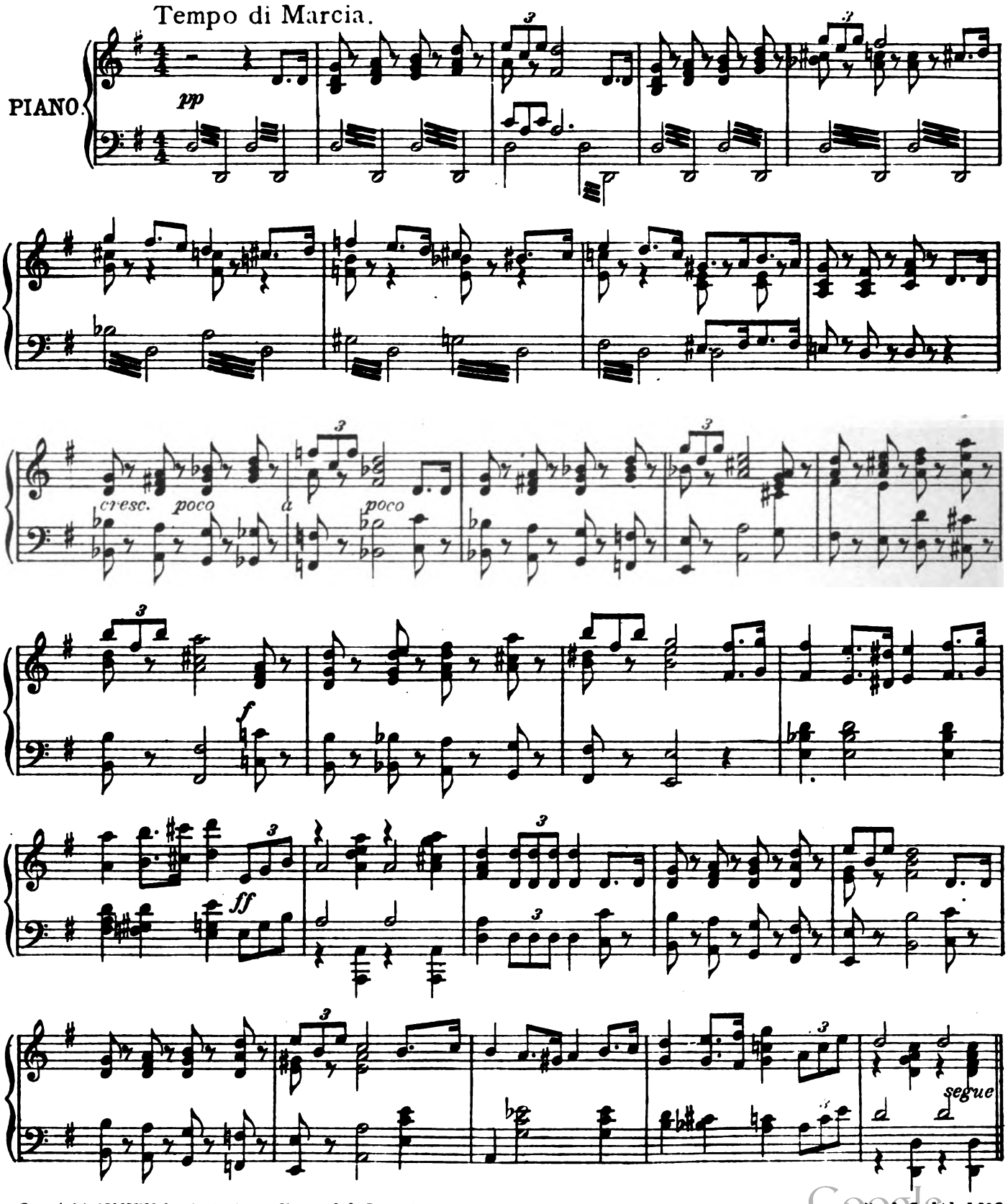
Nº 11ª ENTRANCE OF CHORUS.

GUY JONES.



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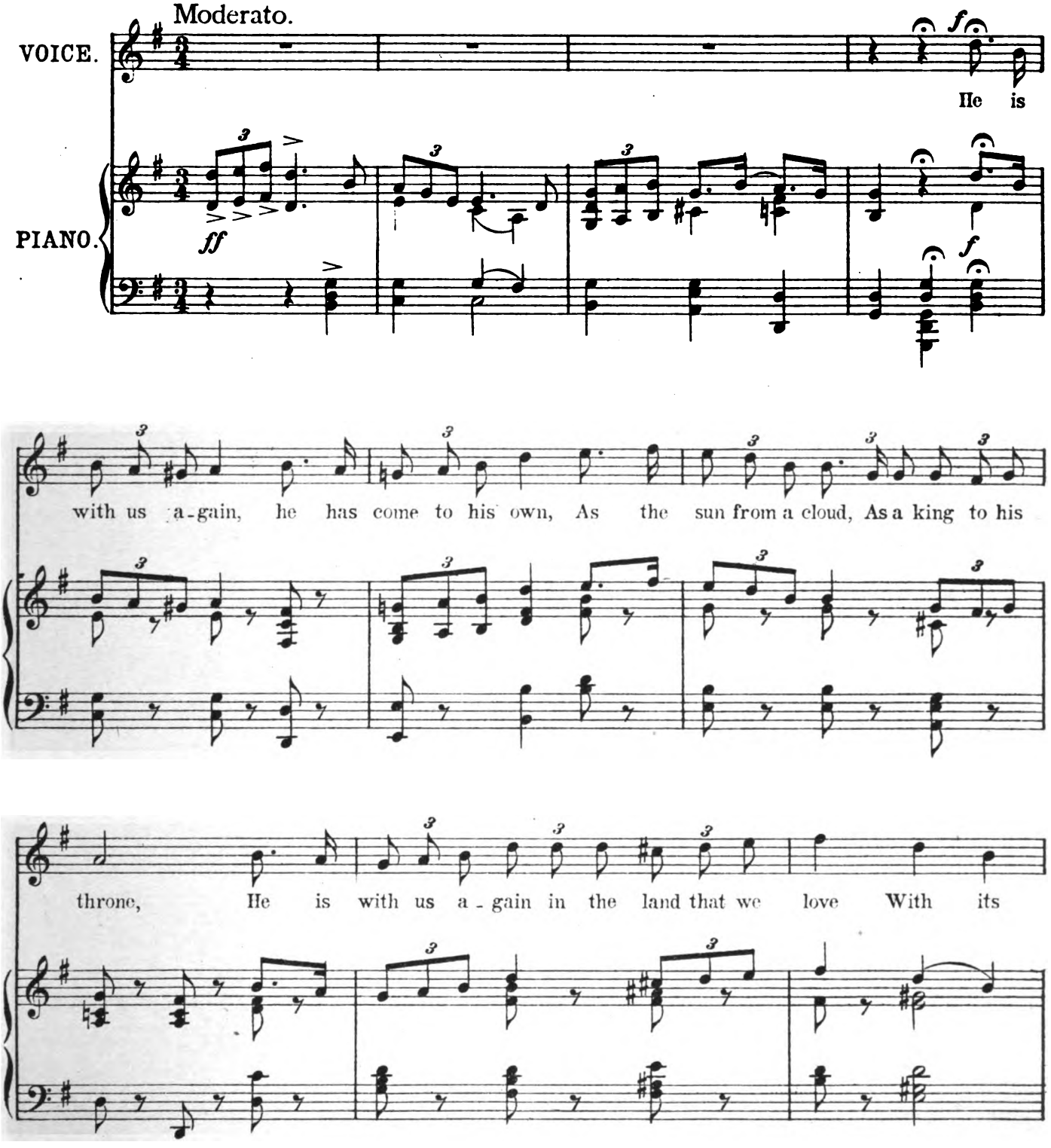
No. 11b SOLO AND CHORUS.
"HERE'S A HEALTH TO THE GRAEME!"

HENRY HAMILTON. GUY JONES.


Moderato.
VOICE.
PIANO.
ff
f
He is
with us a-gain, he has come to his own, As the sun from a cloud, As a king to his
throne, He is with us a-gain in the land that we love With its

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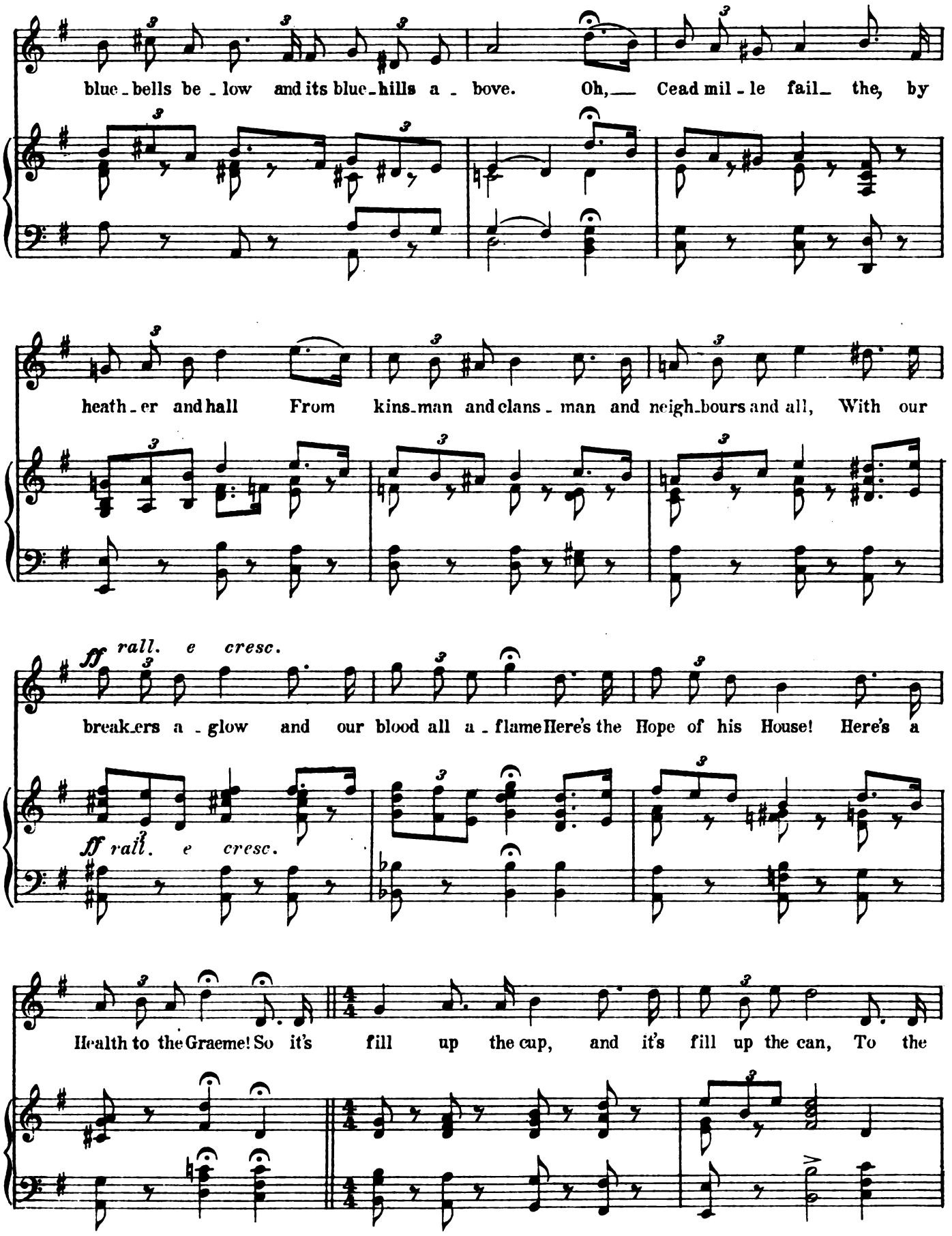
blue-bells be-low and its blue-hills a-bove. Oh, Cead mil-le fail- the, by
heath-er and hall From kins-man and clans-man and neigh-bours and all, With our
ff rall. e cresc.
break-ers a-glow and our blood all a-flame Here's the Hope of his House! Here's a
ff rall. e cresc.
Health to the Graeme! So it's fill up the cup, and it's fill up the can, To the

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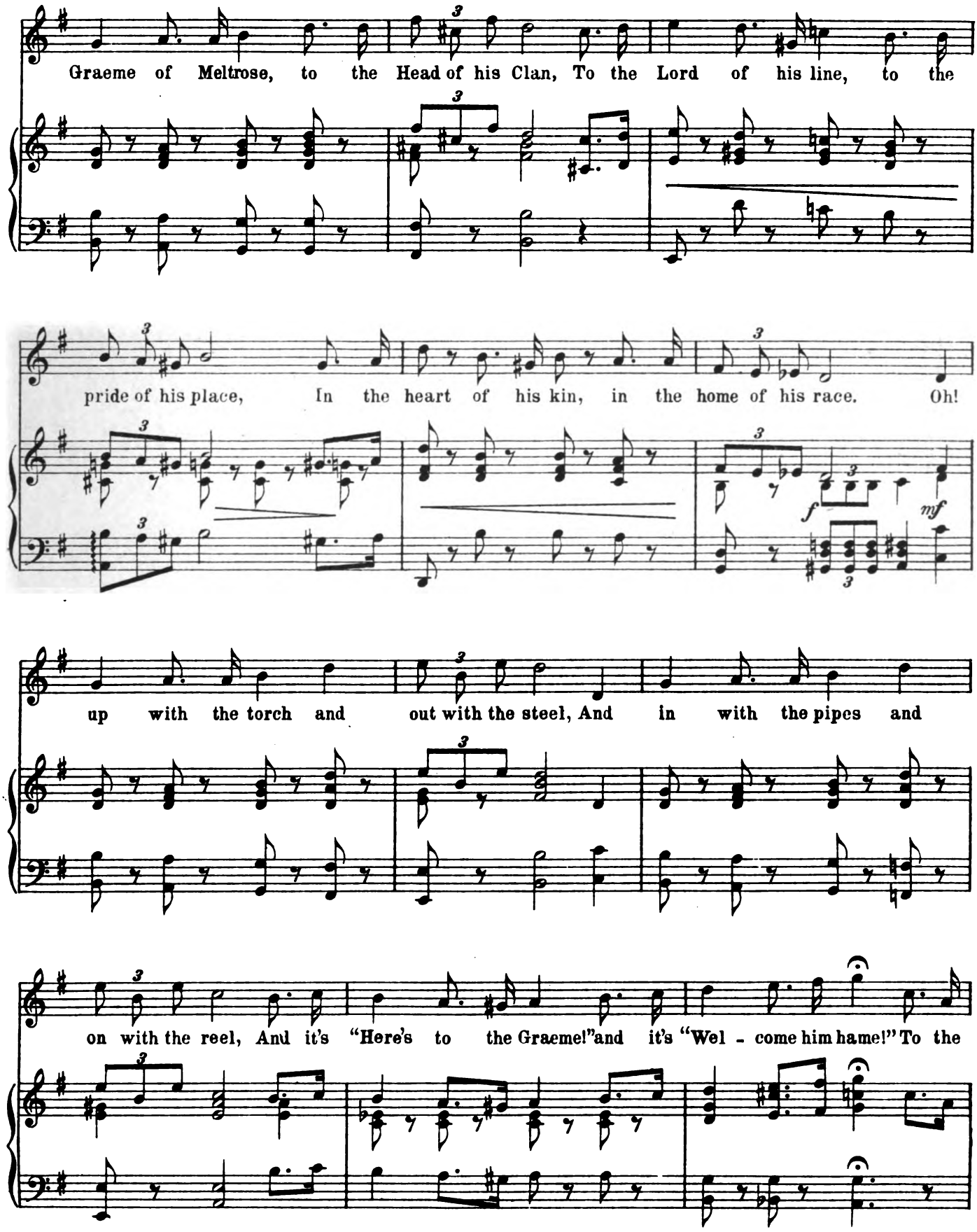
Graeme of Meltrose, to the Head of his Clan, To the Lord of his line, to the
pride of his place, In the heart of his kin, in the home of his race. Oh!
f
mf
up with the torch and out with the steel, And in with the pipes and
on with the reel, And it's "Here's to the Graeme!" and it's "Wel - come him hame!" To the

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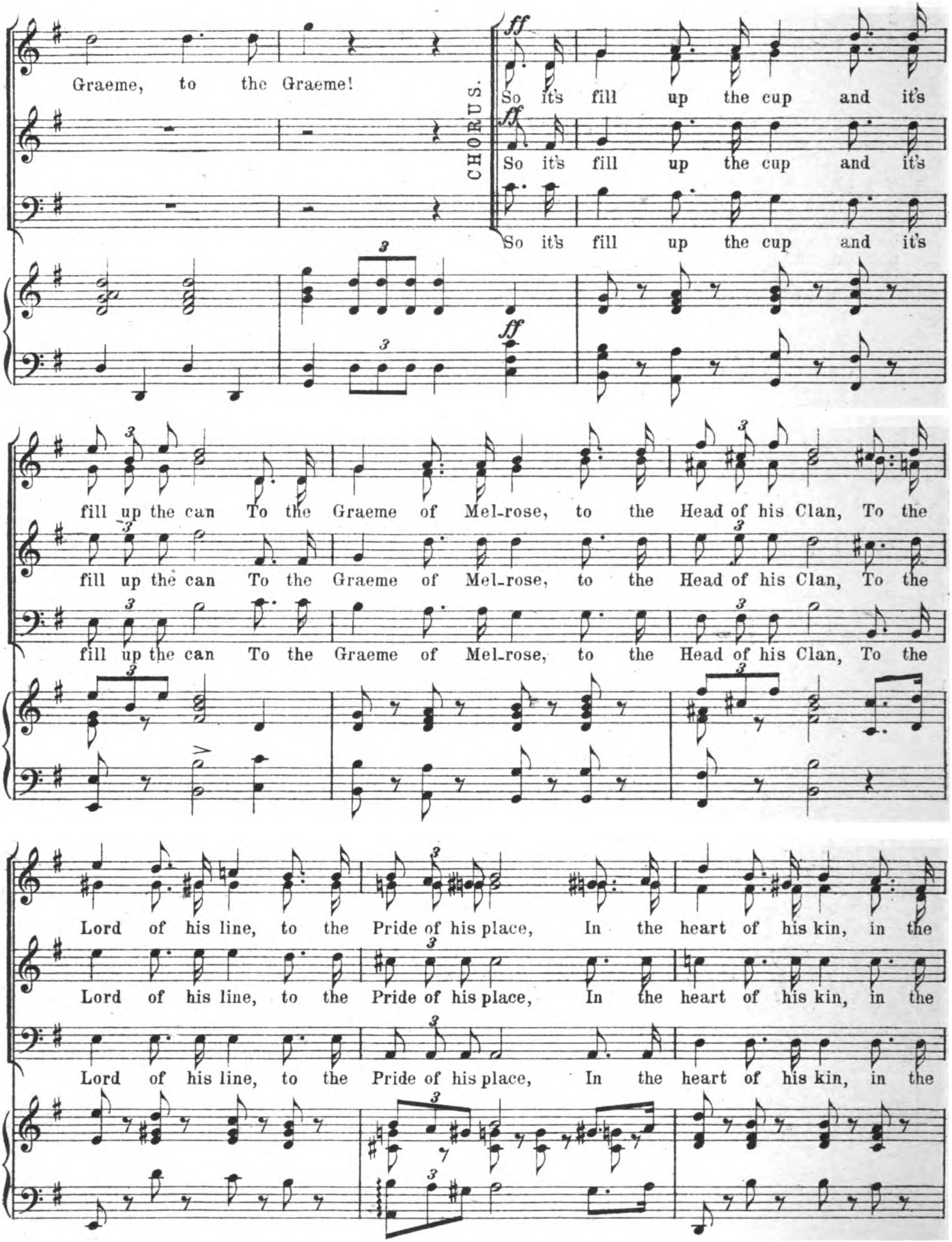
Graeme, to the Graeme!
CHORUS.
ff
So it's fill up the cup and it's
So it's fill up the cup and it's
So it's fill up the cup and it's
fill up the can To the Graeme of Mel-rose, to the Head of his Clan, To the
fill up the can To the Graeme of Mel-rose, to the Head of his Clan, To the
fill up the can To the Graeme of Mel-rose, to the Head of his Clan, To the
Lord of his line, to the Pride of his place, In the heart of his kin, in the
Lord of his line, to the Pride of his place, In the heart of his kin, in the
Lord of his line, to the Pride of his place, In the heart of his kin, in the

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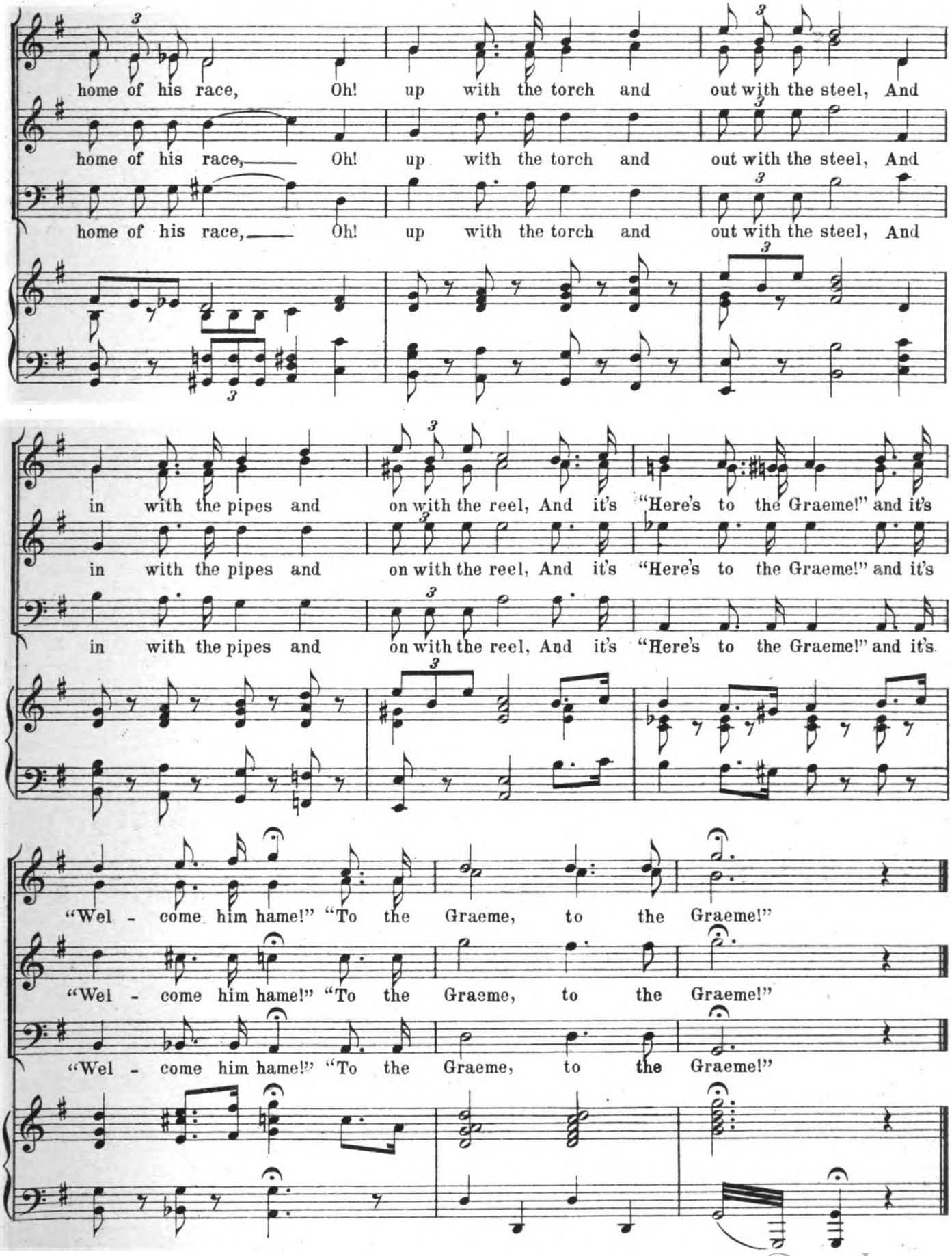
home of his race, Oh! up with the torch and out with the steel, And
home of his race, Oh! up with the torch and out with the steel, And
home of his race, Oh! up with the torch and out with the steel, And
in with the pipes and on with the reel, And it's "Here's to the Graeme!" and it's
in with the pipes and on with the reel, And it's "Here's to the Graeme!" and it's
in with the pipes and on with the reel, And it's "Here's to the Graeme!" and it's
"Wel - come him hame!" "To the Graeme, to the Graeme!"
"Wel - come him hame!" "To the Graeme, to the Graeme!"
"Wel - come him hame!" "To the Graeme, to the Graeme!"

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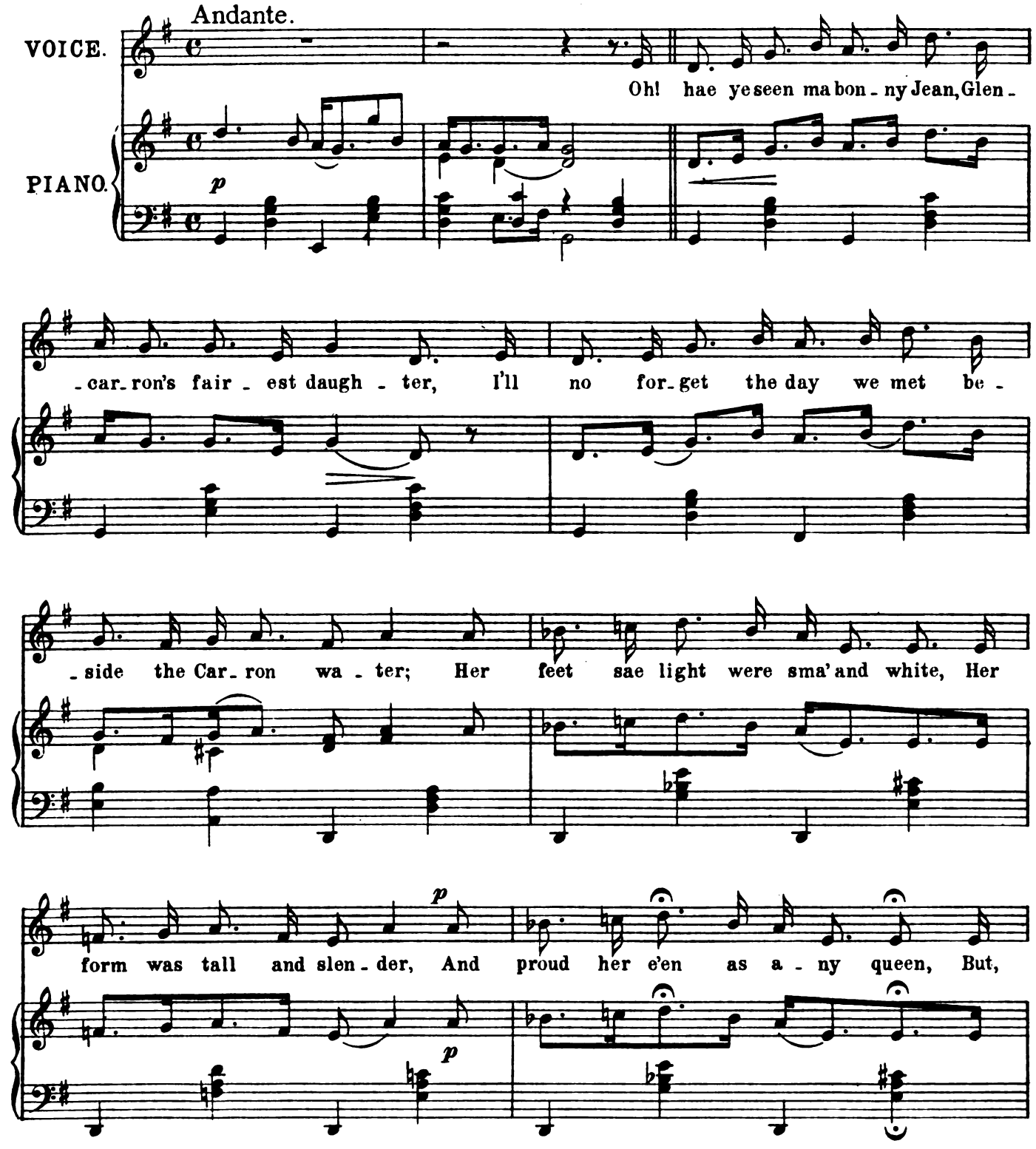
No. 12. SONG.—"MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS."

ARTHUR WIMPERIS. GUY JONES.


Andante.
VOICE.
PIANO.
p
Oh! hae ye seen ma bon - ny Jean, Glen -
- car - ron's fair - est daugh - ter, I'll no for - get the day we met be -
- side the Car - ron wa - ter; Her feet sae light were sma' and white, Her
p
form was tall and slen - der, And proud her e'en as a - ny queen, But,
p

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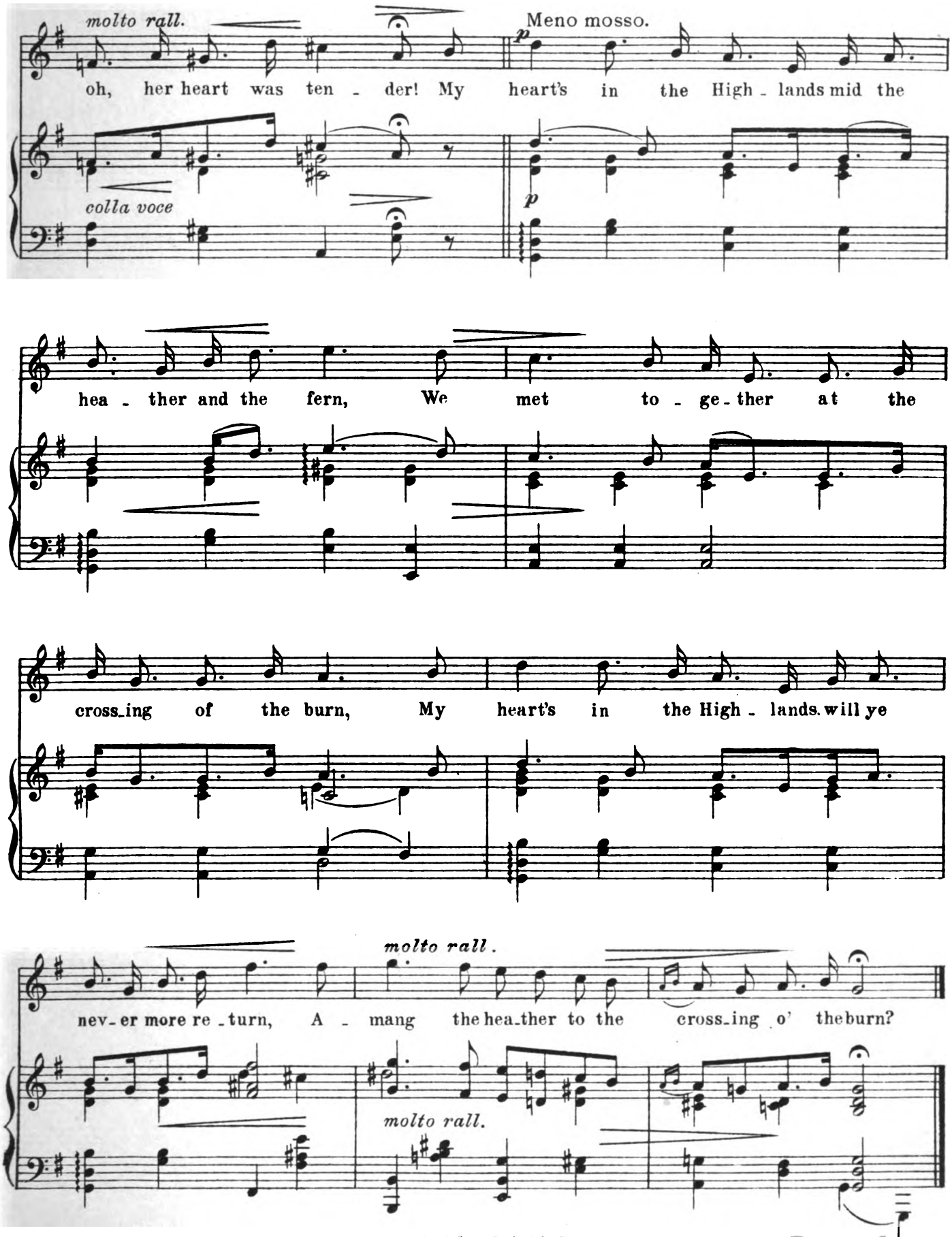
molto rall.
Meno mosso.
p
oh, her heart was ten - der! My heart's in the High - lands mid the
colla voce
p
hea - ther and the fern, We met to - ge - ther at the
cross_ing of the burn, My heart's in the High - lands will ye
molto rall.
nev - er more re - turn, A - mang the hea_ther to the cross_ing o' the burn?
molto rall.

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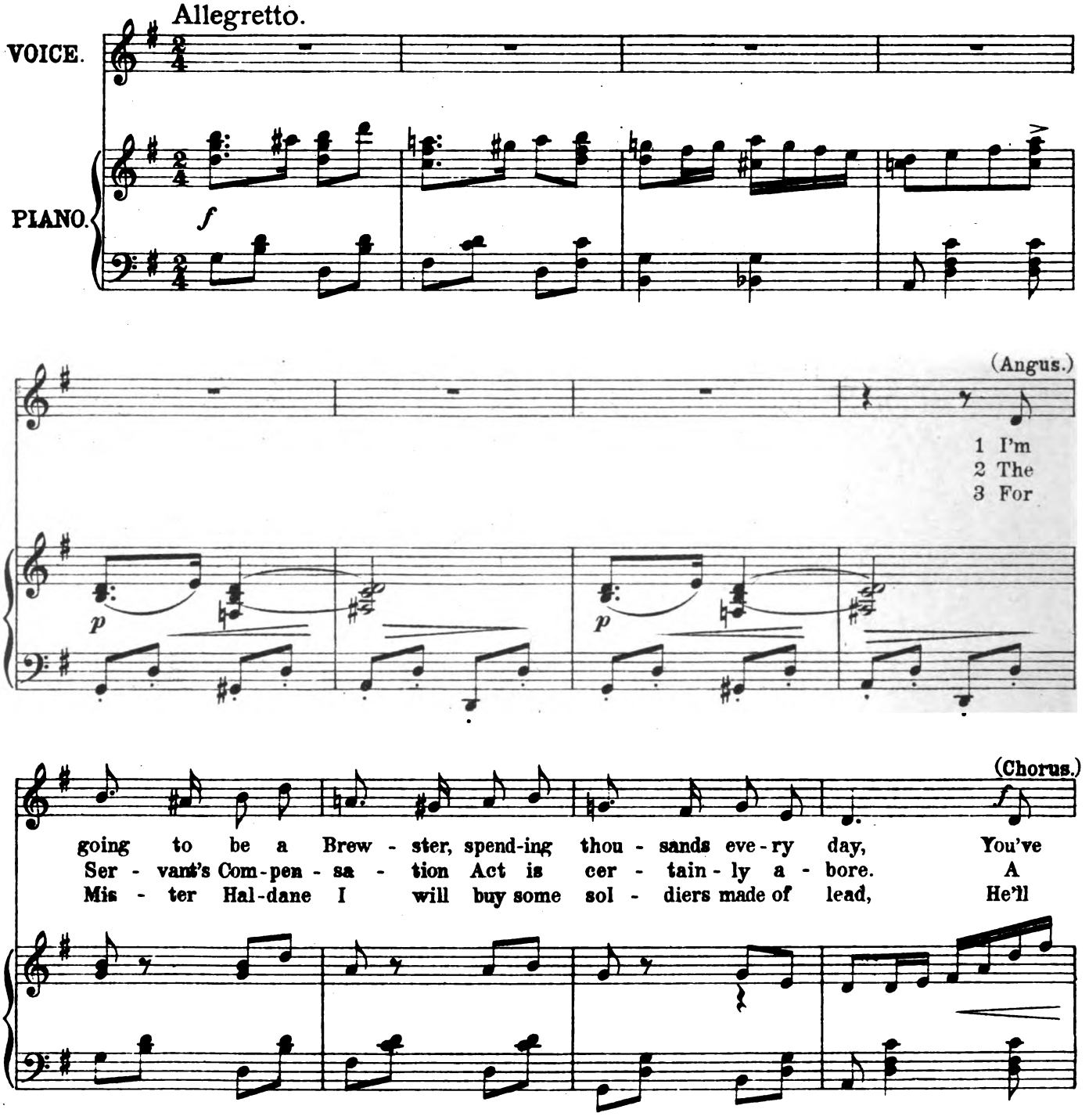
No 13. SONG.—"NOW THAT MY SHIP'S COME HOME."

(ANGUS.)

P. G. WODEHOUSE. GUY JONES.


Allegretto.
VOICE.
PIANO.
f
(Angus.)
1 I'm
2 The
3 For
p
p
(Chorus.)
f
going to be a Brew - ster, spend-ing thou - sands eve - ry day, You've
Ser - vant's Com-pen - sa - tion Act is cer - tain - ly a - bore. A
Mis - ter Hal-dane I will buy some sol - diers made of lead, He'll

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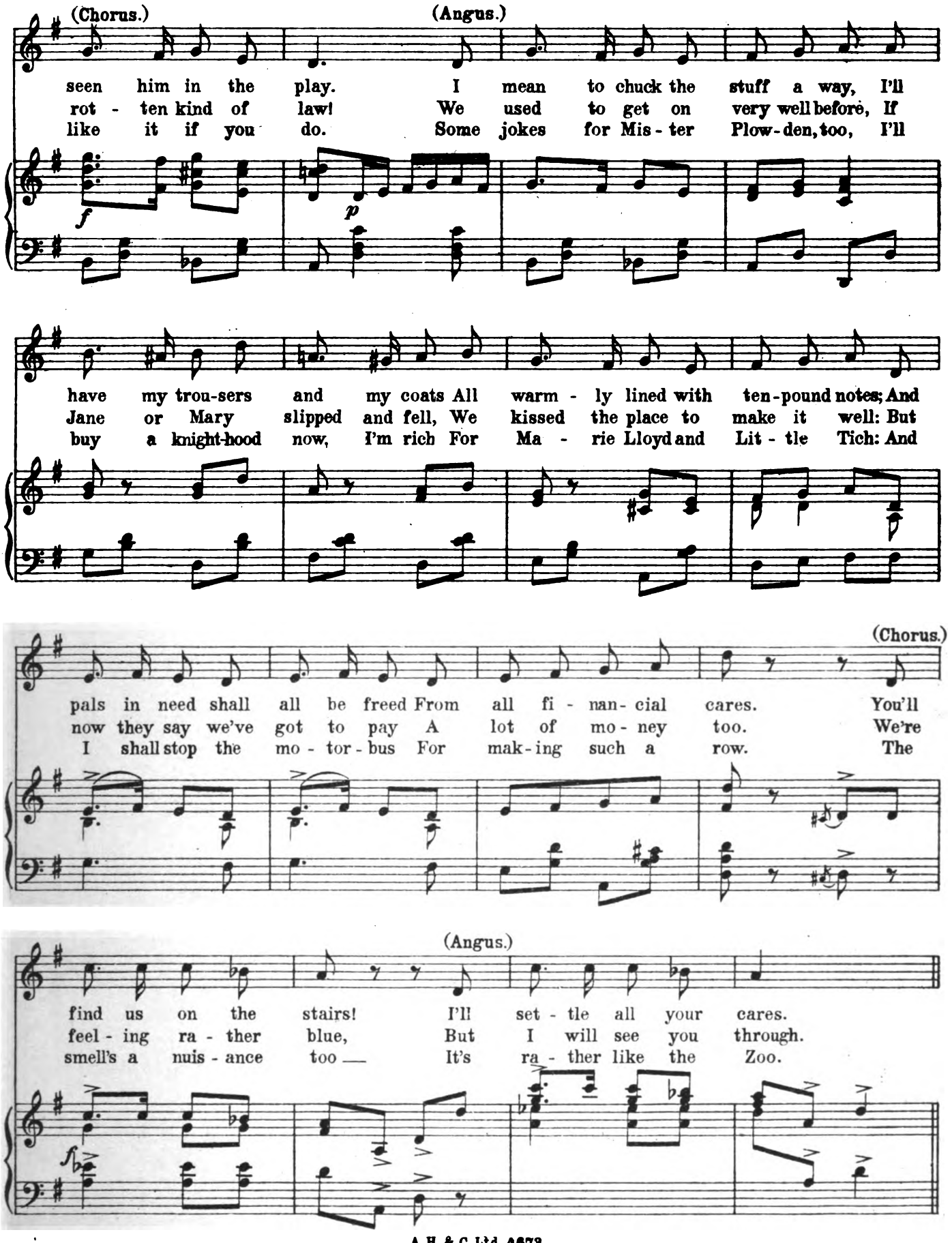
(Chorus.)
(Angus.)
seen him in the play. I mean to chuck the stuff a way, I'll
rot - ten kind of law! We used to get on very well before, If
like it if you do. Some jokes for Mis - ter Plow - den, too, I'll
f
p
have my trou-sers and my coats All warm - ly lined with ten-pound notes; And
Jane or Mary slipped and fell, We kissed the place to make it well: But
buy a knight-hood now, I'm rich For Ma - rie Lloyd and Lit - tle Tich: And
(Chorus.)
pals in need shall all be freed From all fi - nan - cial cares. You'll
now they say we've got to pay A lot of mo - ney too. We're
I shall stop the mo - tor - bus For mak - ing such a row. The
(Angus.)
find us on the stairs! I'll set - tle all your cares.
feel - ing ra - ther blue, But I will see you through.
smell's a nuis - ance too — It's ra - ther like the Zoo.
f

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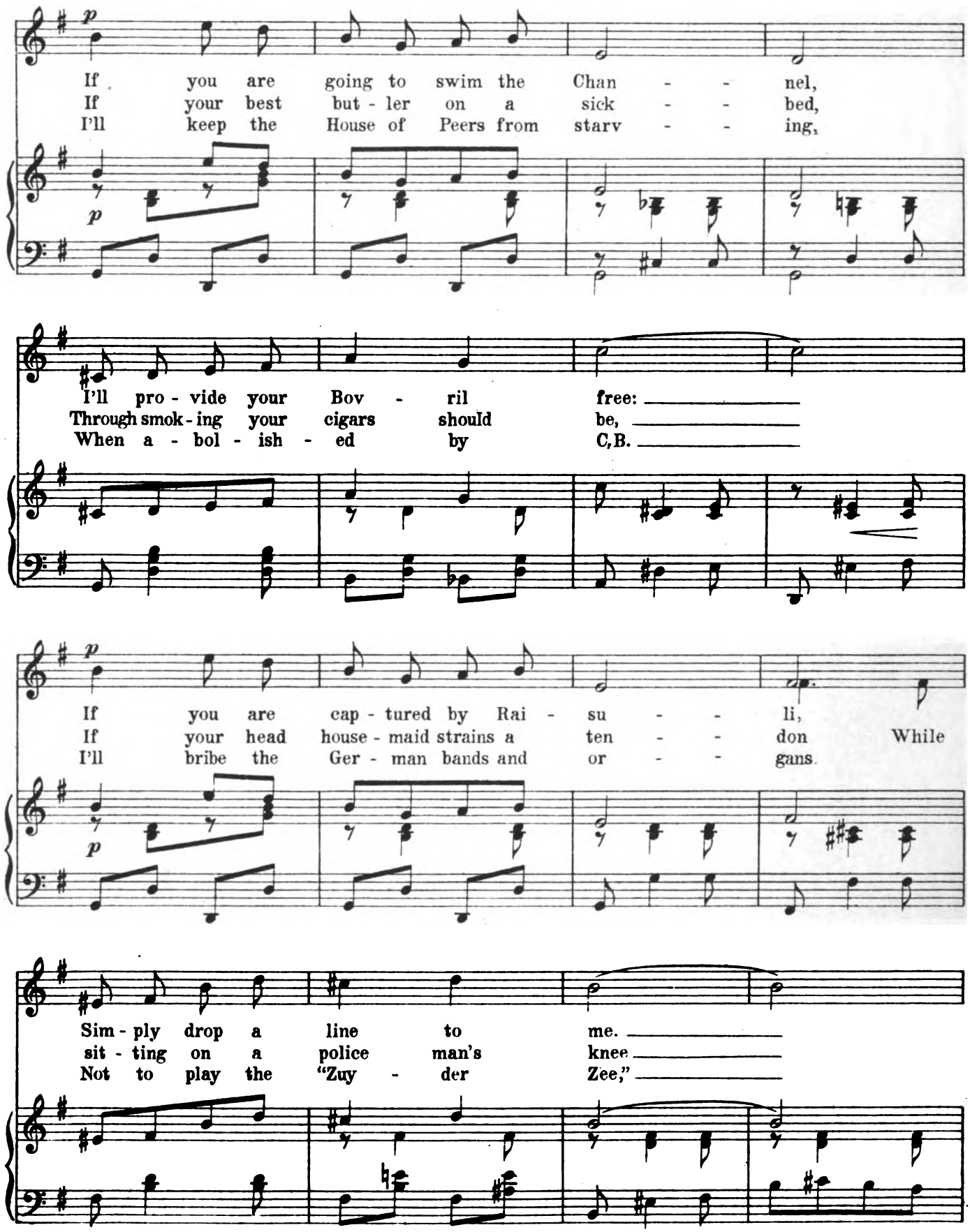
If you are going to swim the Chan - - nel,
If your best but - ler on a sick - - bed,
I'll keep the House of Peers from starv - - ing,
I'll pro - vide your Bov - ril free: ___
Through smok - ing your cigars should be, ___
When a - bol - ish - ed by C.B. ___
If you are cap - tured by Rai - su - - li,
If your head house - maid strains a ten - - don While
I'll bribe the Ger - man bands and or - - gans.
Sim - ply drop a line to me. ___
sit - ting on a police man's knee ___
Not to play the "Zuy - der Zee," ___

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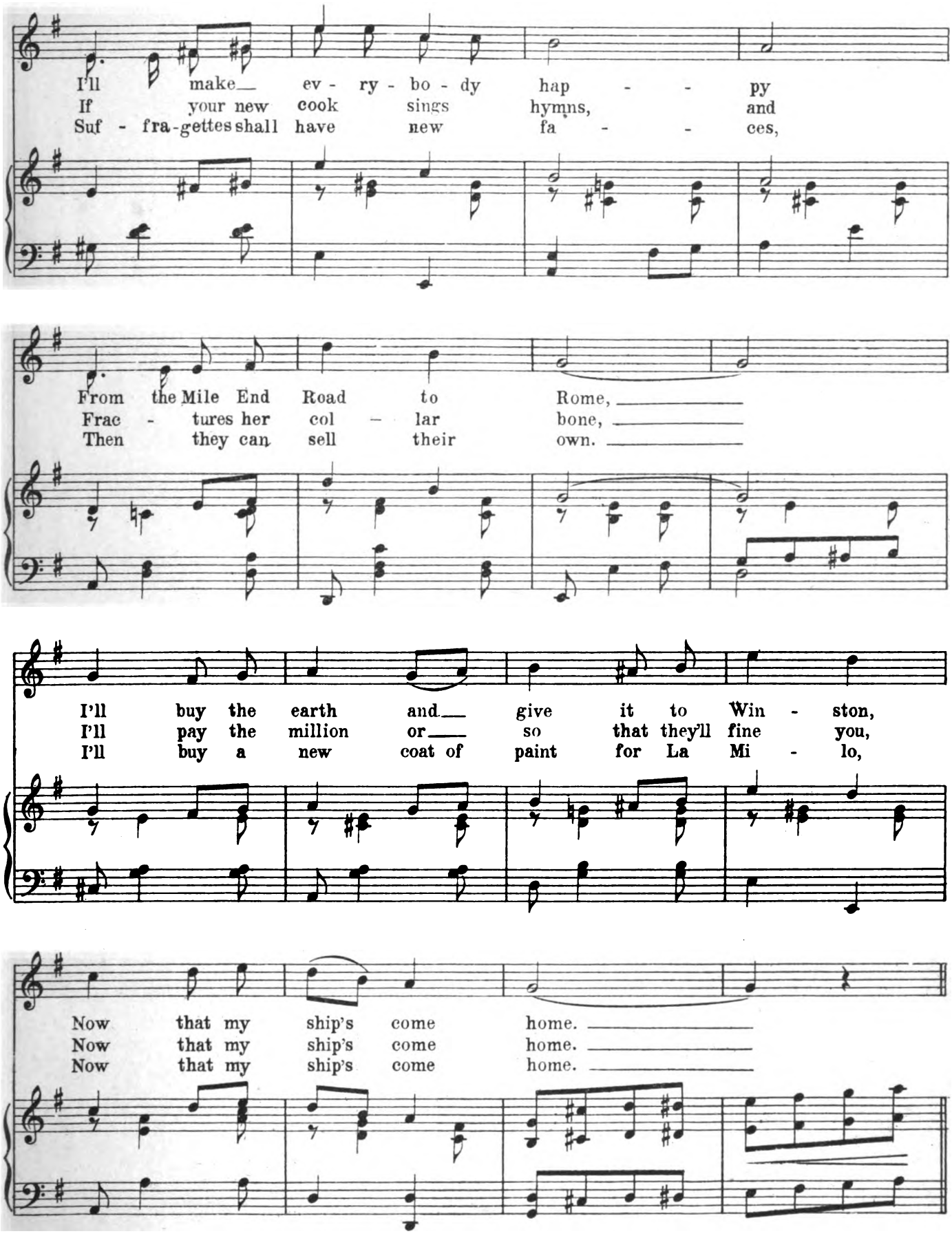
I'll make ev - ry - bo - dy hap - - py
If your new cook sings hymns, and
Suf - fra-gettes shall have new fa - - ces,
From the Mile End Road to Rome,
Frac - tures her col - lar bone,
Then they can sell their own.
I'll buy the earth and give it to Win - ston,
I'll pay the million or so that they'll fine you,
I'll buy a new coat of paint for La Mi - lo,
Now that my ship's come home.
Now that my ship's come home.
Now that my ship's come home.

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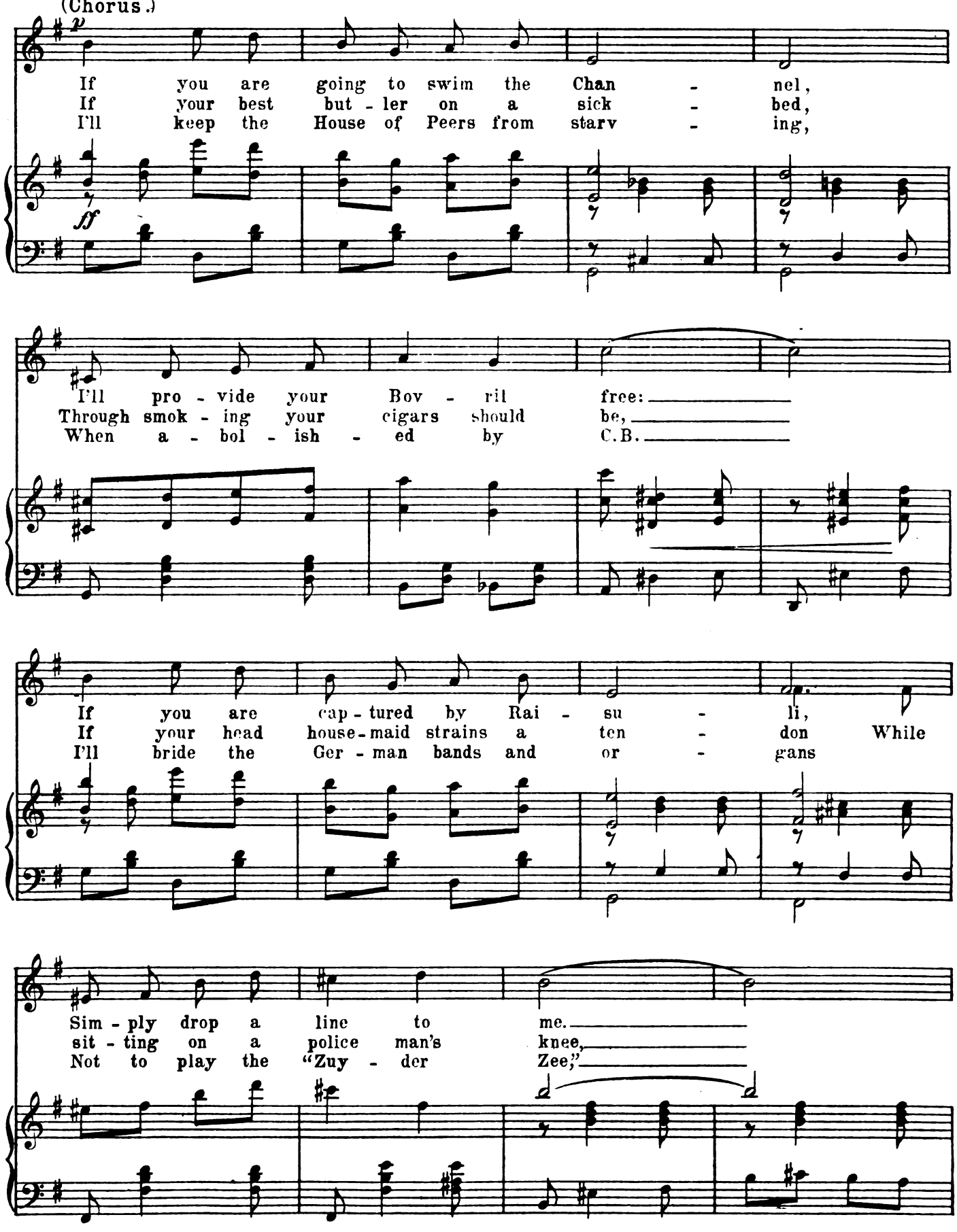
(Chorus.)


p
If you are going to swim the Chan - nel,
If your best but - ler on a sick - bed,
I'll keep the House of Peers from starv - ing,
ff
I'll pro - vide your Bov - ril free:
Through smok - ing your cigars should be,
When a - bol - ish - ed by C.B.
If you are cap - tured by Rai - su - li,
If your head house-maid strains a ten - don While
I'll bride the Ger - man bands and or - gans
Sim - ply drop a line to me.
sit - ting on a police man's knee,
Not to play the "Zuy - der Zee;"

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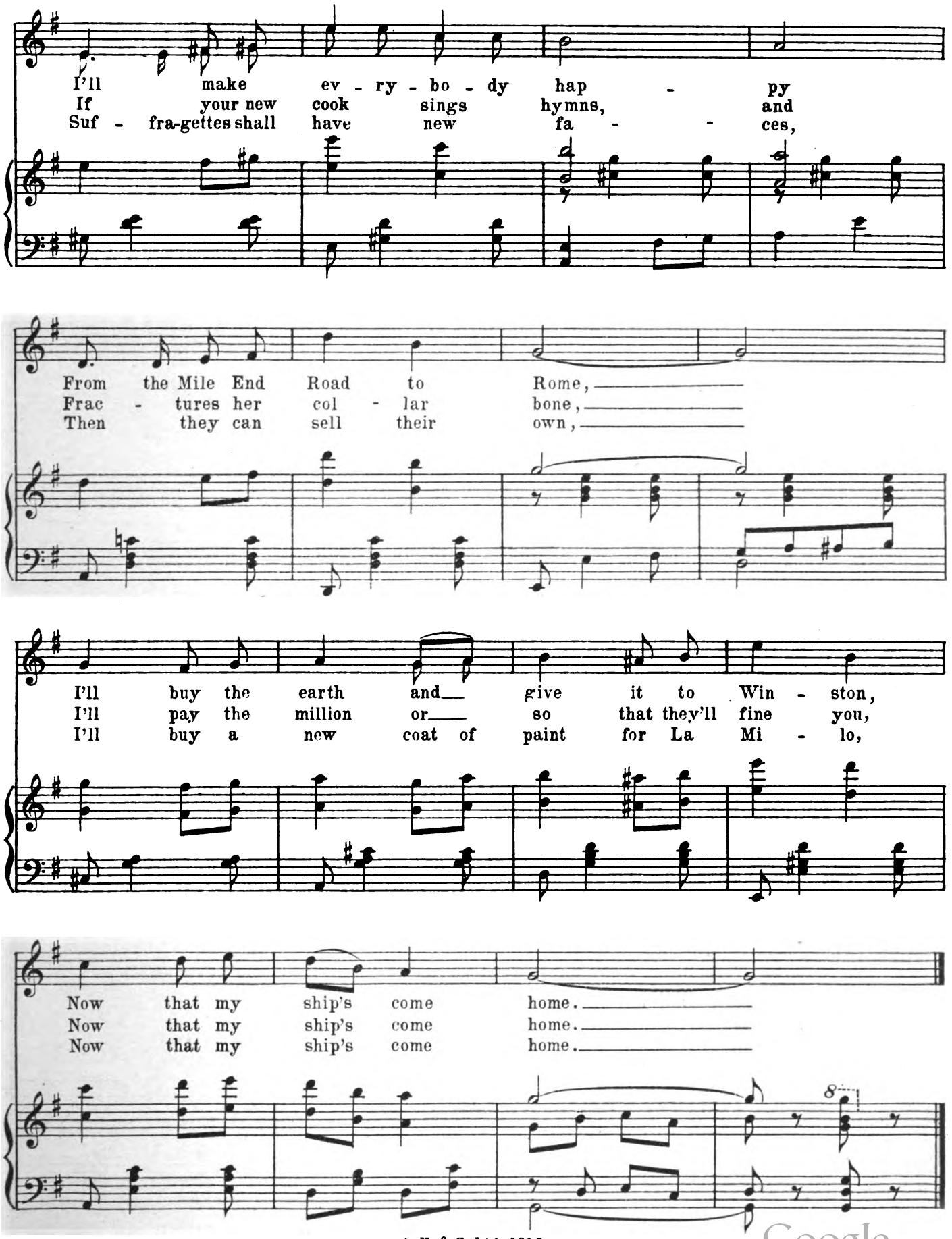
I'll make ev - ry - bo - dy hap - py
If your new cook sings hymns, and
Suf - fra-gettes shall have new fa - - ces,
From the Mile End Road to Rome,
Frac - tures her col - lar bone,
Then they can sell their own,
I'll buy the earth and give it to Win - ston,
I'll pay the million or so that they'll fine you,
I'll buy a new coat of paint for La Mi - lo,
Now that my ship's come home.
Now that my ship's come home.
Now that my ship's come home.
8

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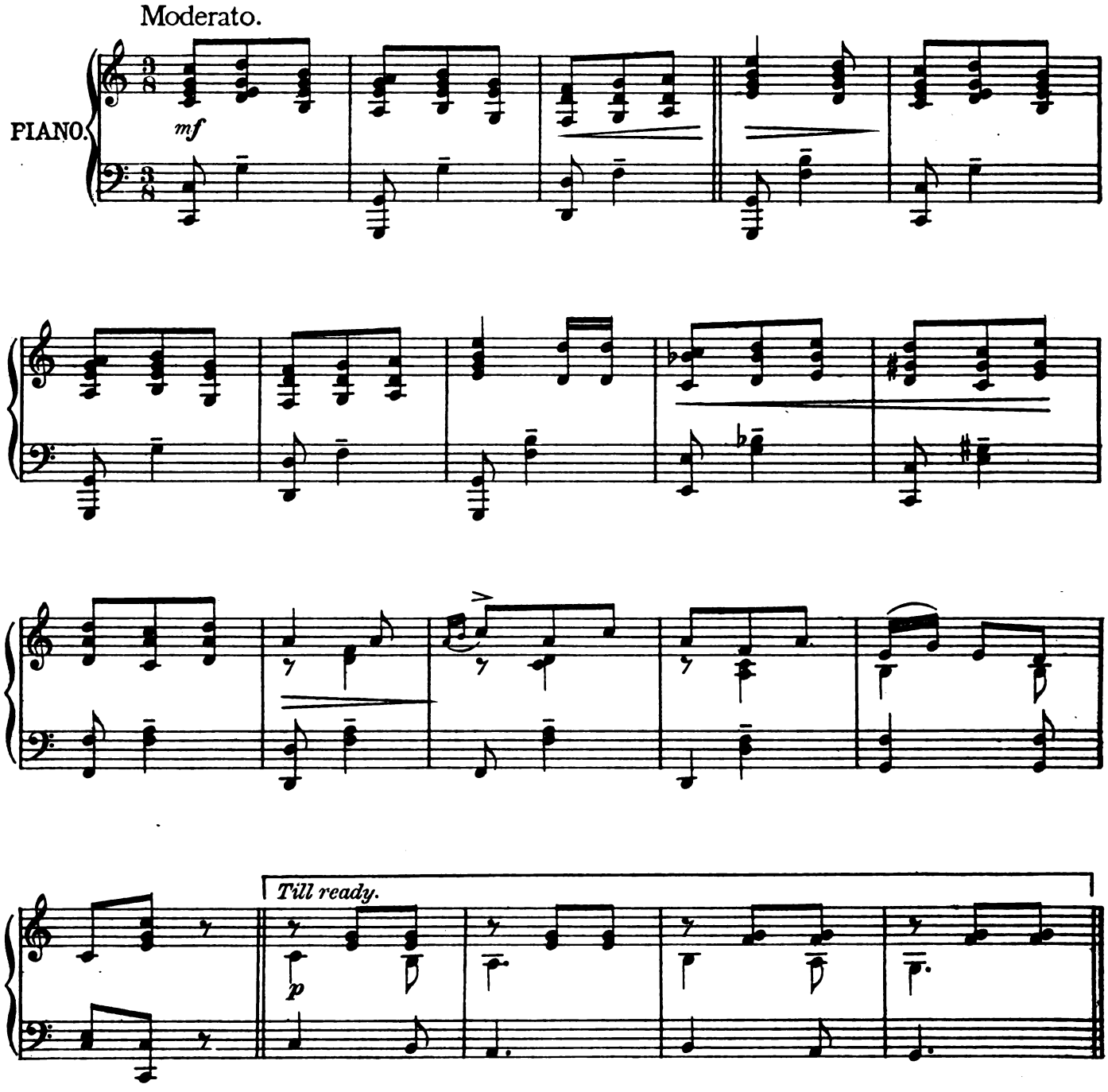
Nº 14. SONG.—"HUMPTY AND DUMPTY."

(PEGGY.)

ARTHUR WIMPERIS. HERMANN E. DAREWSKI, Junr.



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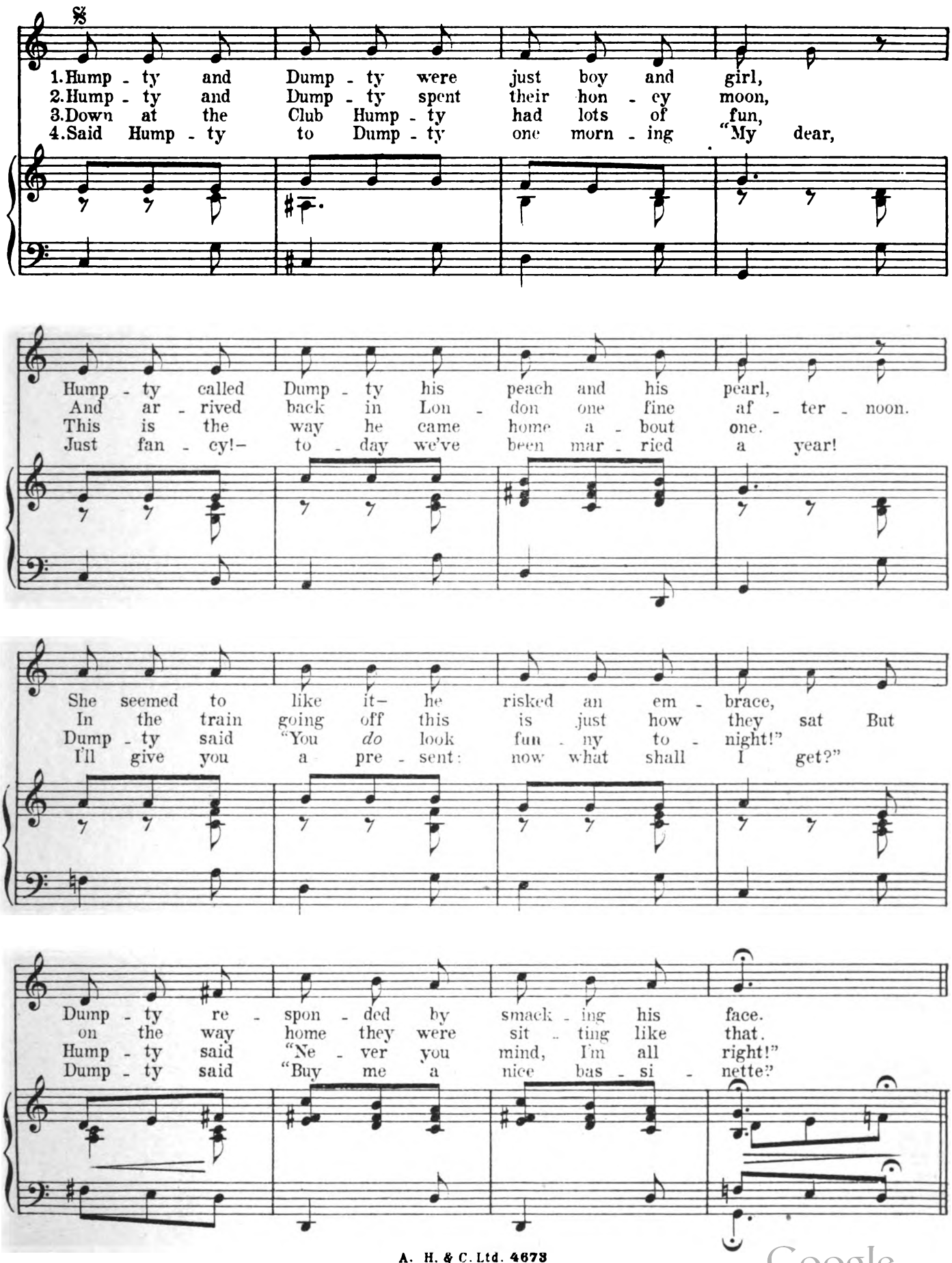
1. Hump - ty and Dump - ty were just boy and girl,
2. Hump - ty and Dump - ty spent their hon - ey moon,
3. Down at the Club Hump - ty had lots of fun,
4. Said Hump - ty to Dump - ty one morn - ing "My dear,
Hump - ty called Dump - ty his peach and his pearl,
And ar - rived back in Lon - don one fine af - ter - noon.
This is the way he came home a - bout one.
Just fan - cy!- to - day we've been mar - ried a year!
She seemed to like it- he risked an em - brace,
In the train going off this is just how they sat But
Dump - ty said "You *do* look fun - ny to - night!"
I'll give you a pre - sent: now what shall I get?"
Dump - ty re - spon - ded by smack - ing his face.
on the way home they were sit - ting like that.
Hump - ty said "Ne - ver you mind, I'm all right!"
Dump - ty said "Buy me a nice bas - si - nette?"

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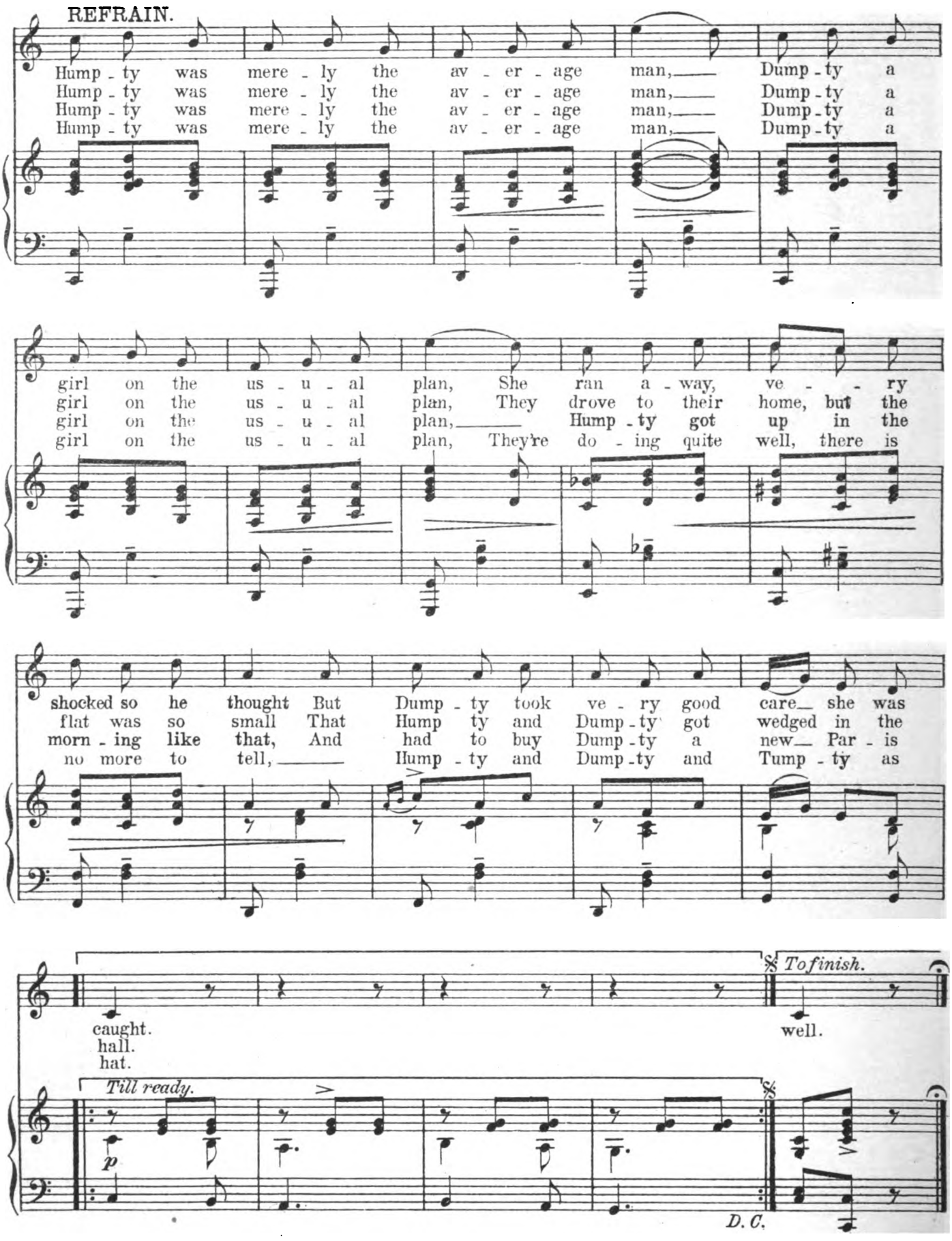
REFRAIN.
Hump - ty was mere - ly the av - er - age man, Dump - ty a
Hump - ty was mere - ly the av - er - age man, Dump - ty a
Hump - ty was mere - ly the av - er - age man, Dump - ty a
Hump - ty was mere - ly the av - er - age man, Dump - ty a
girl on the us - u - al plan, She ran a - way, ve - - ry
girl on the us - u - al plan, They drove to their home, but the
girl on the us - u - al plan, Hump - ty got up in the
girl on the us - u - al plan, They're do - ing quite well, there is
shocked so he thought But Dump - ty took ve - ry good care she was
flat was so small That Hump ty and Dump - ty got wedged in the
morn - ing like that, And had to buy Dump - ty a new Par - is
no more to tell, Hump - ty and Dump - ty and Tump - ty as
caught.
hall.
hat.
To finish.
well.
Till ready.
p
D.C.

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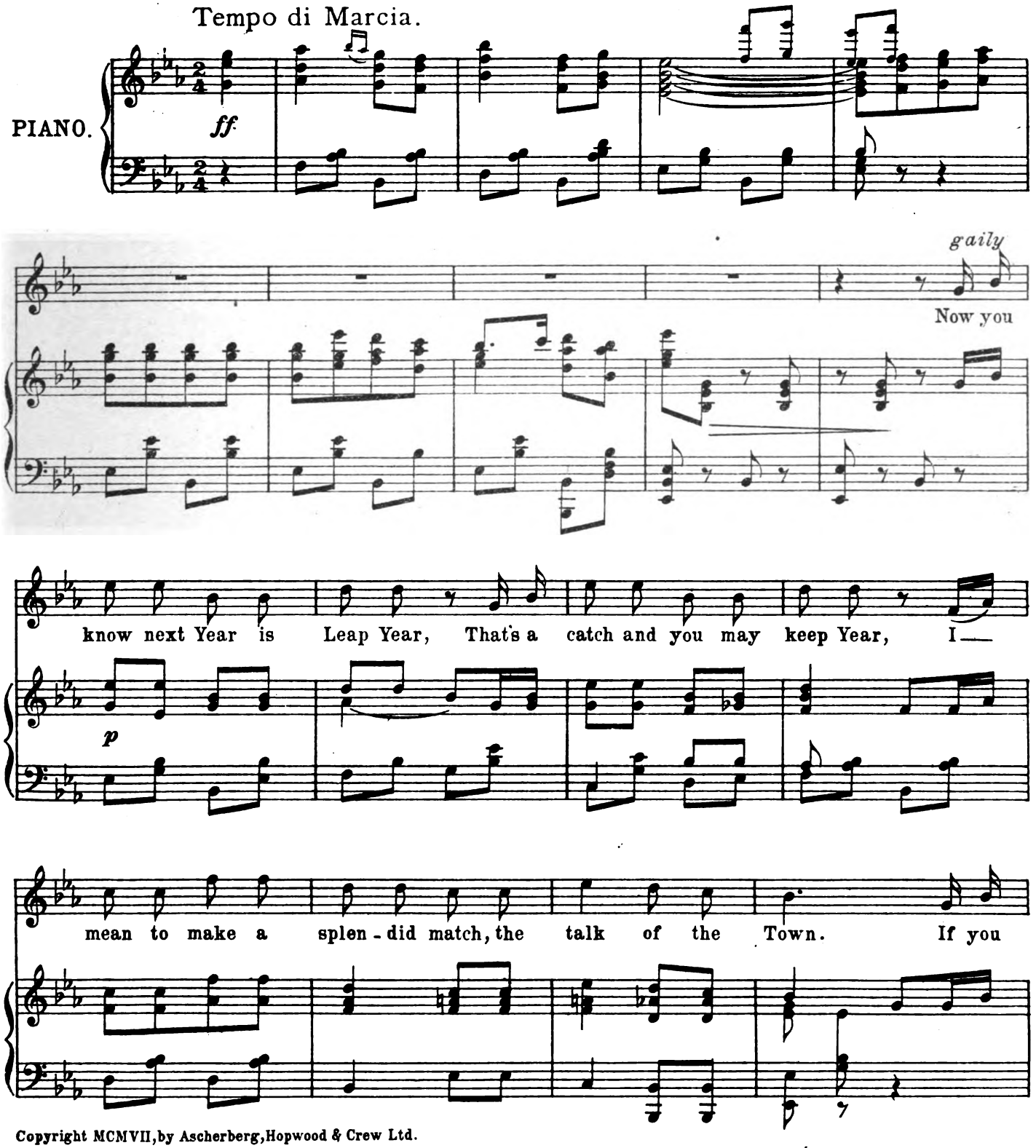
Nº 15. SONG.—"COME ALONG, LITTLE GIRLS."

(VICTORIA.)

ARTHUR WIMPERIS. A. SABLON.


Tempo di Marcia.
PIANO.
ff
gaily
Now you
know next Year is Leap Year, That's a catch and you may keep Year, I—
p
mean to make a splen - did match, the talk of the Town. If you

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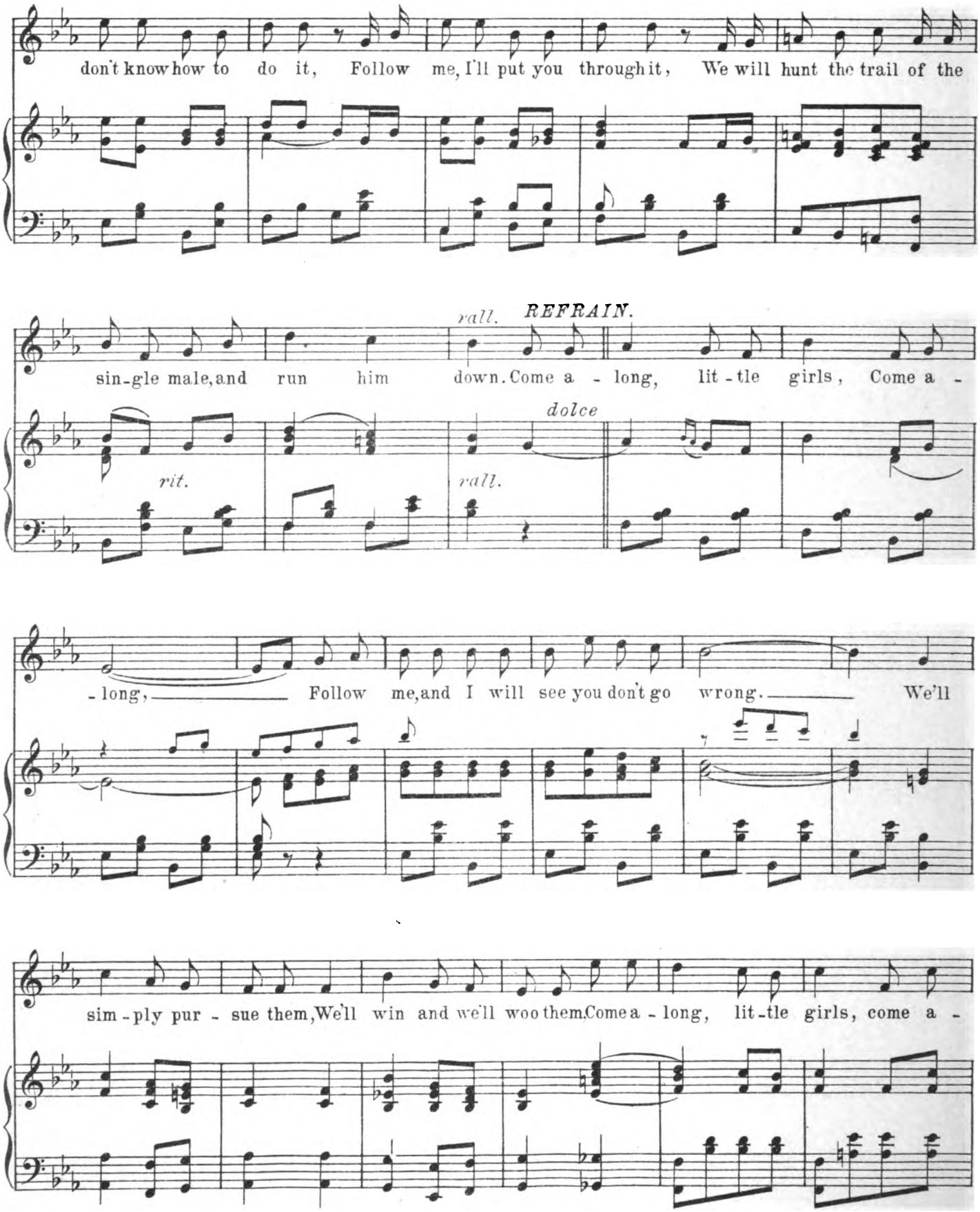
don't know how to do it, Follow me, I'll put you through it, We will hunt the trail of the
rall.
REFRAIN.
sin-gle male, and run him down. Come a - long, lit-tle girls, Come a -
rit.
dolce
rall.
- long, Follow me, and I will see you don't go wrong. We'll
sim-ply pur - sue them, We'll win and we'll woo them, Come a - long, lit-tle girls, come a -

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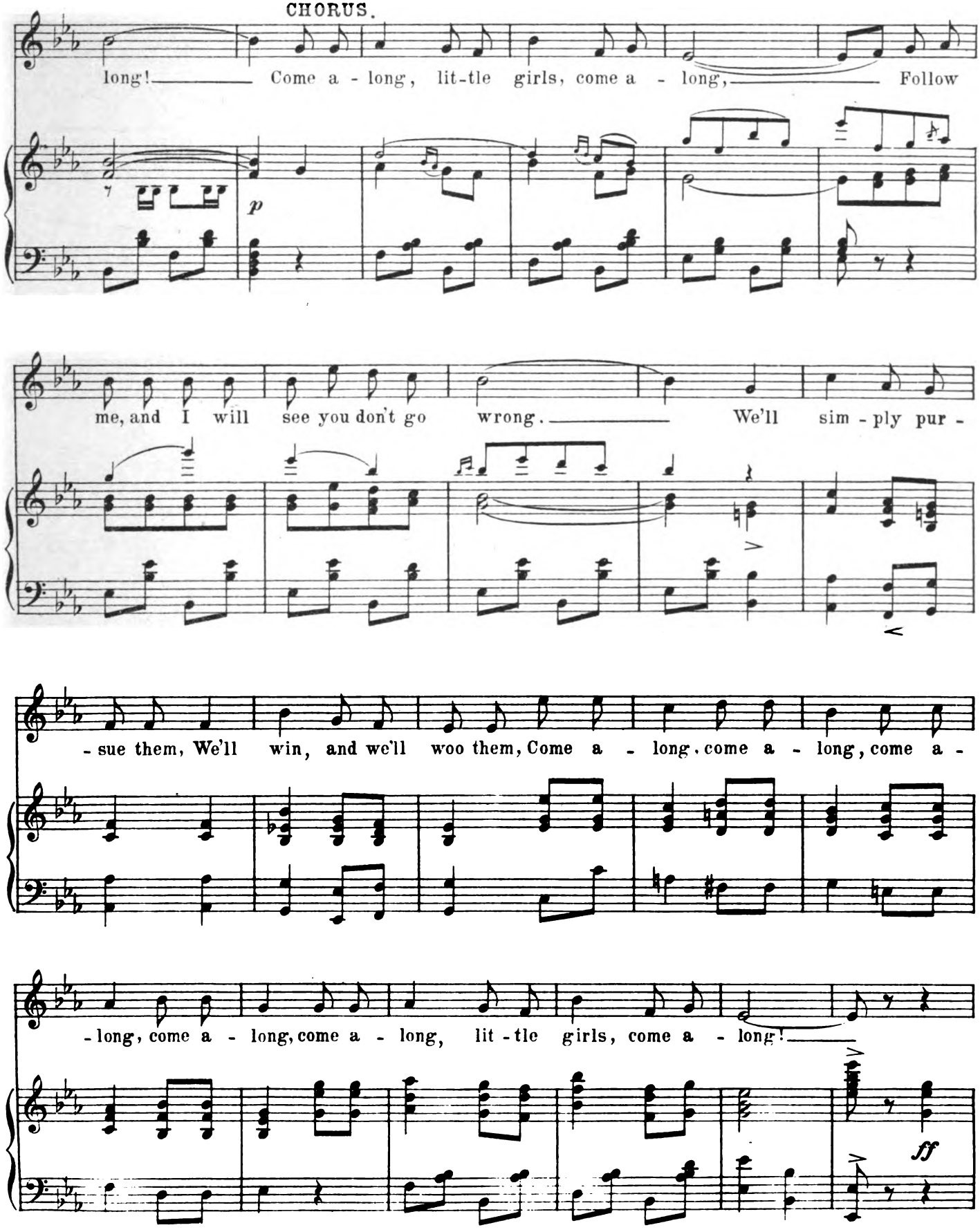
CHORUS.
long! Come a - long, lit-tle girls, come a - long, Follow
p
me, and I will see you don't go wrong. We'll sim - ply pur -
- sue them, We'll win, and we'll woo them, Come a - long, come a - long, come a -
- long, come a - long, come a - long, lit - tle girls, come a - long!
ff

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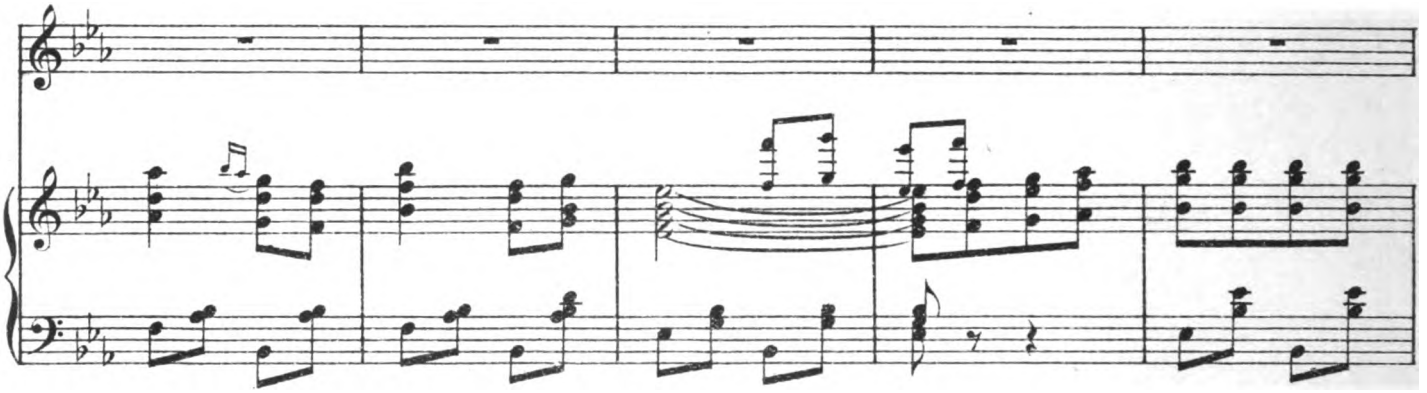

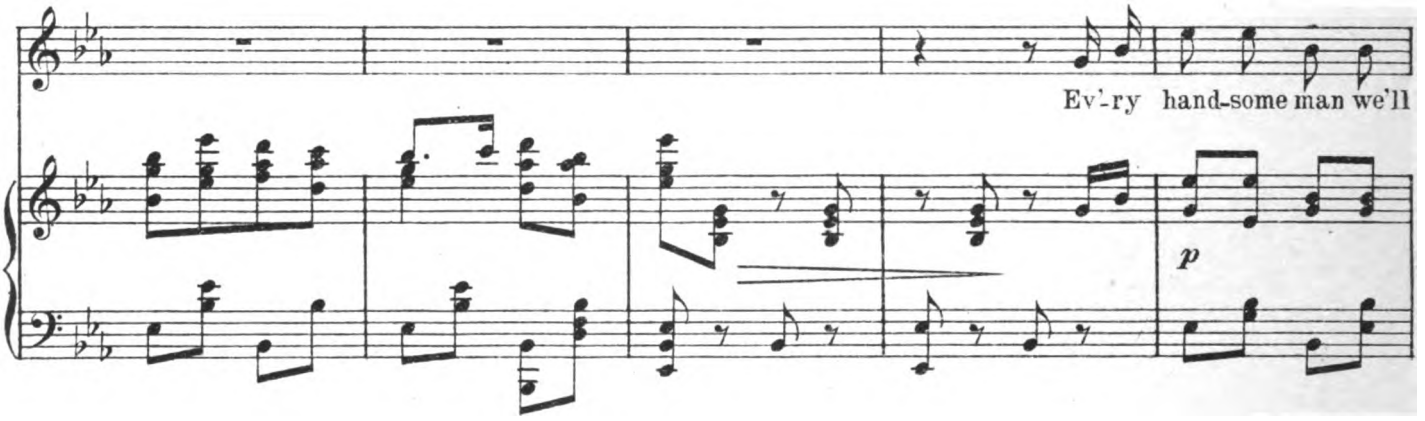

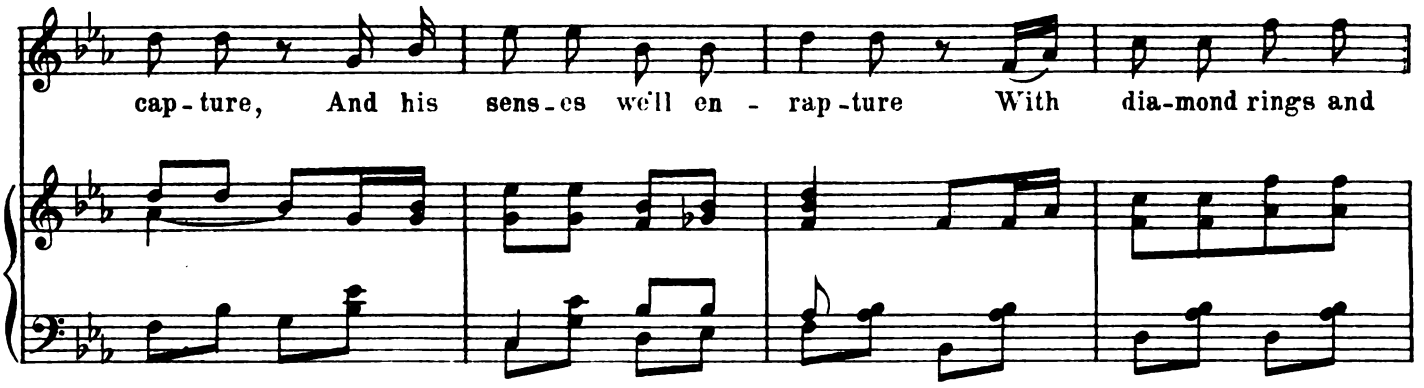

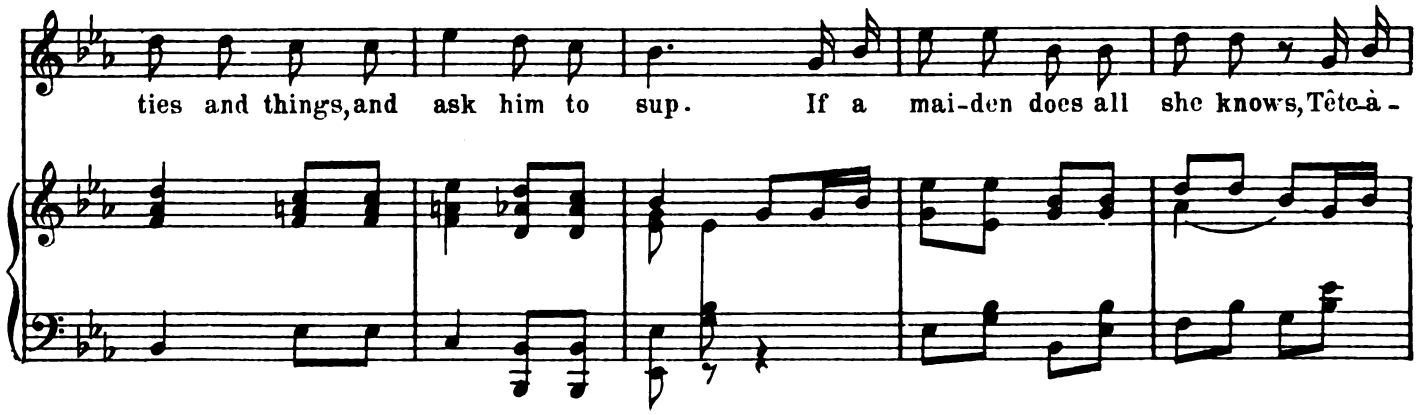

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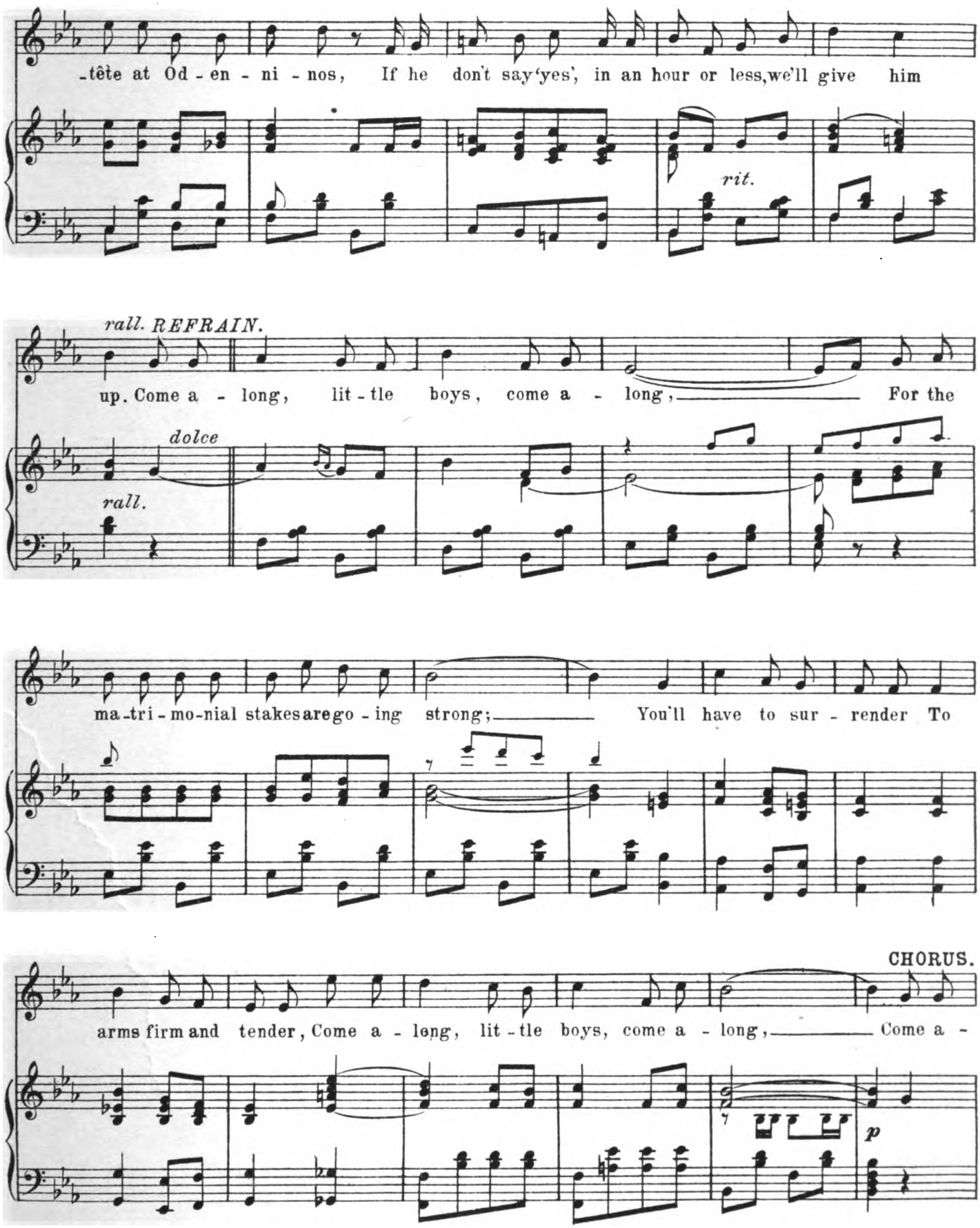
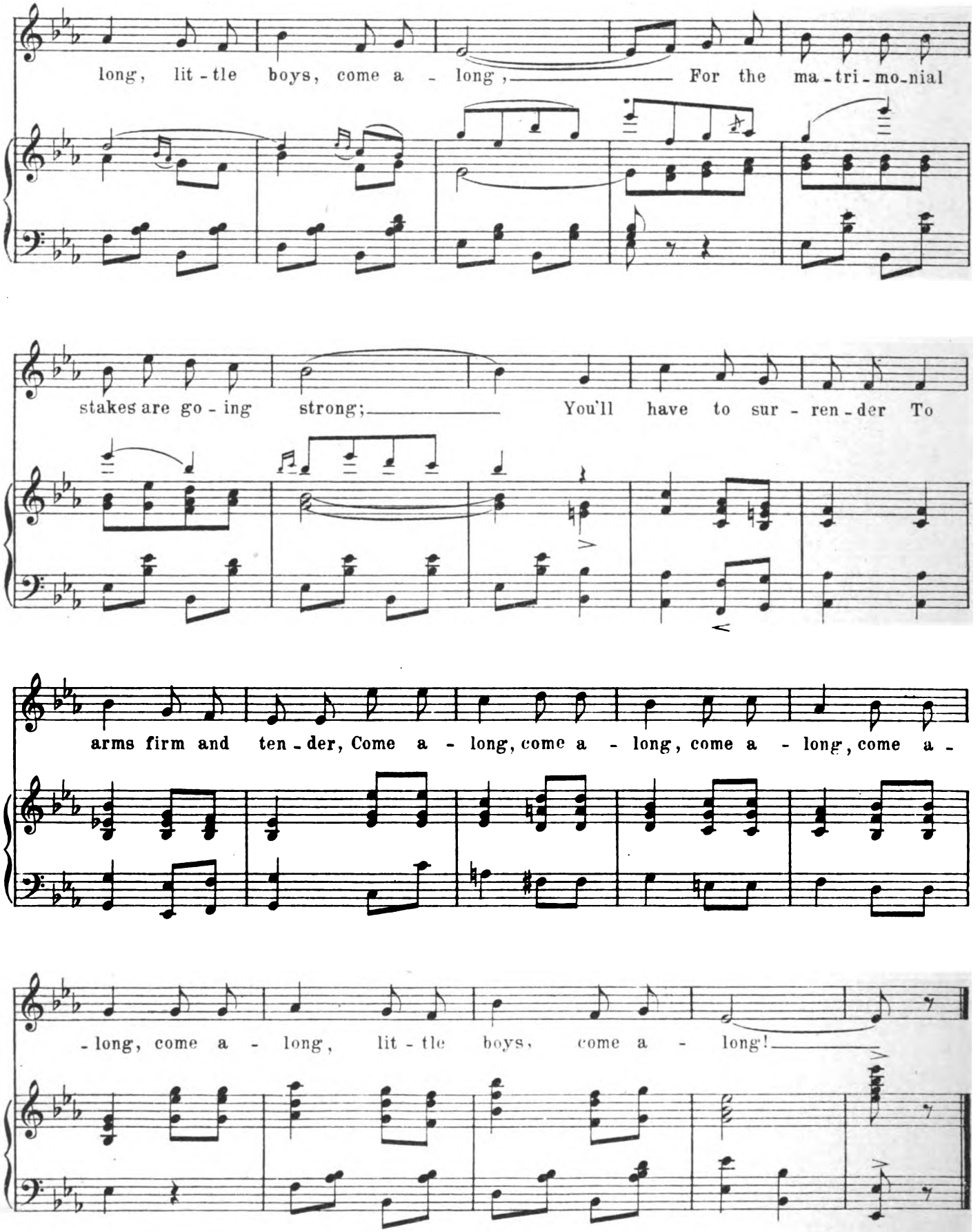

-tête at Od - en - ni - nos, If he don't say 'yes', in an hour or less, we'll give him
rit.
rall. REFRAIN.
up. Come a - long, lit - tle boys, come a - long, For the
dolce
rall.
ma-tri-mo-nial stakes are go - ing strong; You'll have to sur - render To
CHORUS.
arms firm and tender, Come a - long, lit - tle boys, come a - long, Come a -
p

Digitized by Google


long, lit - tle boys, come a - long, For the ma - tri - mo - nial
stakes are go - ing strong; You'll have to sur - ren - der To
arms firm and ten - der, Come a - long, come a - long, come a - long, come a -
- long, come a - long, lit - tle boys, come a - long!

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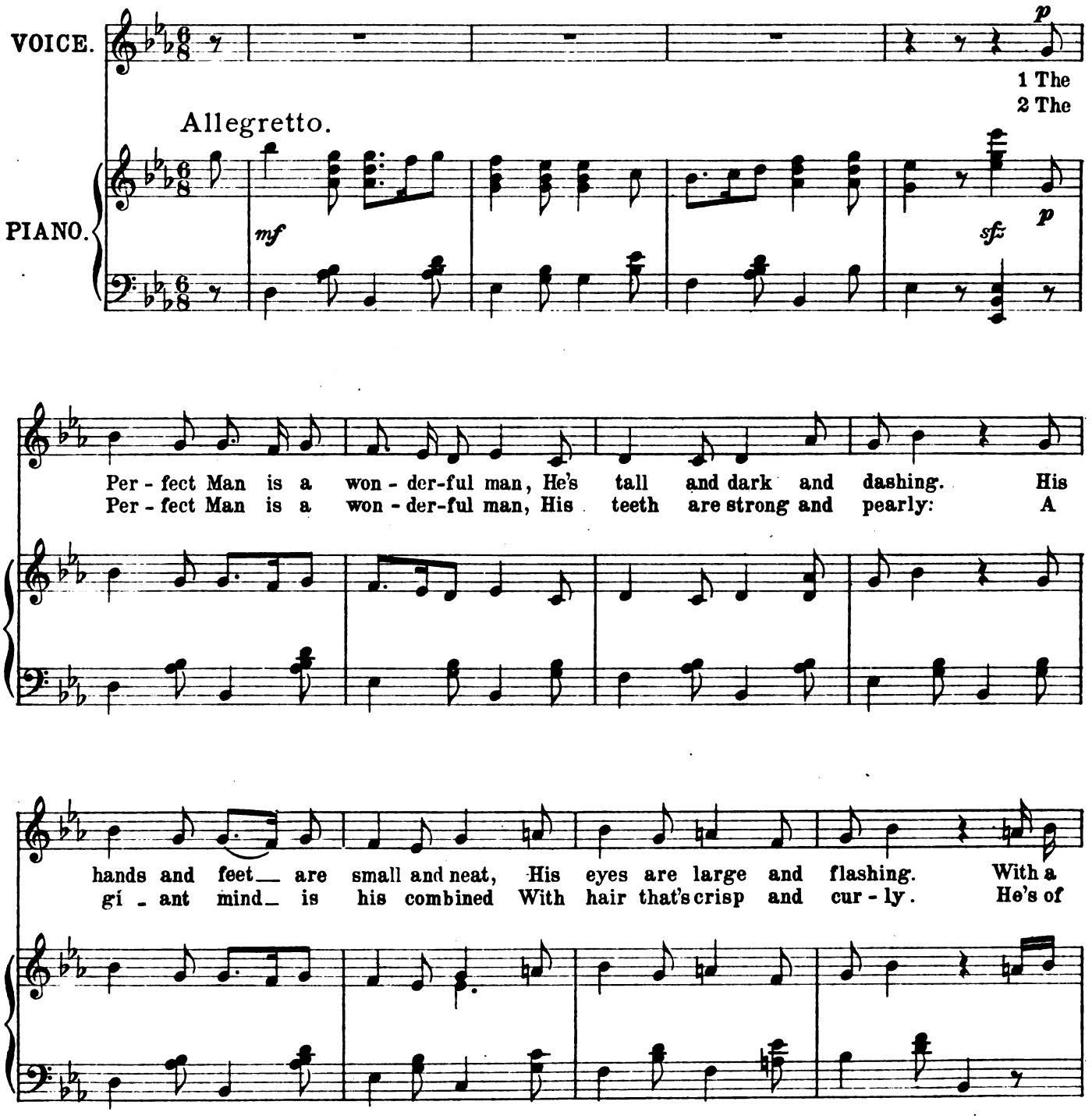
No 16. SONG. —"YOU, YOU, YOU."

(PEGGY.)

P. G. WODEHOUSE. GUY JONES.


VOICE.
PIANO.
Allegretto.
mf
p
sfz
p
1 The
2 The
Per - fect Man is a won - der-ful man, He's tall and dark and dashing. His
Per - fect Man is a won - der-ful man, His teeth are strong and pearly: A
hands and feet are small and neat, His eyes are large and flashing. With a
gi - ant mind is his combined With hair that's crisp and cur - ly. He's of

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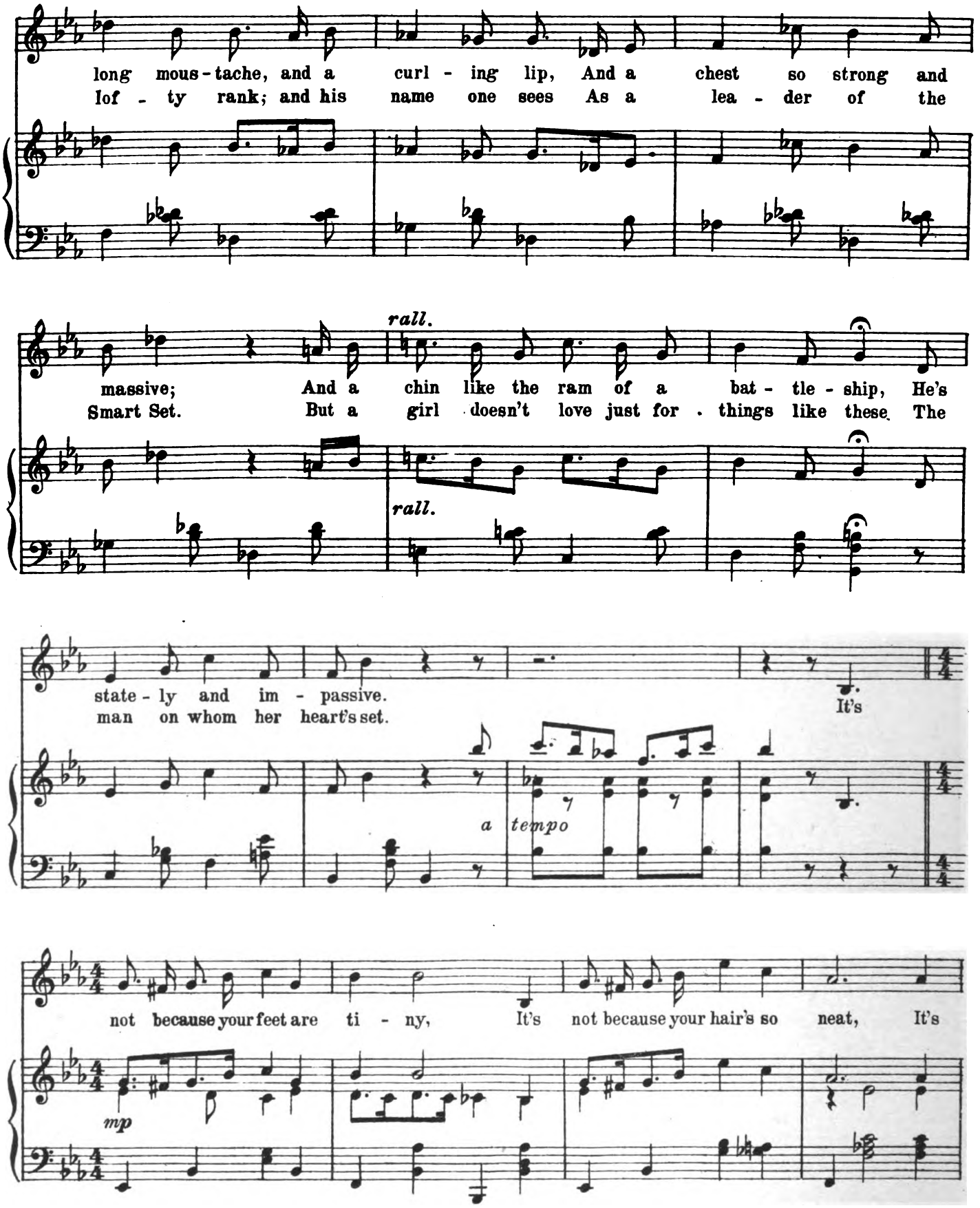
long mous - tache, and a curl - ing lip, And a chest so strong and
lof - ty rank; and his name one sees As a lea - der of the
rall.
massive; And a chin like the ram of a bat - tle - ship, He's
Smart Set. But a girl doesn't love just for . things like these. The
rall.
state - ly and im - passive.
man on whom her heart's set.
It's
a tempo
not because your feet are ti - ny, It's not because your hair's so neat, It's
mp

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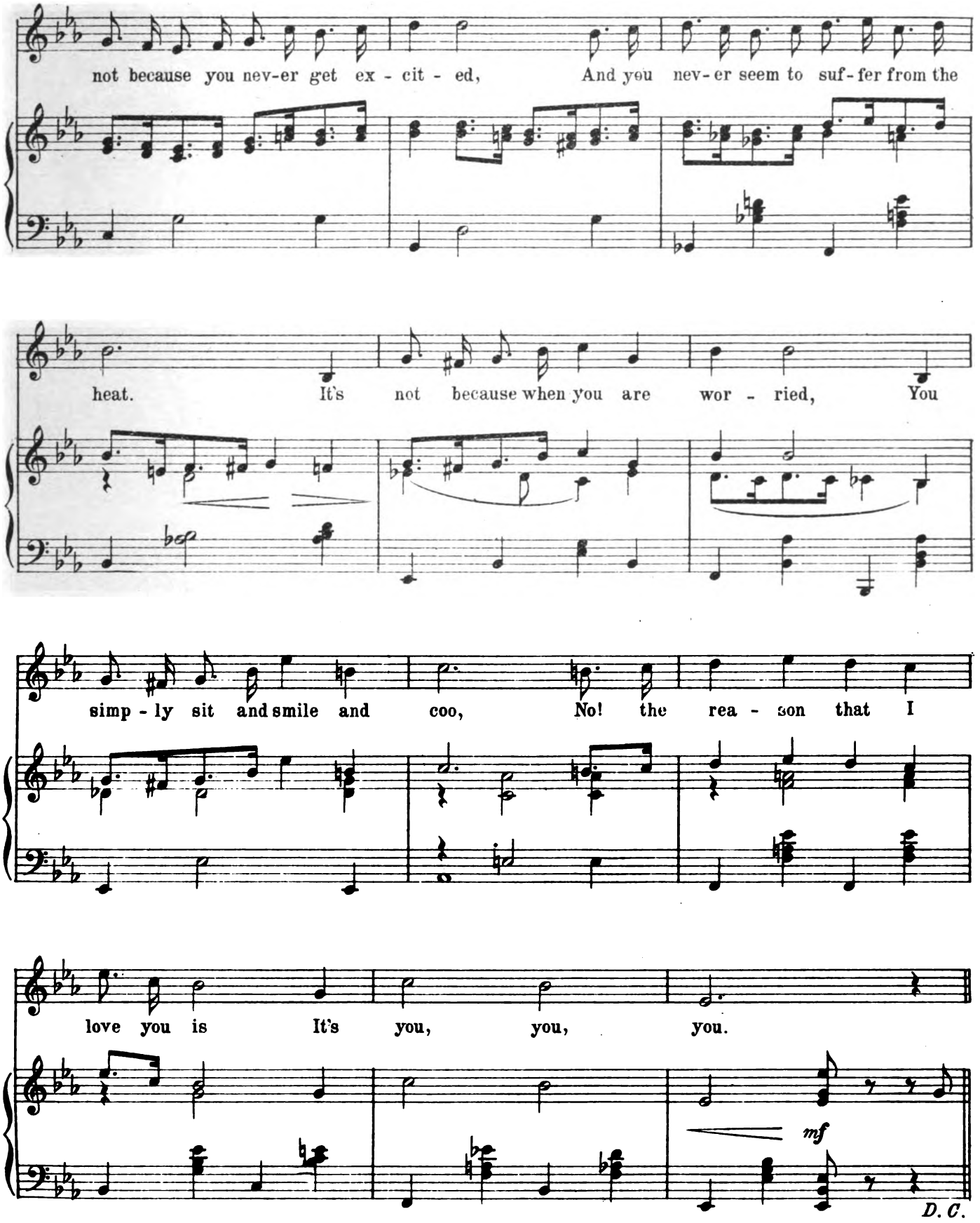
not because you nev-er get ex - cit - ed, And you nev-er seem to suf-fer from the
heat. It's not because when you are wor - ried, You
simp - ly sit and smile and coo, No! the rea - son that I
love you is It's you, you, you.
mf
D. C.

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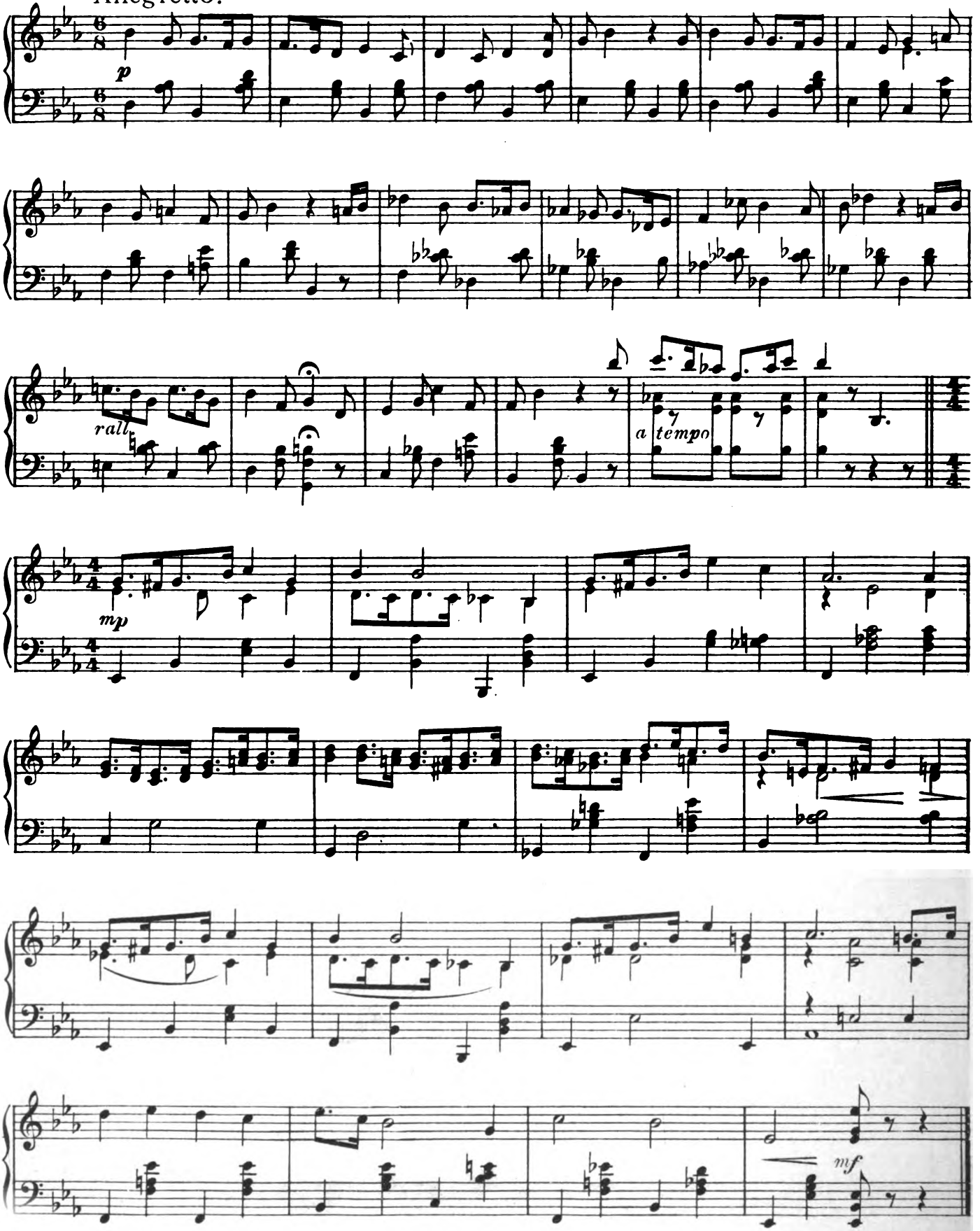
DANCE.

Allegretto.



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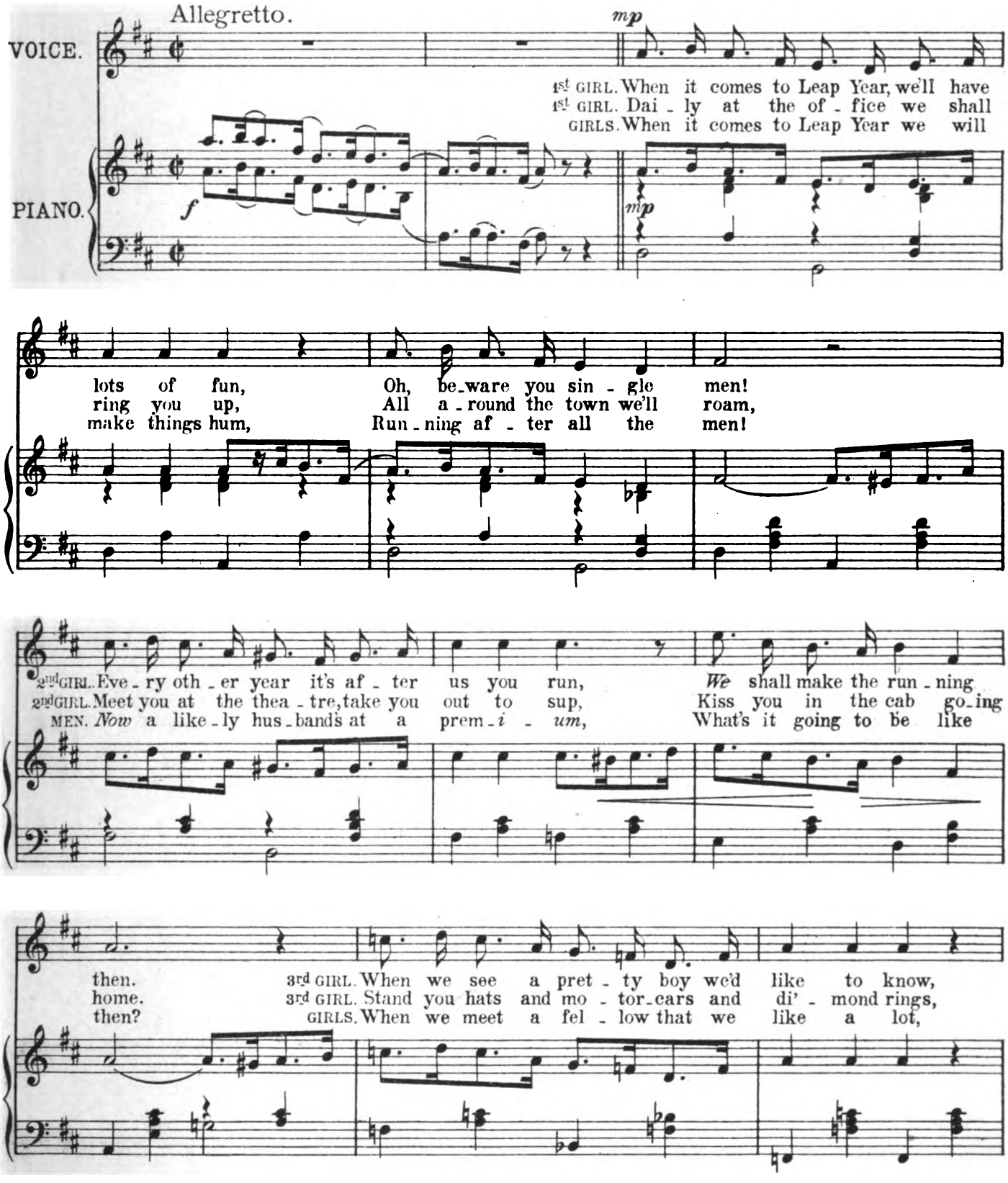
No 17. SEXTETTE.-"LEAP YEAR."

ARTHUR WIMPERIS. GUY JONES.


Allegretto.
VOICE.
PIANO.
mp
f
mp
1st GIRL. When it comes to Leap Year, we'll have
1st GIRL. Dai - ly at the of - fice we shall
GIRLS. When it comes to Leap Year we will
lots of fun, Oh, be-ware you sin - gle men!
ring you up, All a - round the town we'll roam,
make things hum, Run - ning af - ter all the men!
2nd GIRL. Eve - ry oth - er year it's af - ter us you run, We shall make the run - ning
2nd GIRL. Meet you at the thea - tre, take you out to sup, Kiss you in the cab go-ing
MEN. Now a like - ly hus - band's at a prem - i - um, What's it going to be like
then.
home.
then?
3rd GIRL. When we see a pret - ty boy we'd like to know,
3rd GIRL. Stand you hats and mo - tor-cars and di' - mond rings,
GIRLS. When we meet a fel - low that we like a lot,

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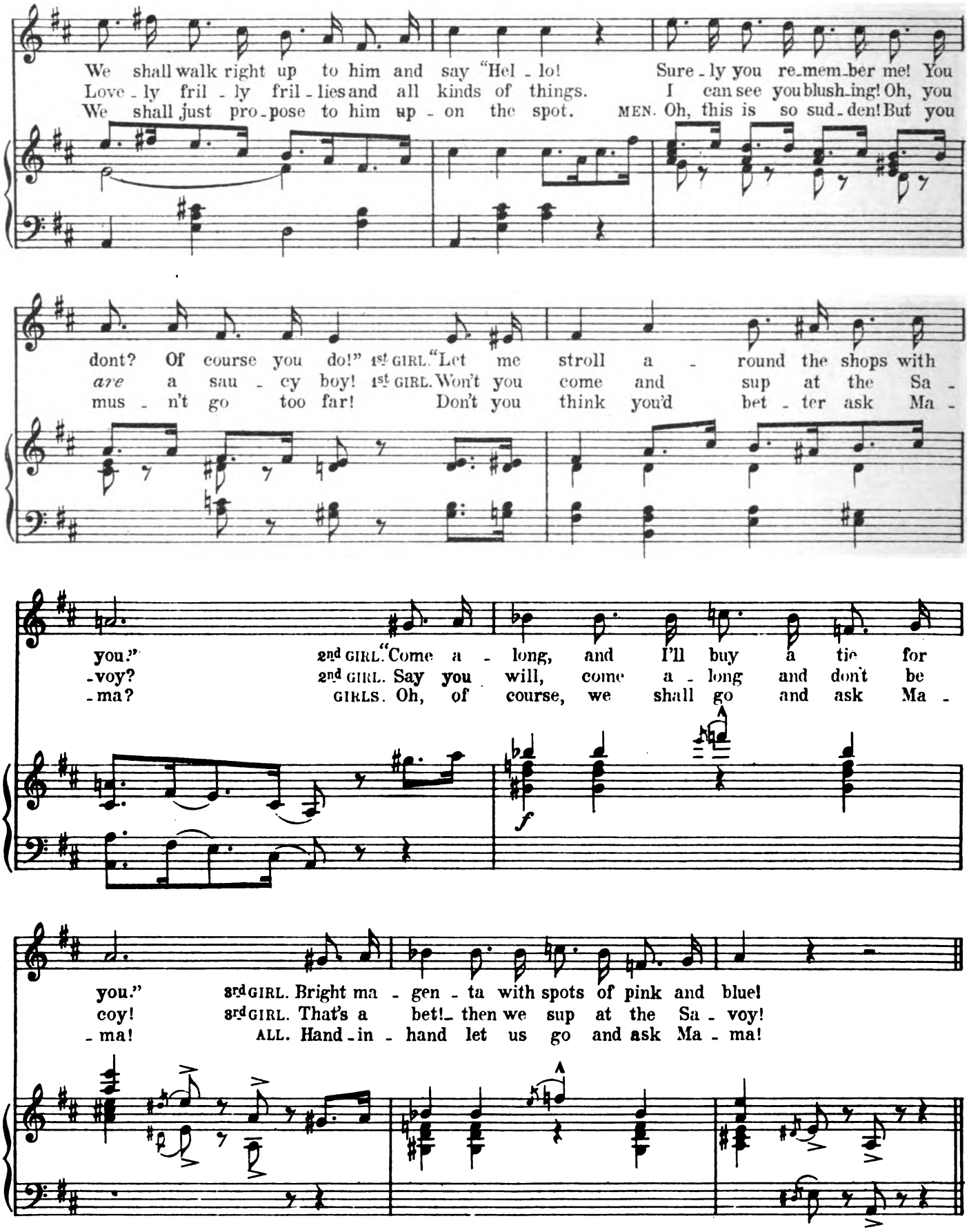
We shall walk right up to him and say "Hel - lo! Sure - ly you re-mem-ber me! You
Love - ly fril - ly fril - lies and all kinds of things. I can see you blush-ing! Oh, you
We shall just pro-pose to him up - on the spot. MEN. Oh, this is so sud - den! But you
dont? Of course you do!" 1st GIRL. "Let me stroll a - round the shops with
are a sau - cy boy! 1st GIRL. Won't you come and sup at the Sa -
mus - n't go too far! Don't you think you'd bet - ter ask Ma -
you." 2nd GIRL. "Come a - long, and I'll buy a tie for
-voy? 2nd GIRL. Say you will, come a - long and don't be
-ma? GIRLS. Oh, of course, we shall go and ask Ma -
f
you." 3rd GIRL. Bright ma - gen - ta with spots of pink and blue!
coy! 3rd GIRL. That's a bet! - then we sup at the Sa - voy!
- ma! ALL. Hand - in - hand let us go and ask Ma - ma!

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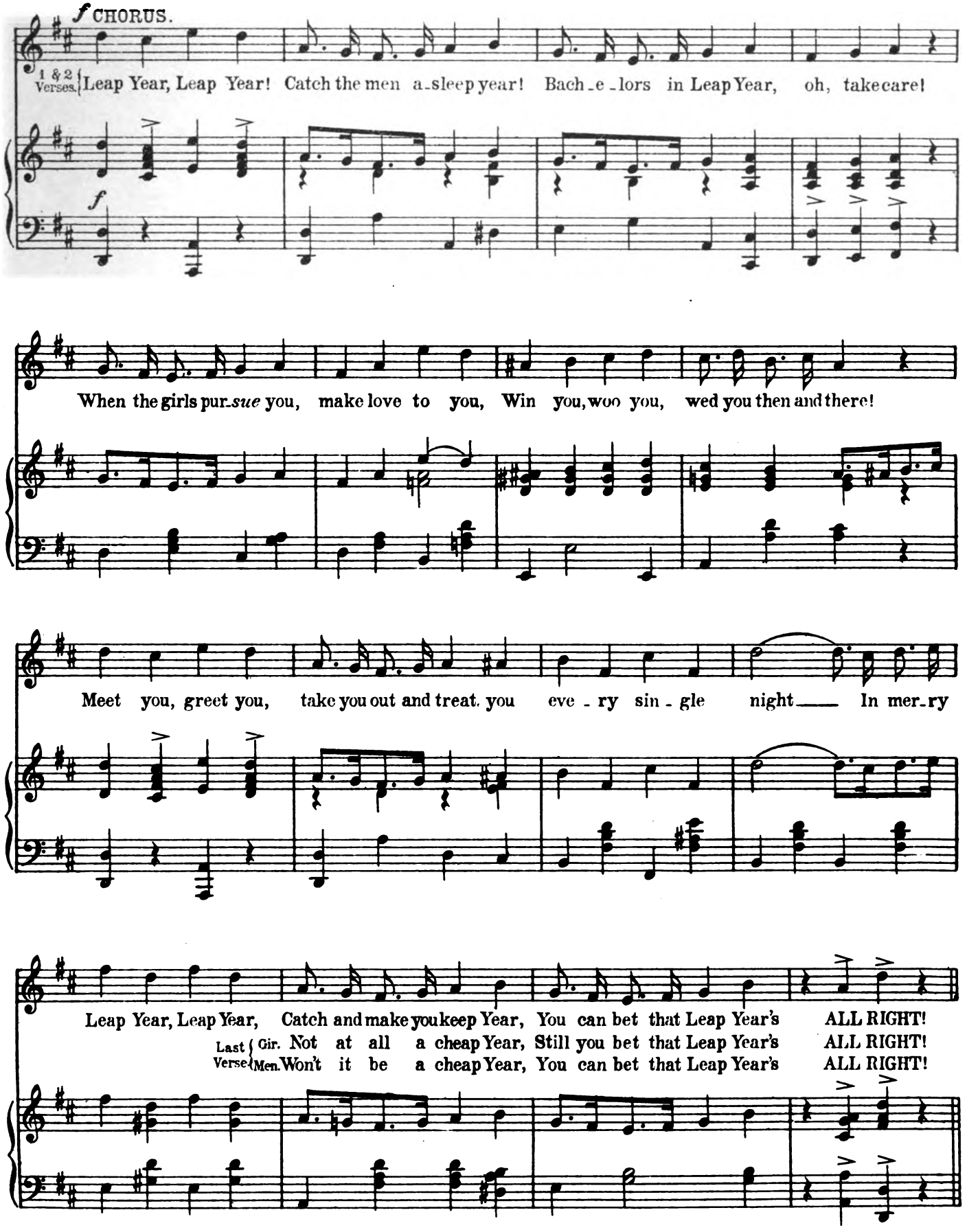
f CHORUS.
1 & 2 Verses. Leap Year, Leap Year! Catch the men a-sleep year! Bach-e-lors in Leap Year, oh, take care!
When the girls pur-sue you, make love to you, Win you, woo you, wed you then and there!
Meet you, greet you, take you out and treat you eve-ry sin-gle night In mer-ry
Leap Year, Leap Year, Catch and make you keep Year, You can bet that Leap Year's ALL RIGHT!
Last Verse Gir. Not at all a cheap Year, Still you bet that Leap Year's ALL RIGHT!
Men. Won't it be a cheap Year, You can bet that Leap Year's ALL RIGHT!

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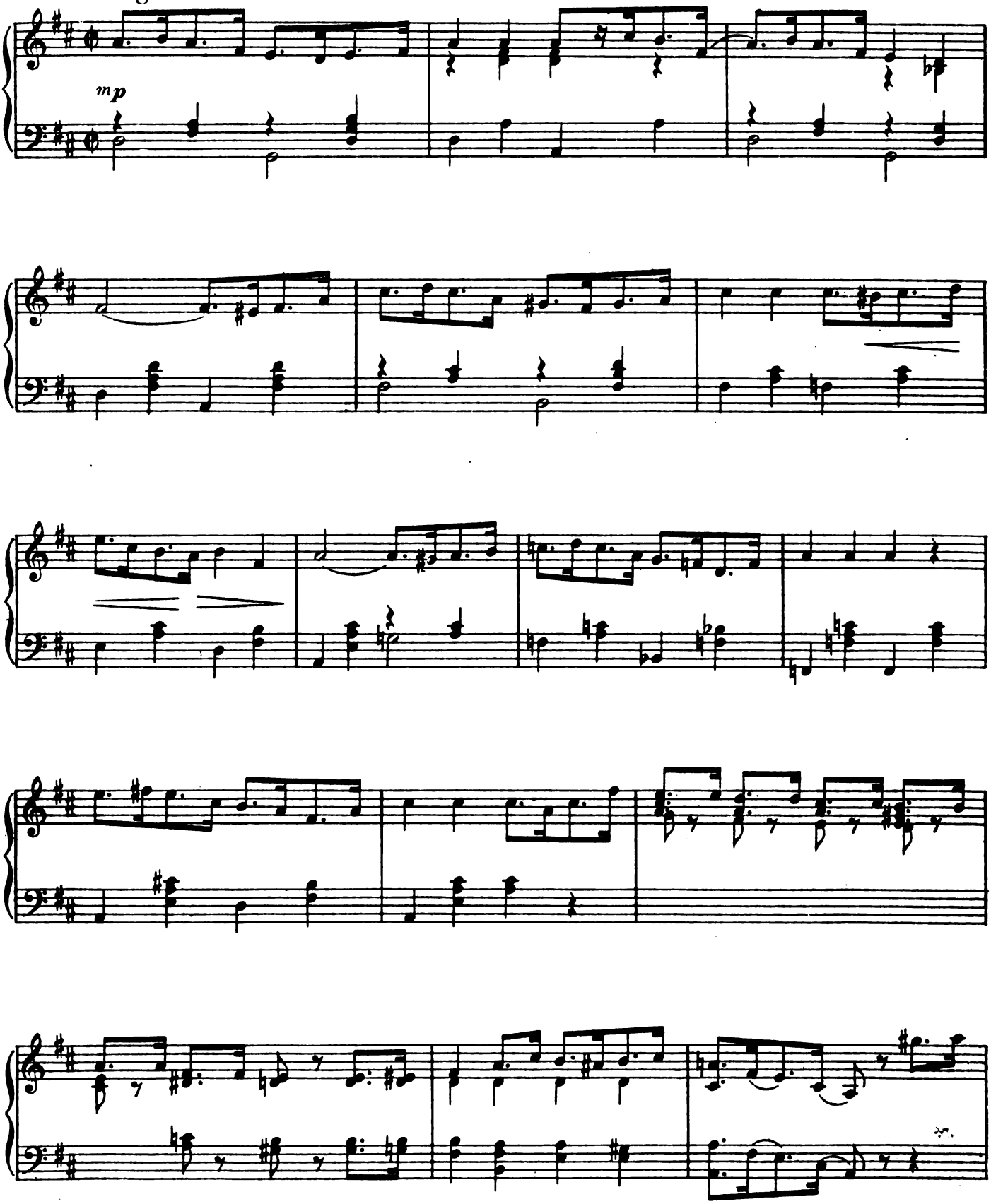
DANCE.

Allegretto.



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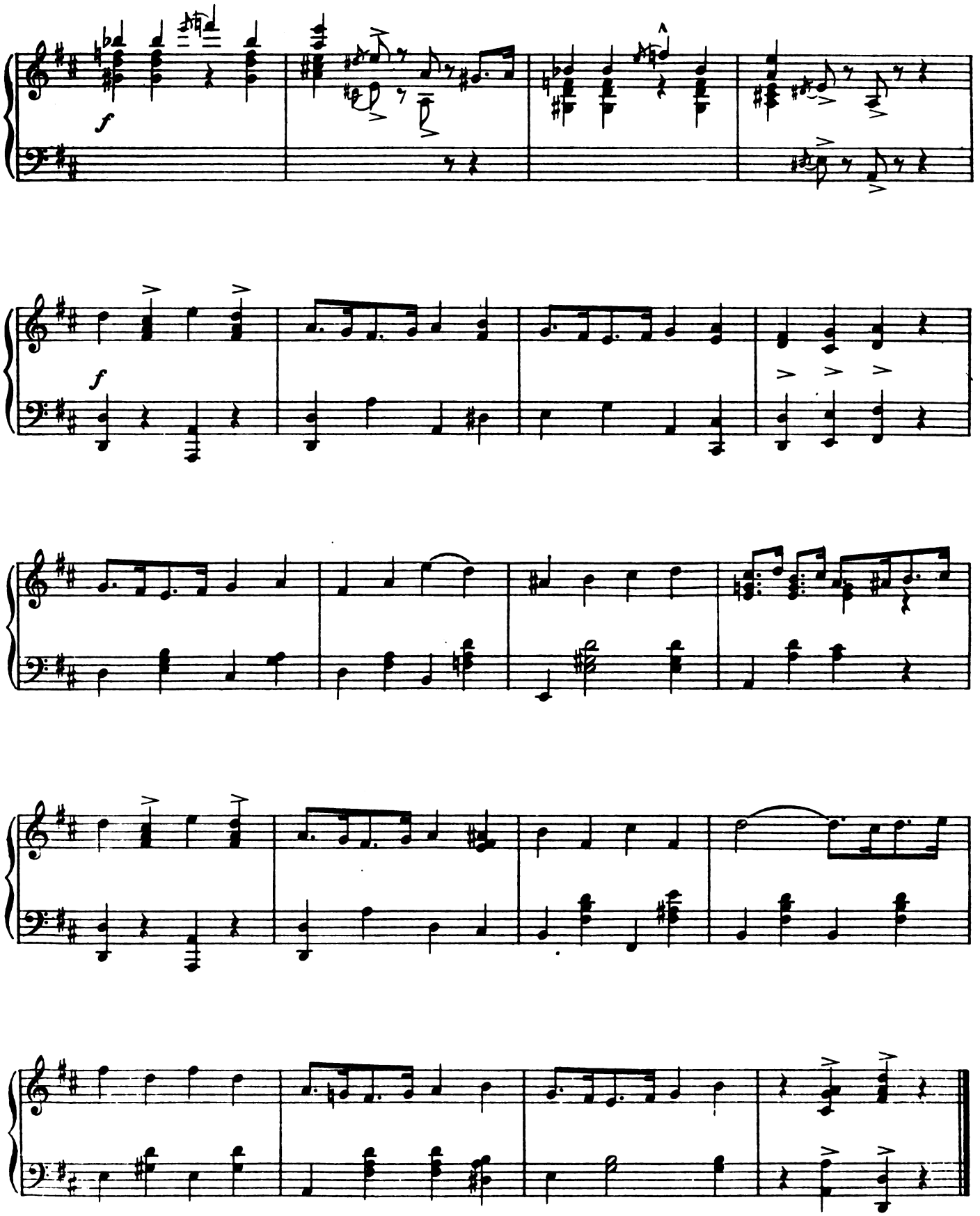

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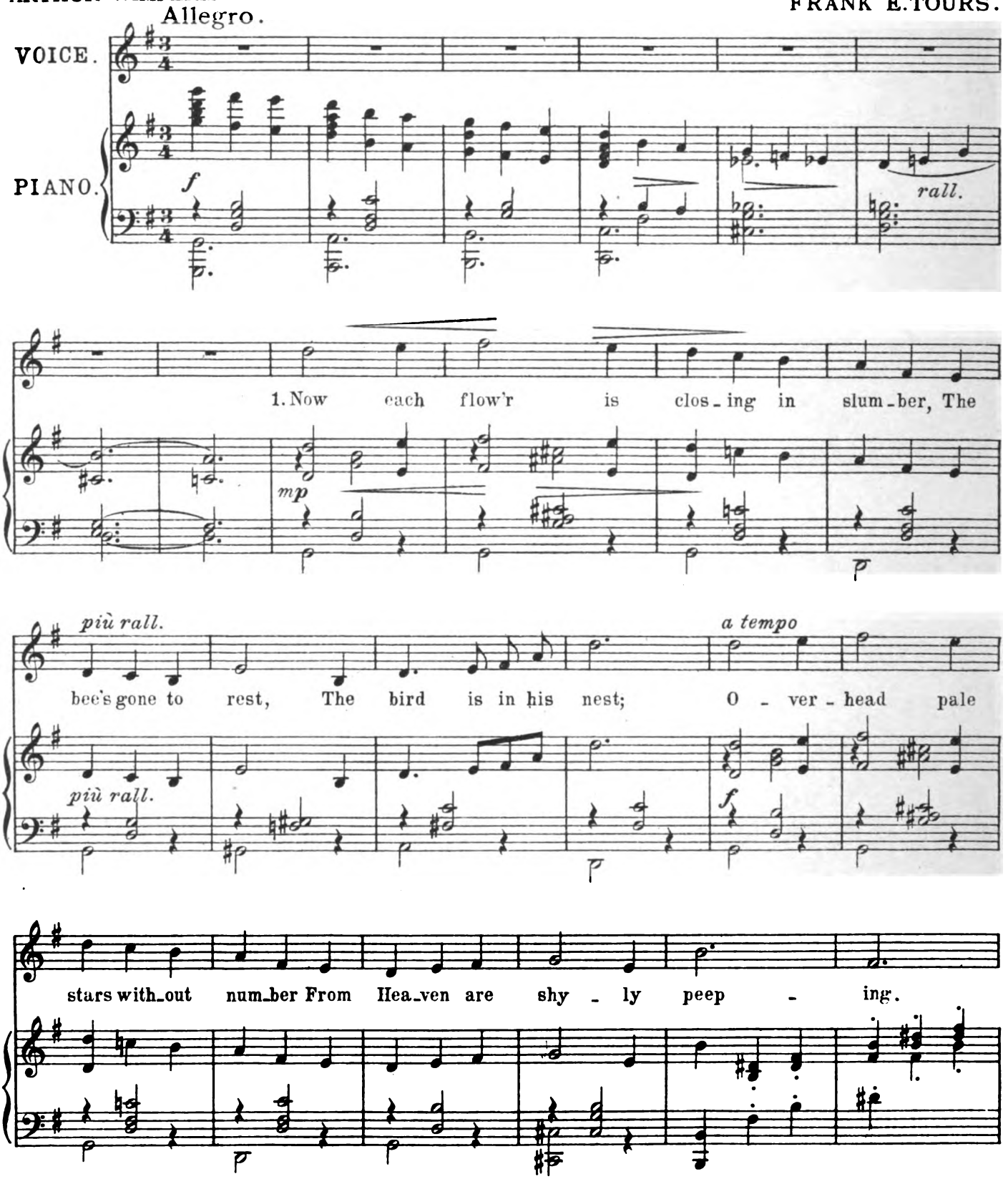
Nº 18. SONG.—WONDERFUL NIGHT.

(MARY MC LEOD.)

ARTHUR WIMPERIS. FRANK E. TOURS.


Allegro.
VOICE.
PIANO.
f
rall.
1. Now each flow'r is clos - ing in slum - ber, The
mp
più rall.
bee's gone to rest, The bird is in his nest; O - ver - head pale
a tempo
più rall.
f
stars with - out num - ber From Hea - ven are shy - ly peep - ing.

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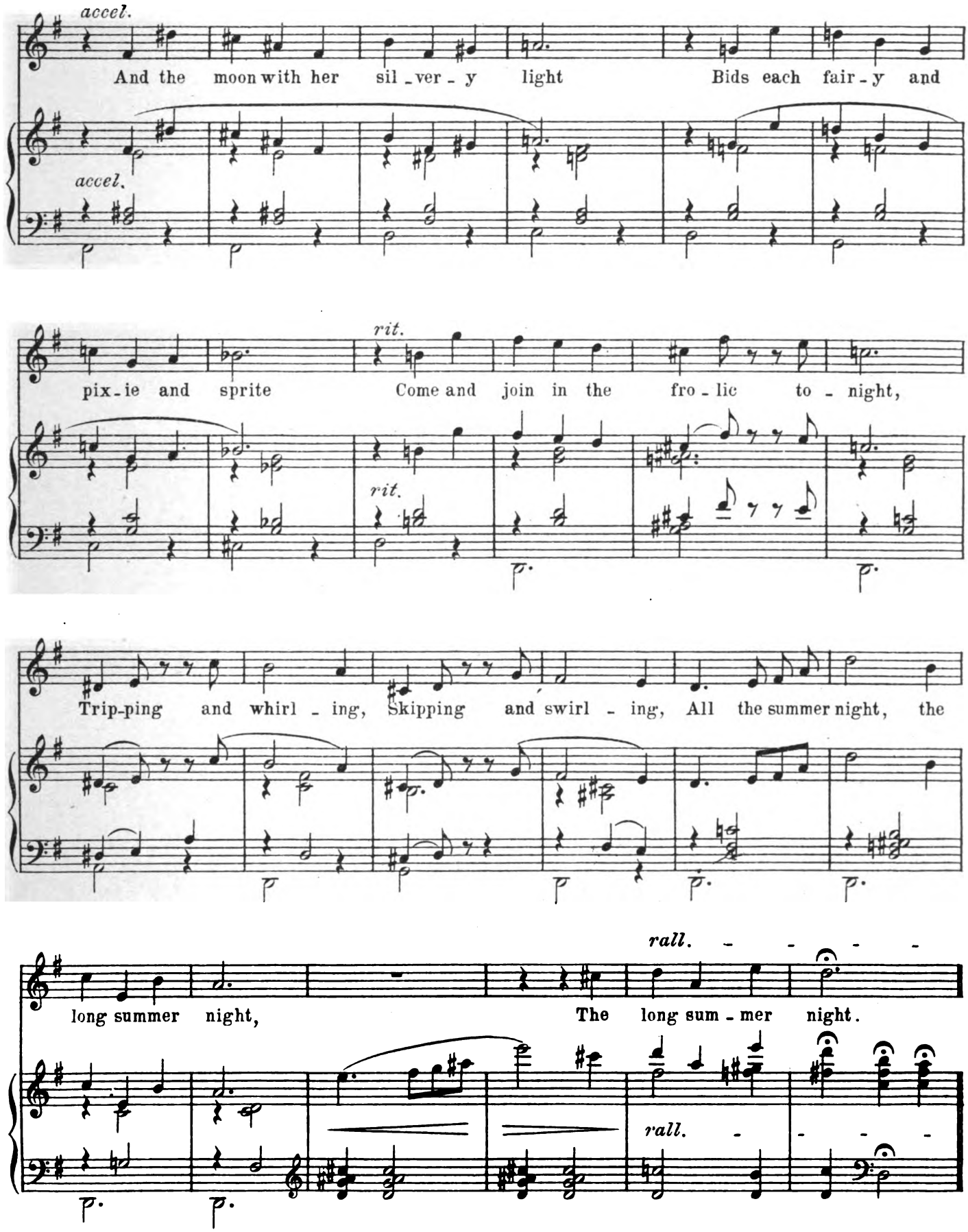
accel.
And the moon with her sil - ver - y light Bids each fair - y and
accel.
rit.
pix - ie and sprite Come and join in the fro - lic to - night,
rit.
Trip-ping and whirl - ing, Skipping and swirl - ing, All the summer night, the
rall.
long summer night, The long sum - mer night.
rall.

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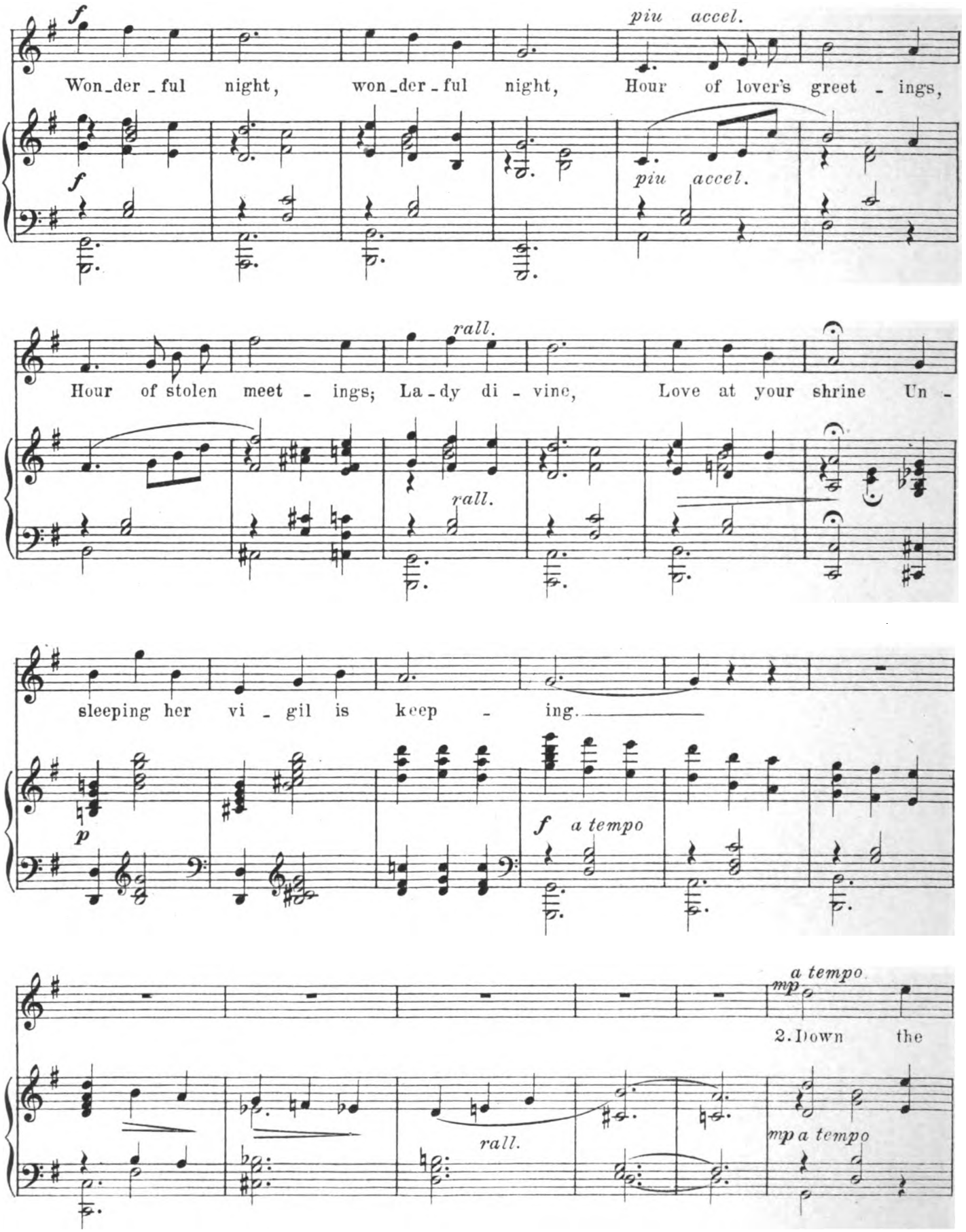

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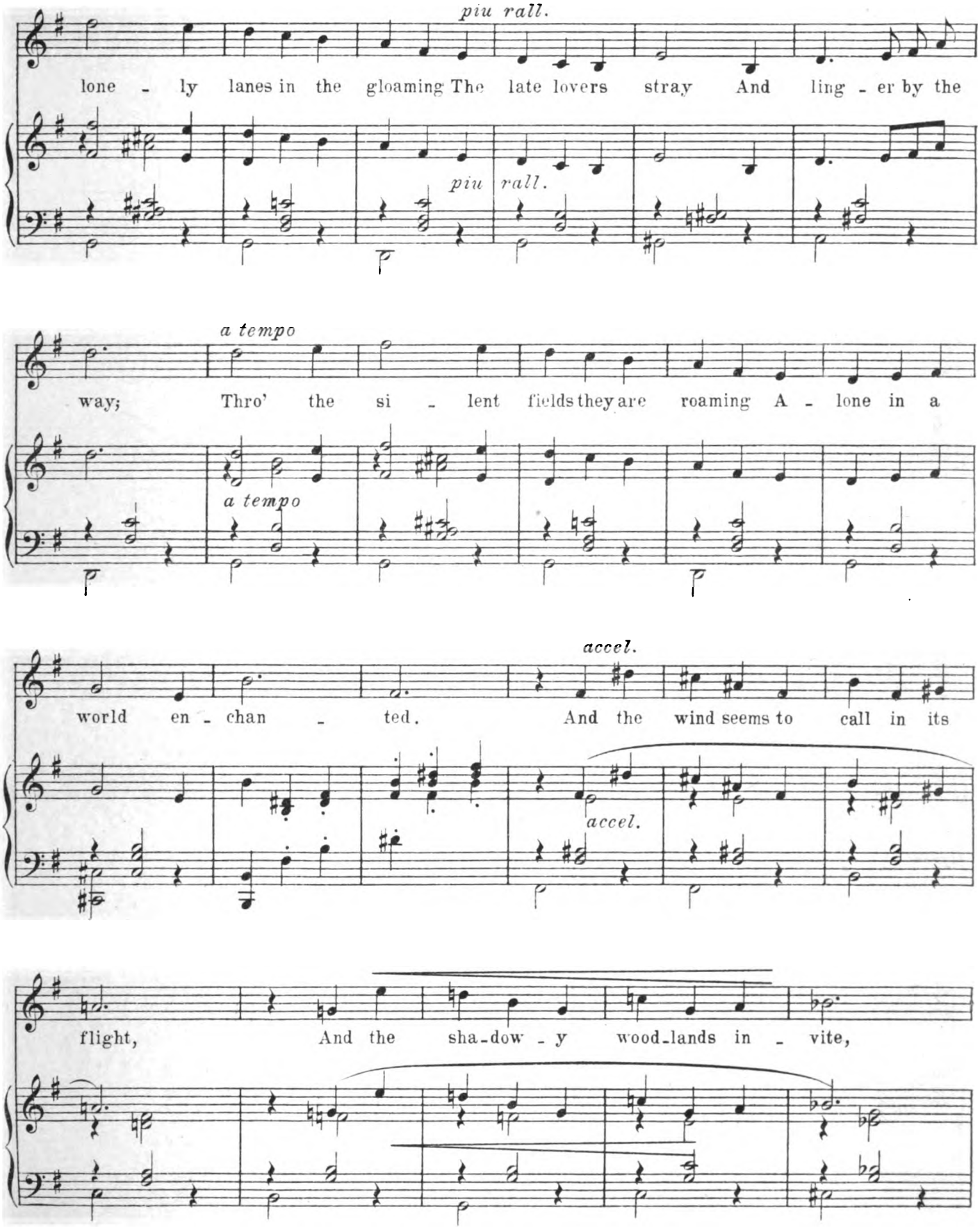
piu rall.
lone - ly lanes in the gloaming The late lovers stray And ling - er by the
piu rall.
a tempo
way; Thro' the si - lent fields they are roaming A - lone in a
a tempo
accel.
world en - chan - ted. And the wind seems to call in its
accel.
flight, And the sha-dow - y wood-lands in - vite,

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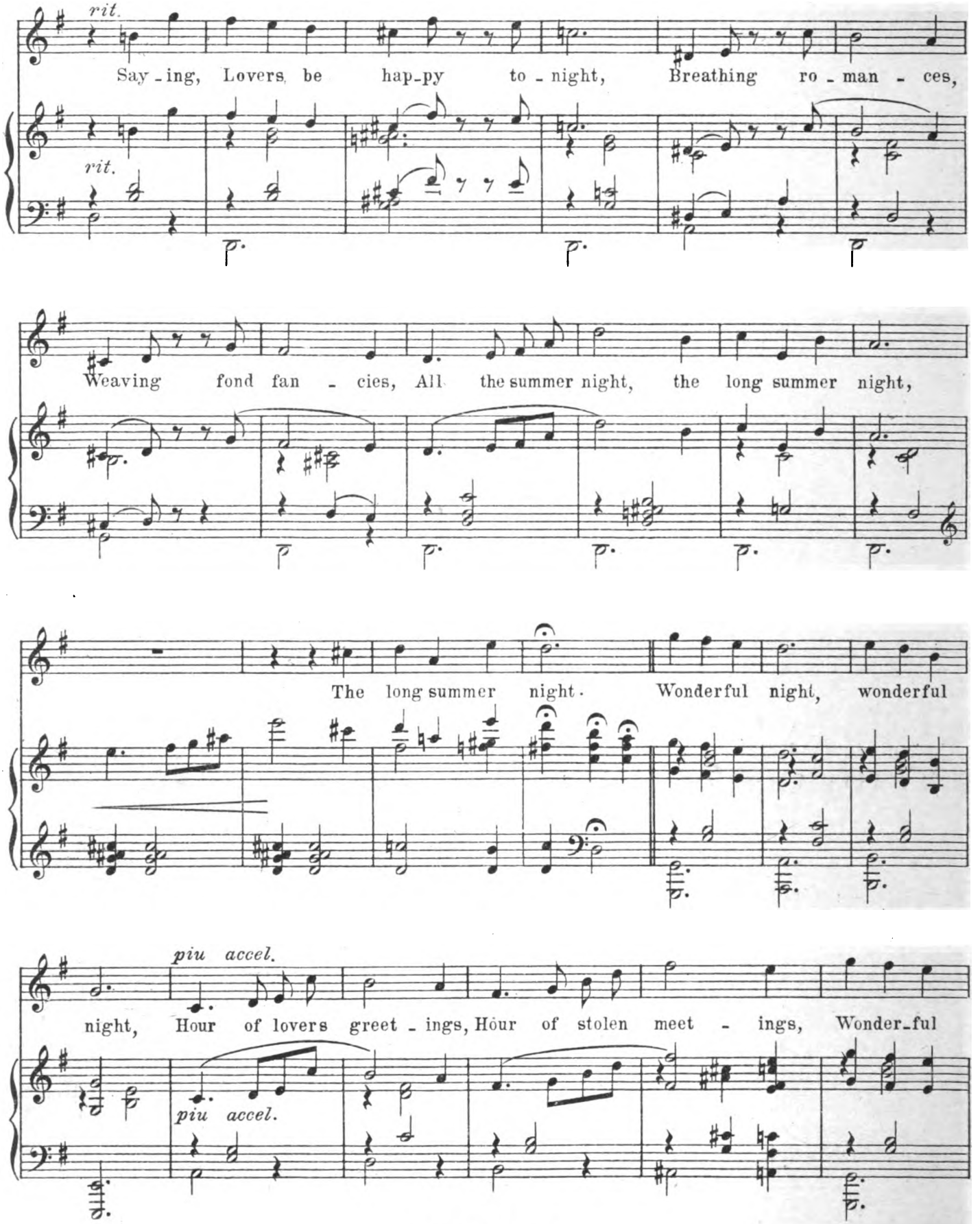
rit.
Say - ing, Lovers be hap - py to - night, Breathing ro - man - ces,
rit.
Weaving fond fan - cies, All the summer night, the long summer night,
The long summer night. Wonderful night, wonderful
piu accel.
night, Hour of lovers greet - ings, Hour of stolen meet - ings, Wonder - ful
piu accel.

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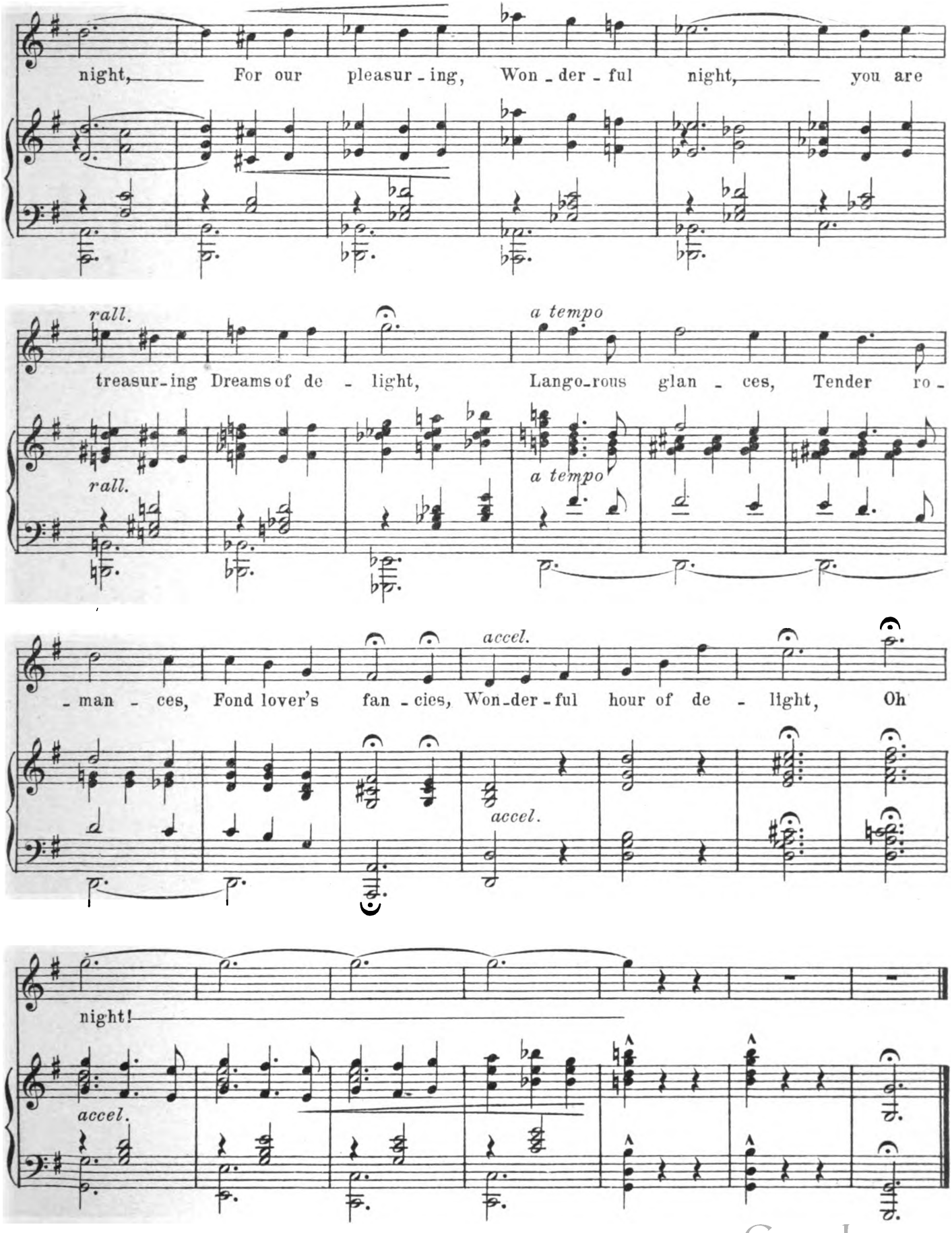

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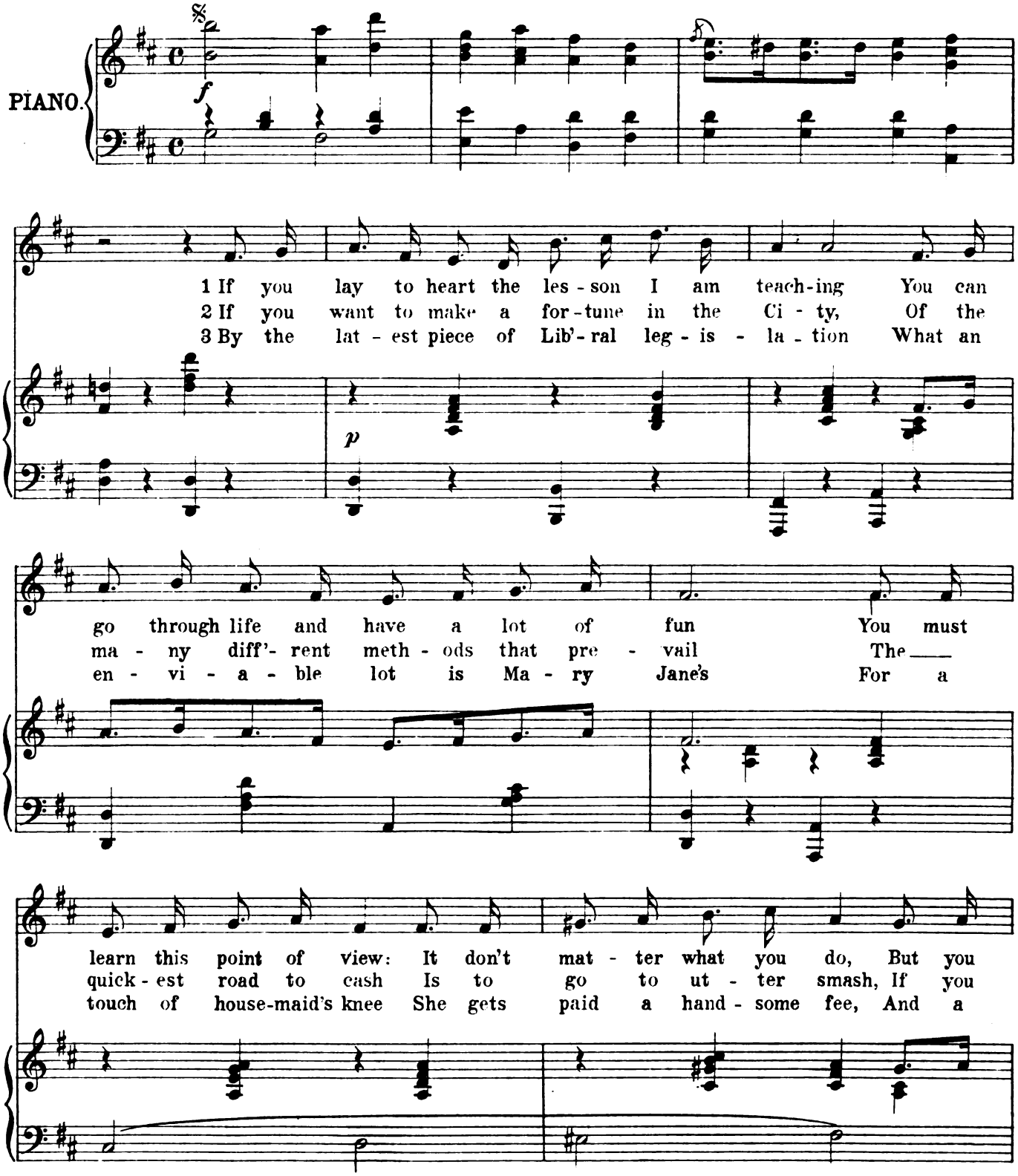
No 19. SONG.—"BE CAREFUL."

(ANGUS.)

ARTHUR WIMPERIS and WALTER DAVIDSON. WALTER DAVIDSON.


PIANO.
1 If you lay to heart the les - son I am teach-ing You can
2 If you want to make a for-tune in the Ci - ty, Of the
3 By the lat - est piece of Lib'-ral leg - is - la - tion What an
go through life and have a lot of fun You must
ma - ny diff'- rent meth - ods that pre - vail The
en - vi - a - ble lot is Ma - ry Jane's For a
learn this point of view: It don't mat - ter what you do, But you
quick - est road to cash Is to go to ut - ter smash, If you
touch of house-maid's knee She gets paid a hand - some fee, And a

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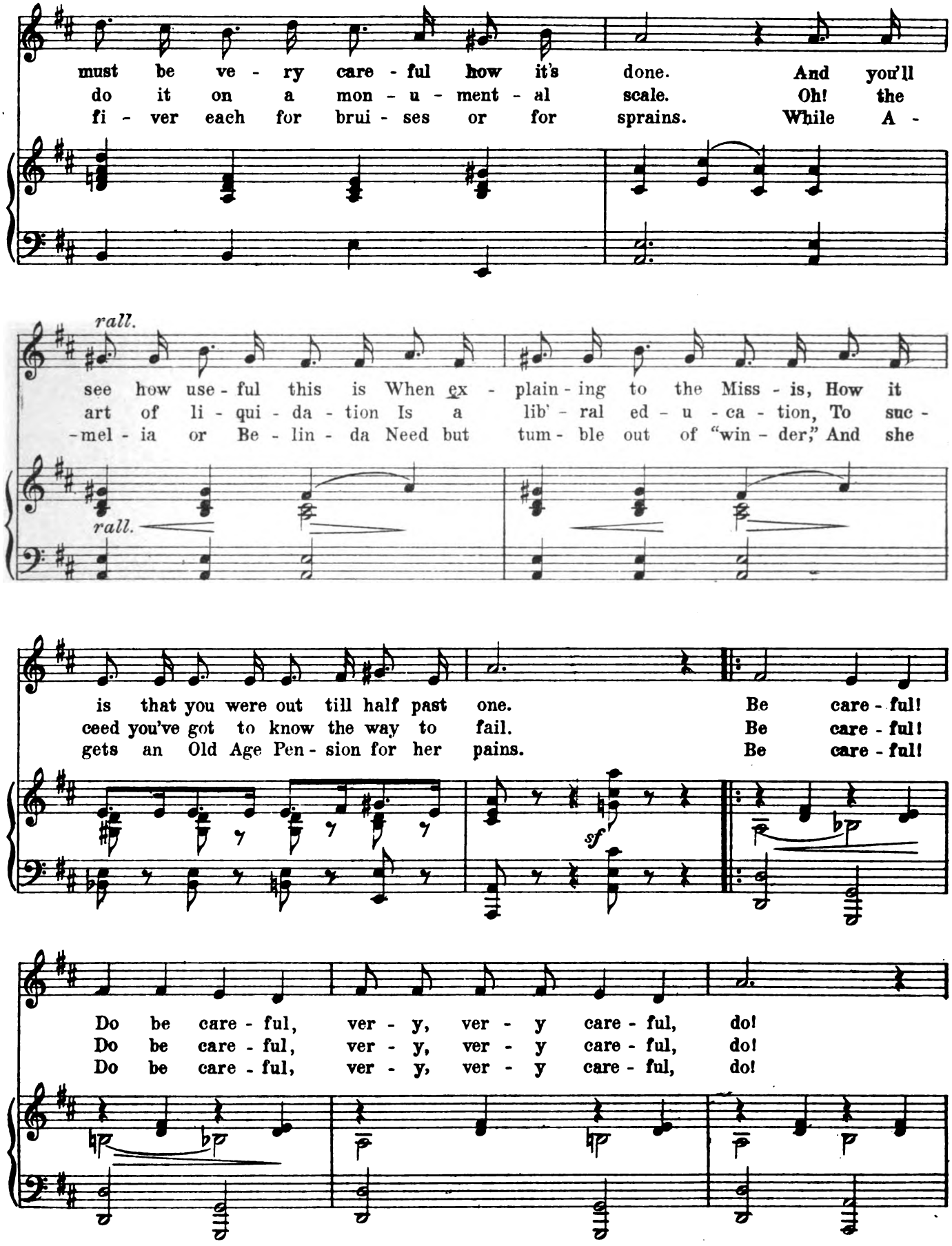
must be ve - ry care - ful how it's done. And you'll
do it on a mon - u - ment - al scale. Oh! the
fi - ver each for brui - ses or for sprains. While A -
rall.
see how use - ful this is When ex - plain - ing to the Miss - is, How it
art of li - qui - da - tion Is a lib' - ral ed - u - ca - tion, To suc -
-mel - ia or Be - lin - da Need but tum - ble out of "win - der," And she
rall.
is that you were out till half past one. Be care - ful!
ceed you've got to know the way to fail. Be care - ful!
gets an Old Age Pen - sion for her pains. Be care - ful!
sf
Do be care - ful, ver - y, ver - y care - ful, do!
Do be care - ful, ver - y, ver - y care - ful, do!
Do be care - ful, ver - y, ver - y care - ful, do!

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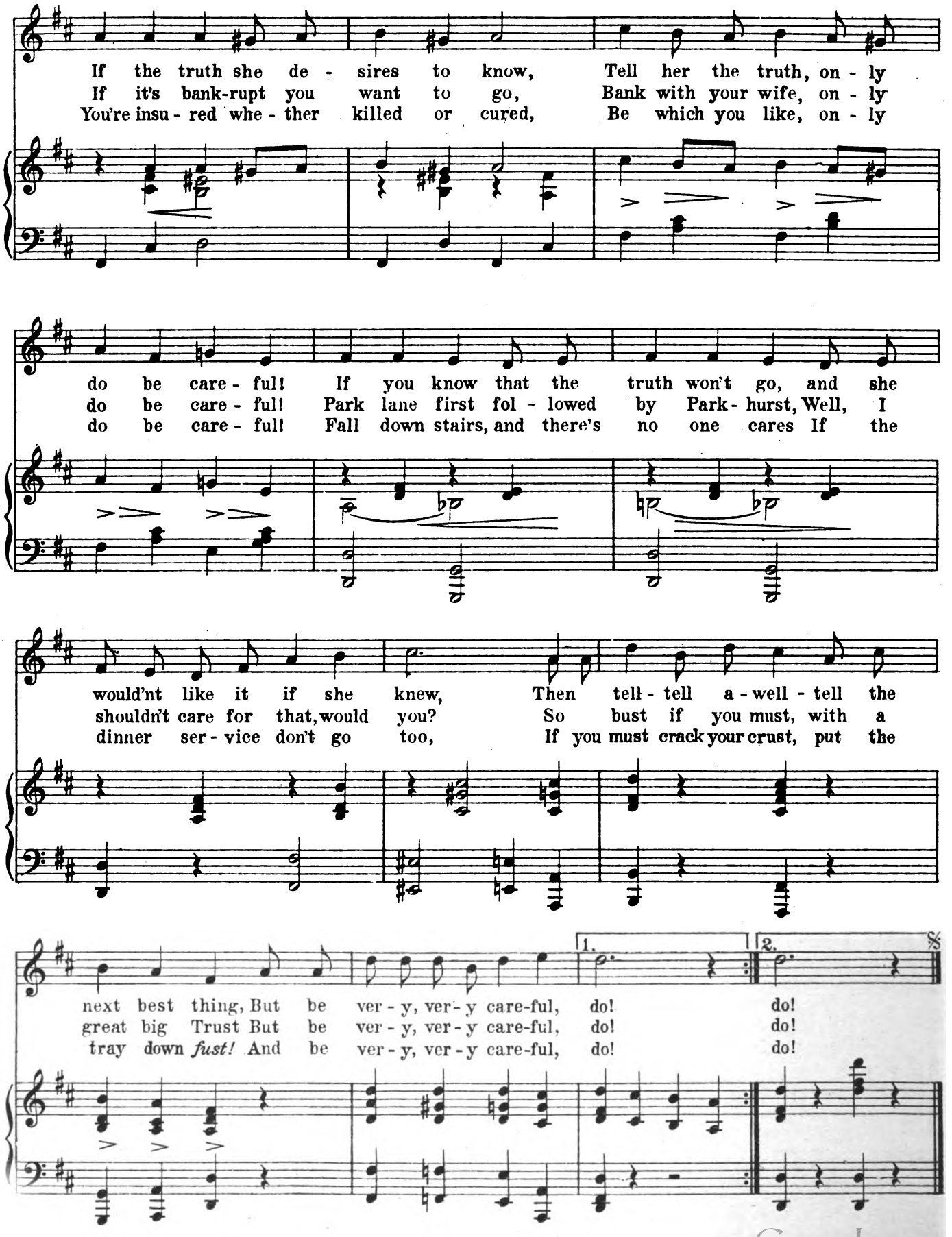
If the truth she de - sires to know, Tell her the truth, on - ly
If it's bank-rupt you want to go, Bank with your wife, on - ly
You're insu - red whe - ther killed or cured, Be which you like, on - ly
do be care - ful! If you know that the truth won't go, and she
do be care - ful! Park lane first fol - lowed by Park - hurst, Well, I
do be care - ful! Fall down stairs, and there's no one cares If the
would'nt like it if she knew, Then tell - tell a - well - tell the
shouldn't care for that, would you? So bust if you must, with a
dinner ser - vice don't go too, If you must crack your crust, put the
1.
2.
next best thing, But be ver - y, ver - y care-ful, do! do!
great big Trust But be ver - y, ver - y care-ful, do! do!
tray down *fust!* And be ver - y, ver - y care-ful, do! do!

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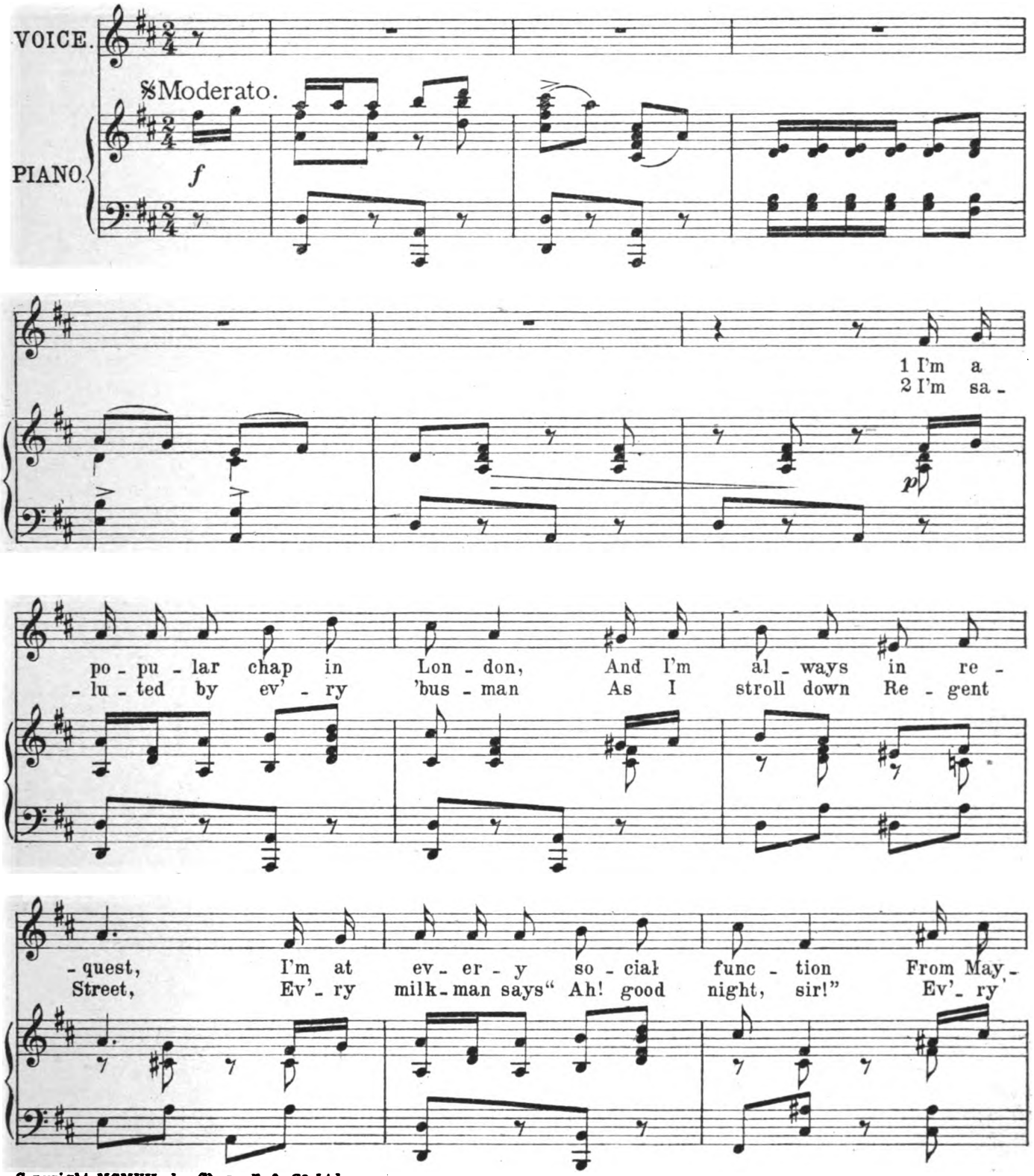
No. 20. SONG. "EVERYBODY'S FOND OF ME."

(PEGGY.)

ARTHUR WIMPERIS. FRANK E. TOURS.


VOICE.
PIANO.
Moderato.
f
1 I'm a
2 I'm sa -
p
po - pu - lar chap in Lon - don, And I'm al - ways in re -
- lu - ted by ev' - ry 'bus - man As I stroll down Re - gent
- quest, I'm at ev - er - y so - cial func - tion From May -
Street, Ev'- ry milk - man says" Ah! good night, sir!" Ev'- ry

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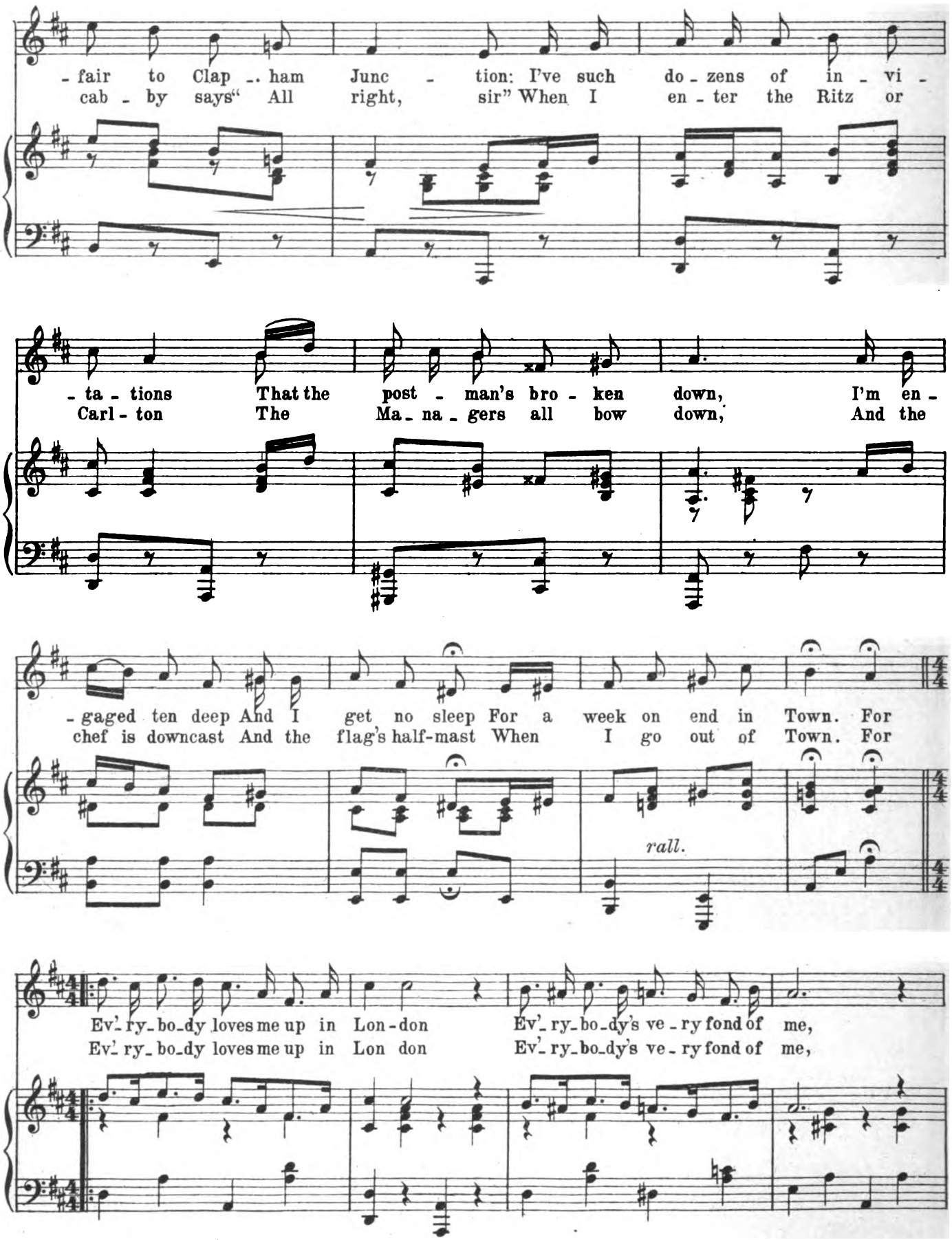
- fair to Clap - ham Junc - tion: I've such do - zens of in - vi -
cab - by says" All right, sir" When I en - ter the Ritz or
- ta - tions That the post - man's bro - ken down, I'm en -
Carl - ton The Ma - na - gers all bow down, And the
- gaged ten deep And I get no sleep For a week on end in Town. For
chef is downcast And the flag's half-mast When I go out of Town. For
rall.
Ev'- ry - bo - dy loves me up in Lon - don Ev'- ry - bo - dy's ve - ry fond of me,
Ev'- ry - bo - dy loves me up in Lon don Ev'- ry - bo - dy's ve - ry fond of me,

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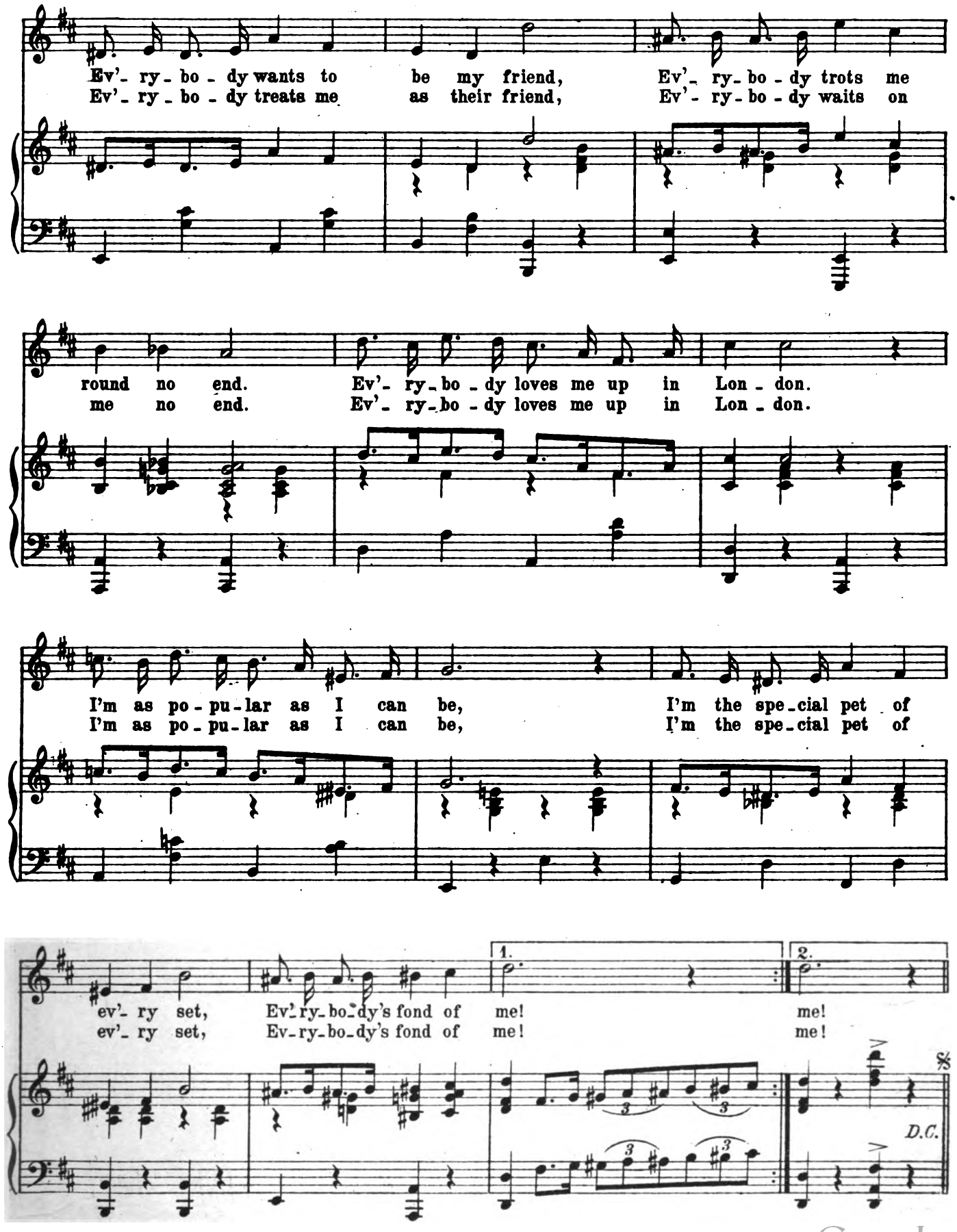
Ev'- ry - bo - dy wants to be my friend, Ev'- ry - bo - dy trots me
Ev'- ry - bo - dy treats me as their friend, Ev'- ry - bo - dy waits on
round no end. Ev'- ry - bo - dy loves me up in Lon - don.
me no end. Ev'- ry - bo - dy loves me up in Lon - don.
I'm as po - pu - lar as I can be, I'm the spe - cial pet of
I'm as po - pu - lar as I can be, I'm the spe - cial pet of
1.
2.
ev'- ry set, Ev'- ry - bo - dy's fond of me! me!
ev'- ry set, Ev - ry - bo - dy's fond of me! me!
D.C.

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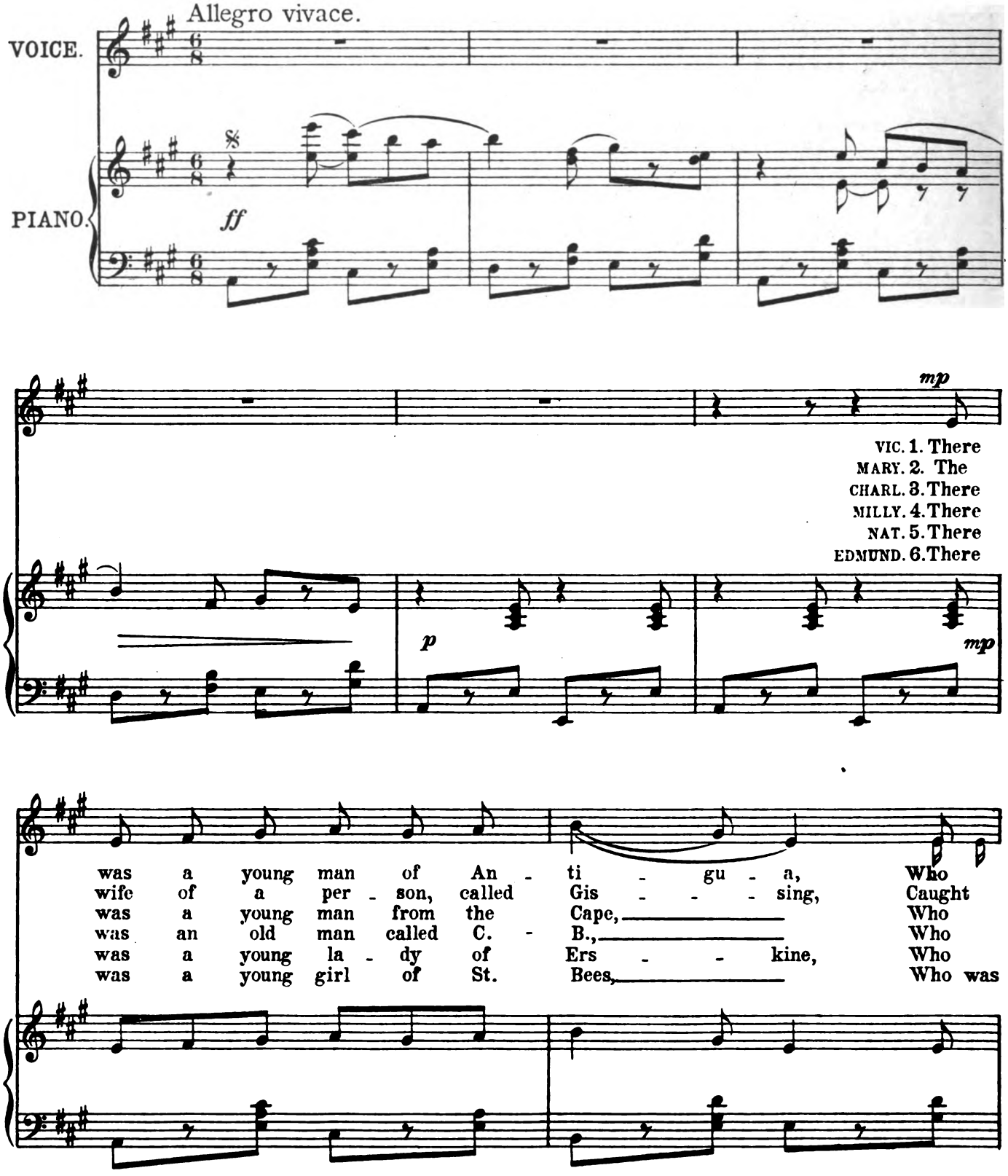
No. 22. SONG:-"LIMERICKS."

ARTHUR WIMPERIS. GUY JONES.


Allegro vivace.
VOICE.
PIANO.
ff
mp
VIC. 1. There
MARY. 2. The
CHARL. 3. There
MILLY. 4. There
NAT. 5. There
EDMUND. 6. There
p
mp
was a young man of An - ti - gu - a, Who
wife of a per - son, called Gis - - - sing, Caught
was a young man from the Cape, Who
was an old man called C. - B., Who
was a young la - dy of Ers - - kine, Who
was a young girl of St. Bees, Who was

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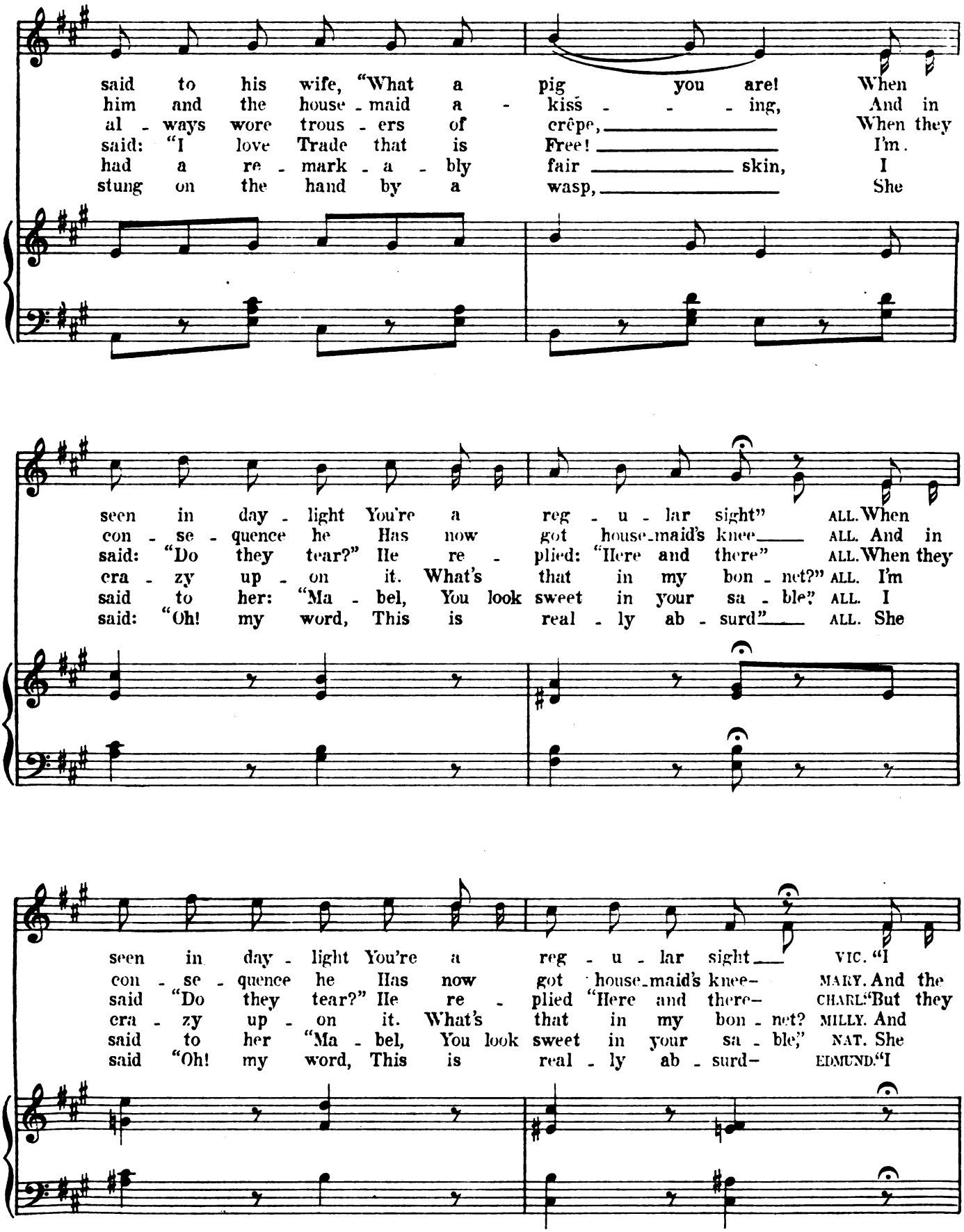
said to his wife, "What a pig you are! When
him and the house-maid a-kiss-ing, And in
al-ways wore trous-ers of crêpe, When they
said: "I love Trade that is Free! I'm.
had a re-mark-a-bly fair skin, I
stung on the hand by a wasp, She
seen in day-light You're a reg-u-lar sight" ALL. When
con-se-quence he Has now got house-maid's knee ALL. And in
said: "Do they tear?" He re-plied: "Here and there" ALL. When they
era-zy up-on it. What's that in my bon-net?" ALL. I'm
said to her: "Ma-bel, You look sweet in your sa-ble" ALL. I
said: "Oh! my word, This is real-ly ab-surd" ALL. She
seen in day-light You're a reg-u-lar sight VIC. "I
con-se-quence he Has now got house-maid's knee- MARY. And the
said "Do they tear?" He re-plied "Here and there- CHARL. "But they
era-zy up-on it. What's that in my bon-net? MILLY. And
said to her "Ma-bel, You look sweet in your sa-ble," NAT. She
said "Oh! my word, This is real-ly ab-surd- EDMUND. "I

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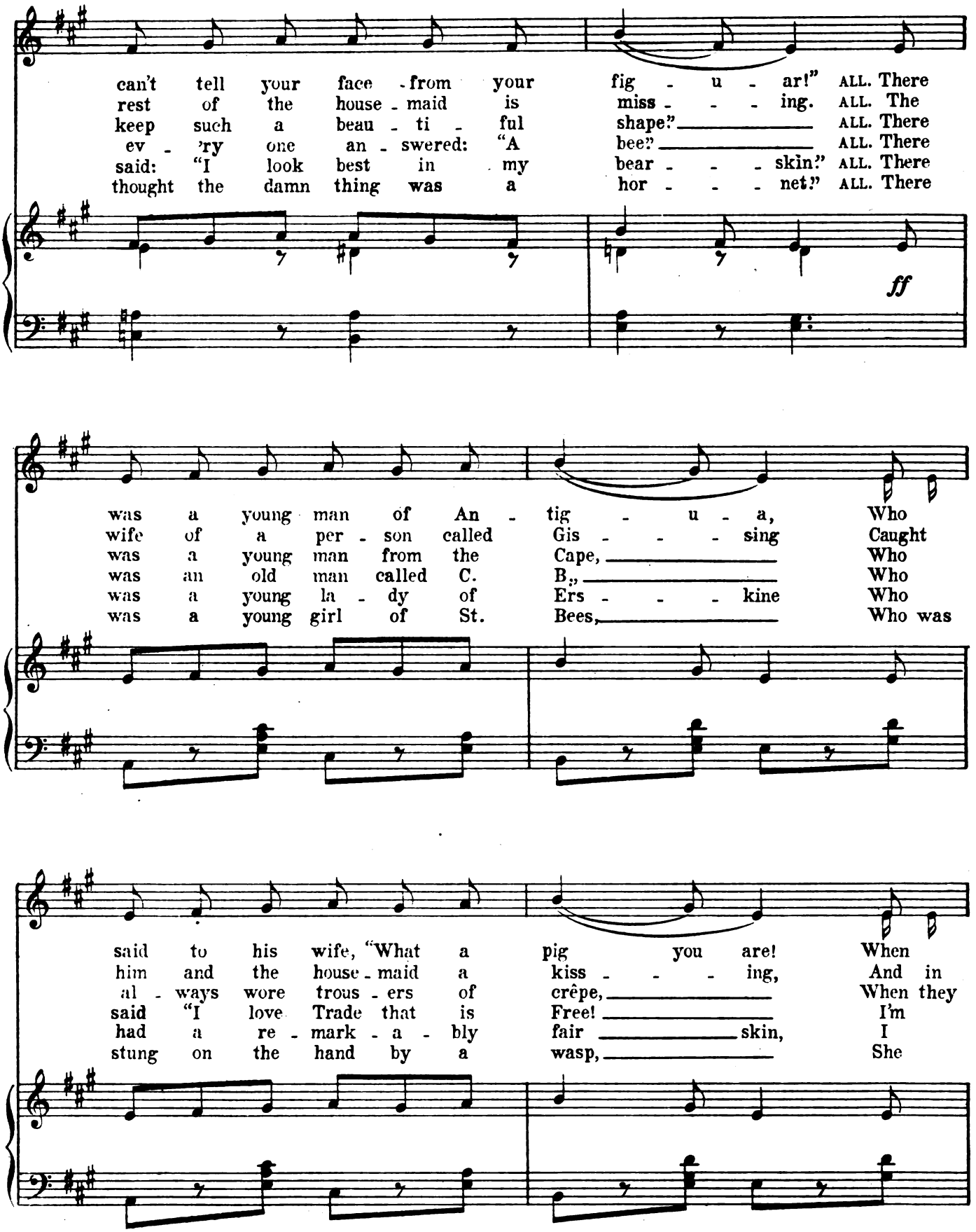
can't tell your face from your fig - u - ar!" ALL. There
rest of the house - maid is miss - - - ing. ALL. The
keep such a beau - ti - ful shape?" ALL. There
ev - 'ry one an - swered: "A bee?" ALL. There
said: "I look best in my bear - - - skin?" ALL. There
thought the damn thing was a hor - - - net?" ALL. There
ff
was a young man of An - tig - u - a, Who
wife of a per - son called Gis - - - sing Caught
was a young man from the Cape, Who
was an old man called C. B., Who
was a young la - dy of Ers - - - kine Who
was a young girl of St. Bees, Who was
said to his wife, "What a pig you are! When
him and the house - maid a kiss - - - ing, And in
al - ways wore trous - ers of crêpe, When they
said "I love Trade that is Free! I'm
had a re - mark - a - bly fair skin, I
stung on the hand by a wasp, She

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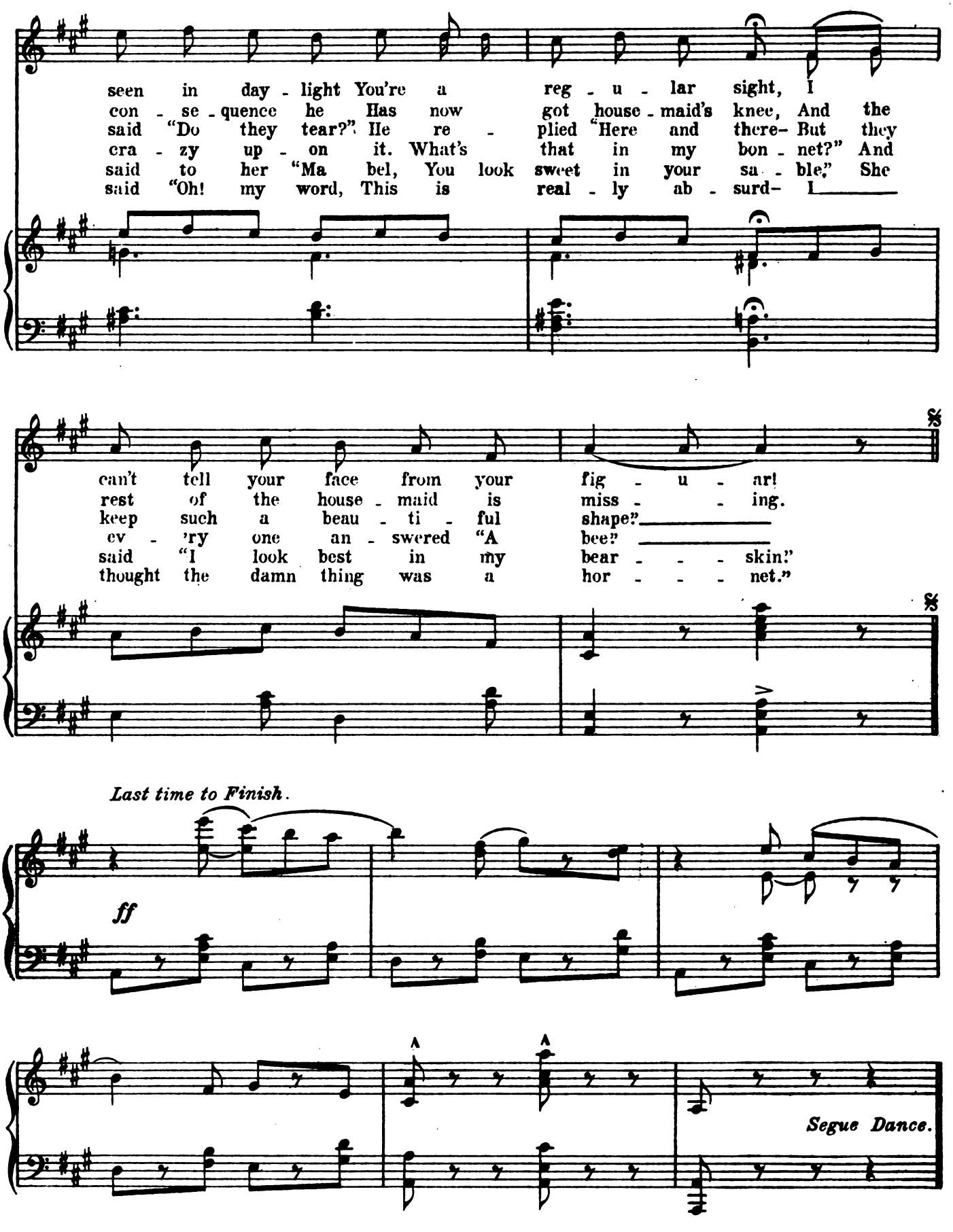
seen in day - light You're a reg - u - lar sight, I
con - se - quence he Has now got house - maid's knee, And the
said "Do they tear?" He re - plied "Here and there- But they
cra - zy up - on it. What's that in my bon - net?" And
said to her "Ma bel, You look sweet in your sa - ble," She
said "Oh! my word, This is real - ly ab - surd- I
can't tell your face from your fig - u - ar!
rest of the house - maid is miss - - ing.
keep such a beau - ti - ful shape?"
ev - 'ry one an - swered "A bee?"
said "I look best in my bear - - - skin."
thought the damn thing was a hor - - - net."
Last time to Finish.
ff
Segue Dance.

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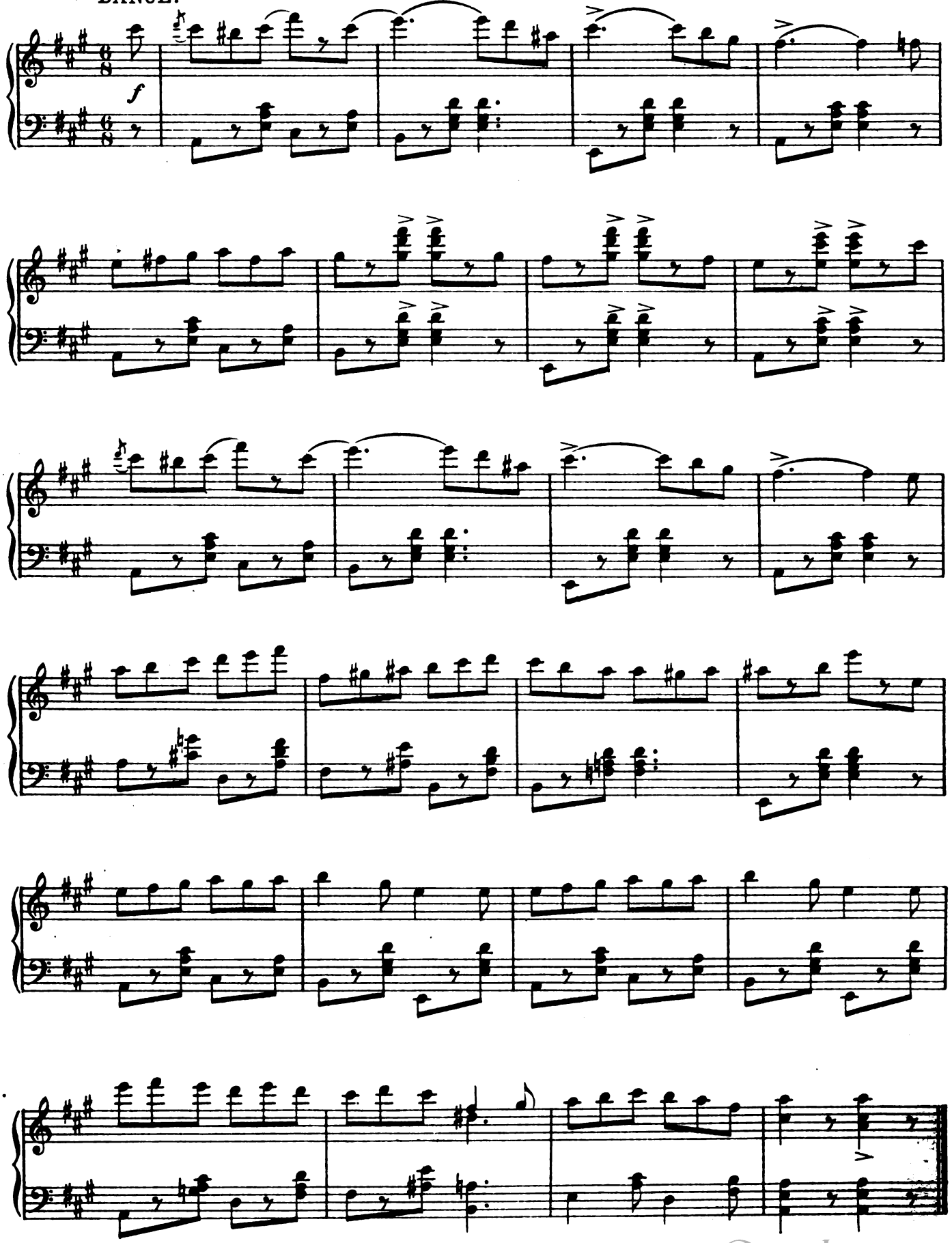
DANCE.



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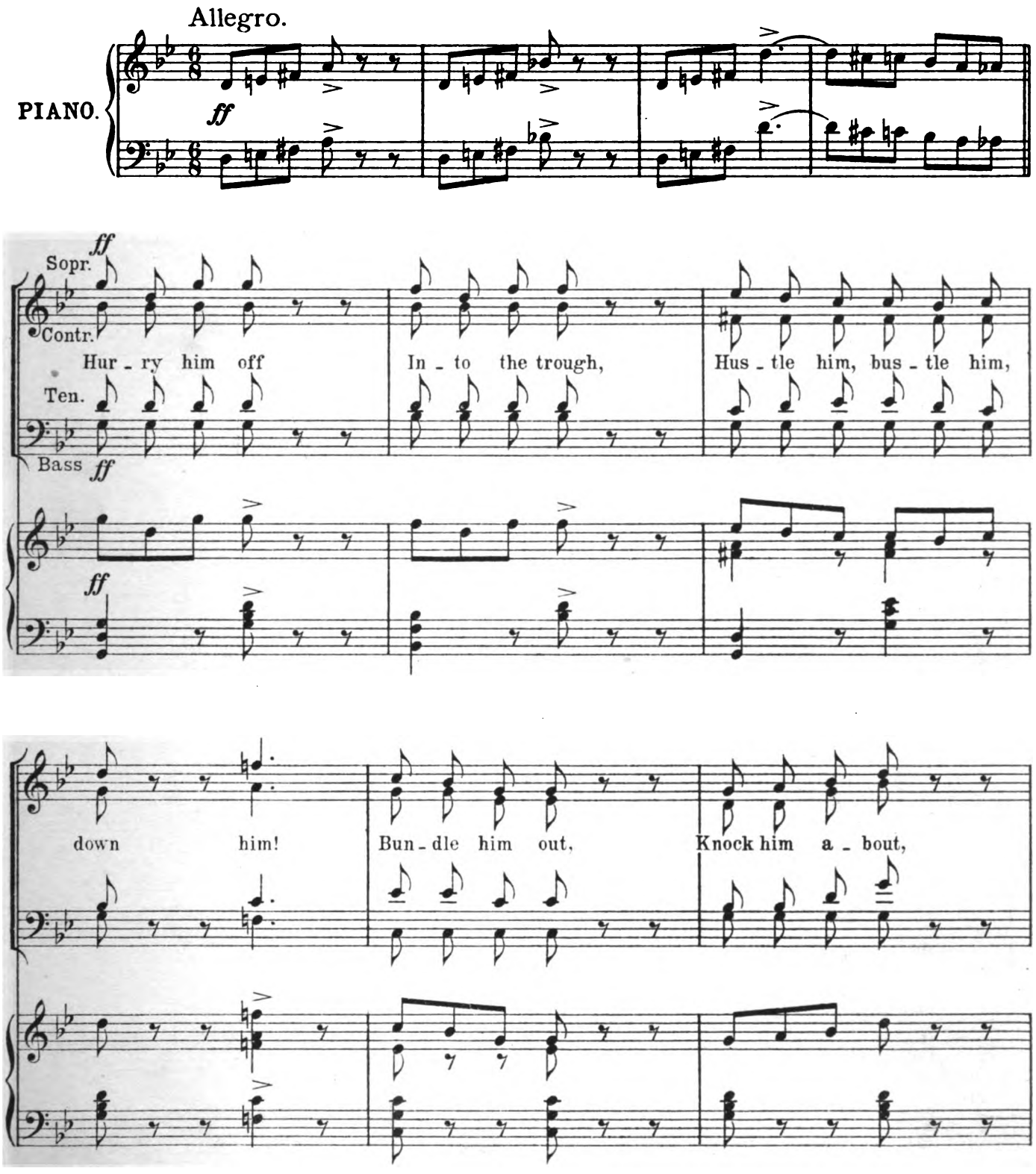
No 23. CONCERTED NUMBER.—"HURRY HIM OFF."

(CHORUS)

ARTHUR WIMPERIS. GUY JONES.



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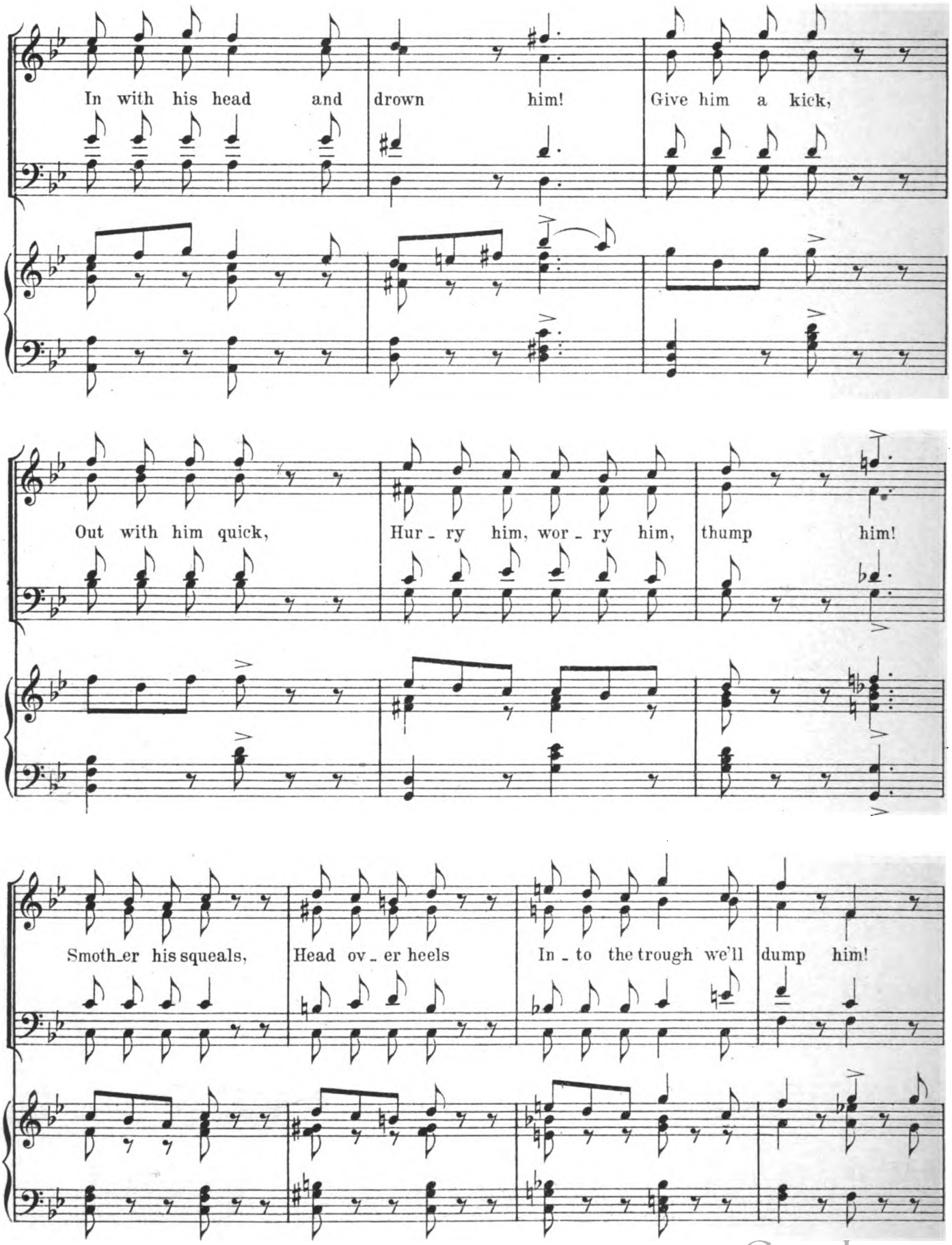
In with his head and drown him! Give him a kick,
Out with him quick, Hur - ry him, wor - ry him, thump him!
Smoth_er his squeals, Head ov_er heels In_to the trough we'll dump him!

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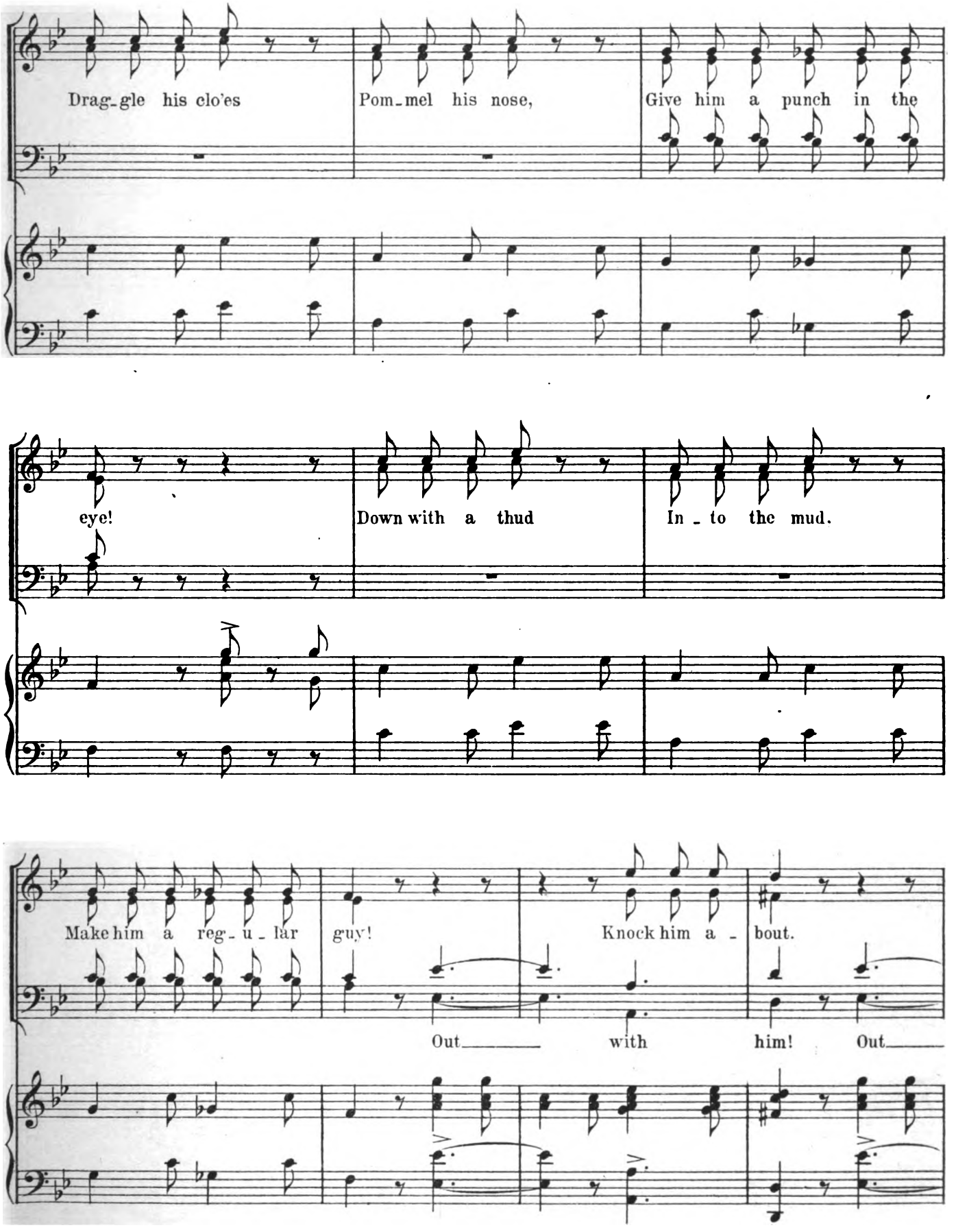

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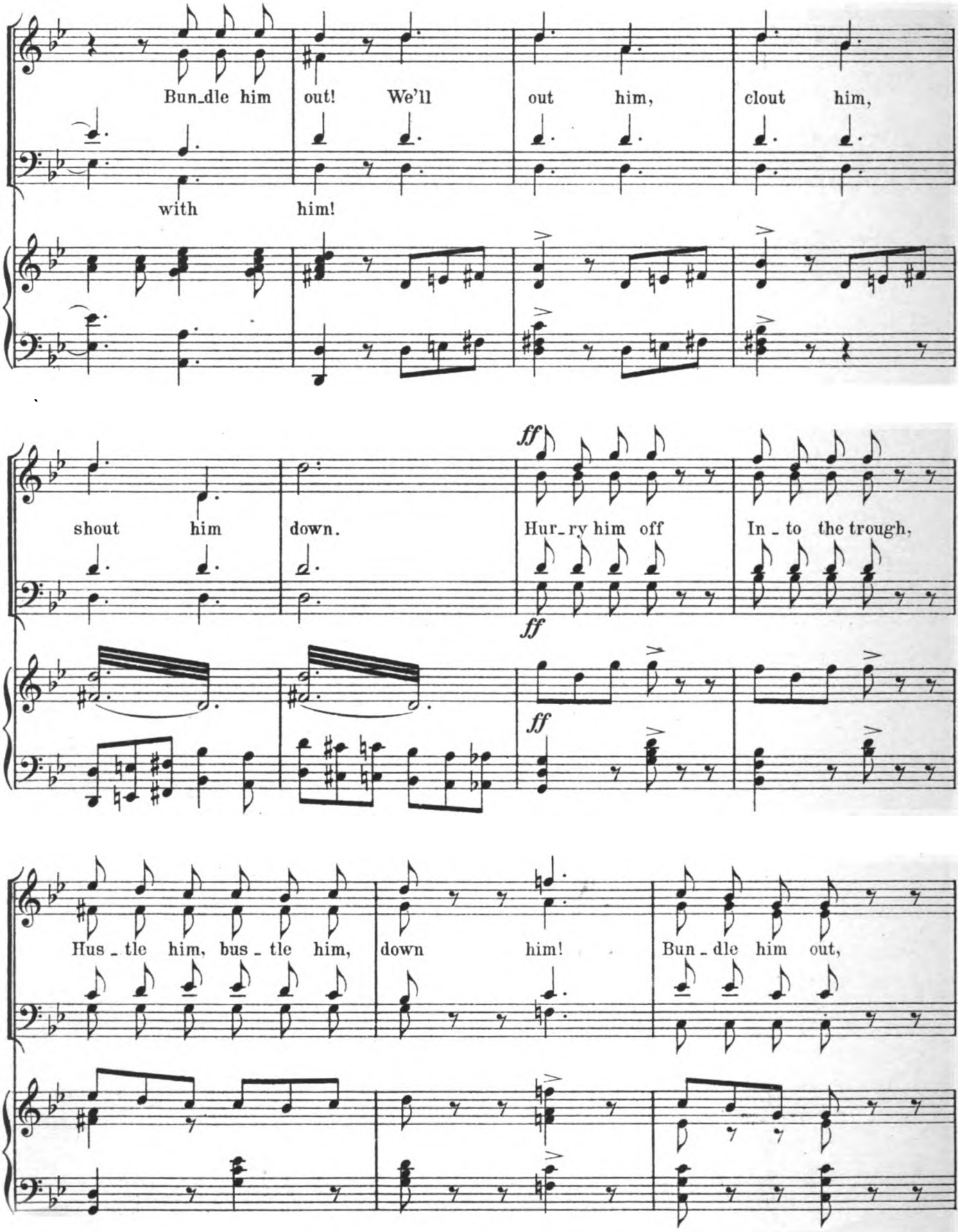

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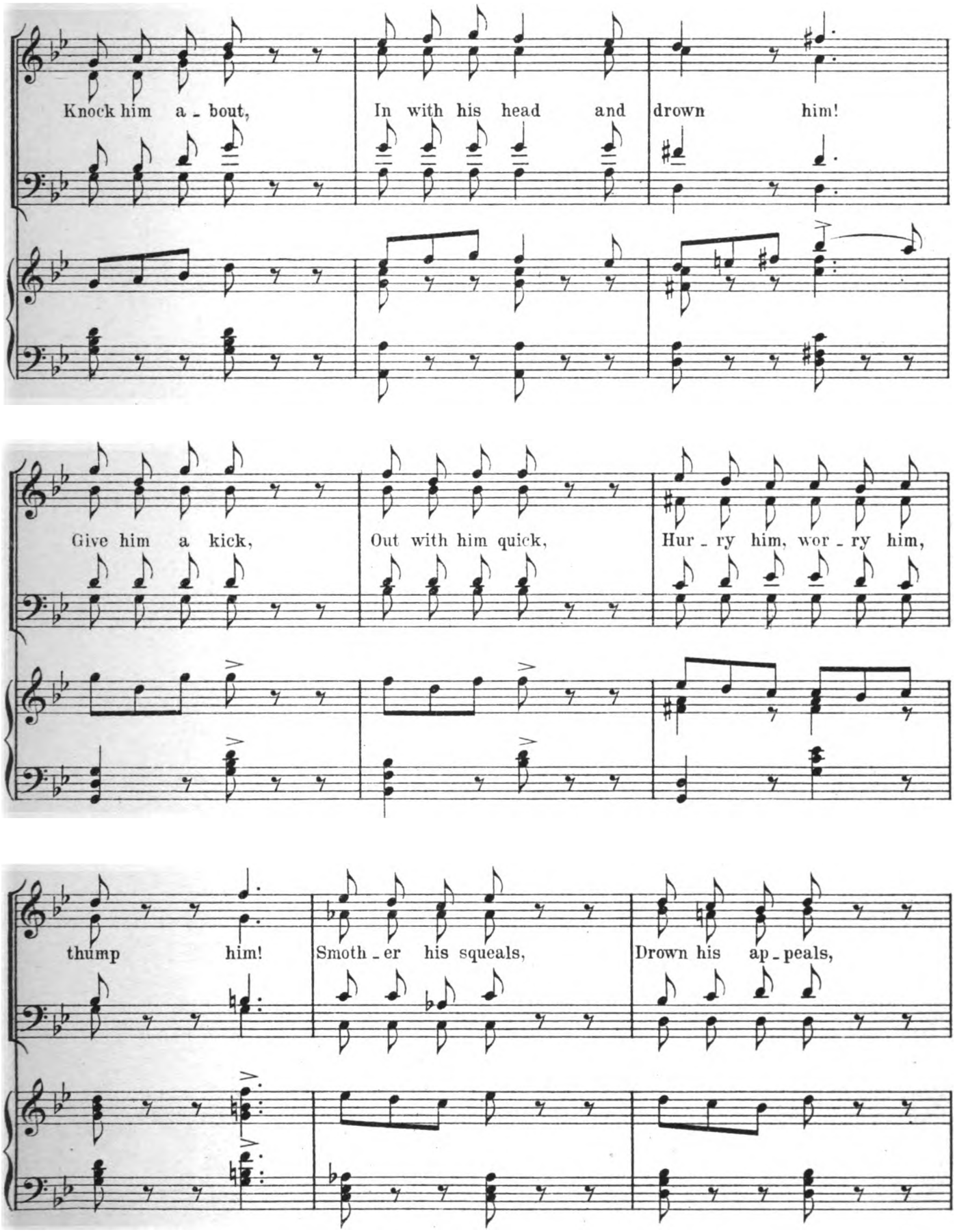
Knock him a - bout, In with his head and drown him!
Give him a kick, Out with him quick, Hur - ry him, wor - ry him,
thump him! Smoth - er his squeals, Drown his ap - peals,

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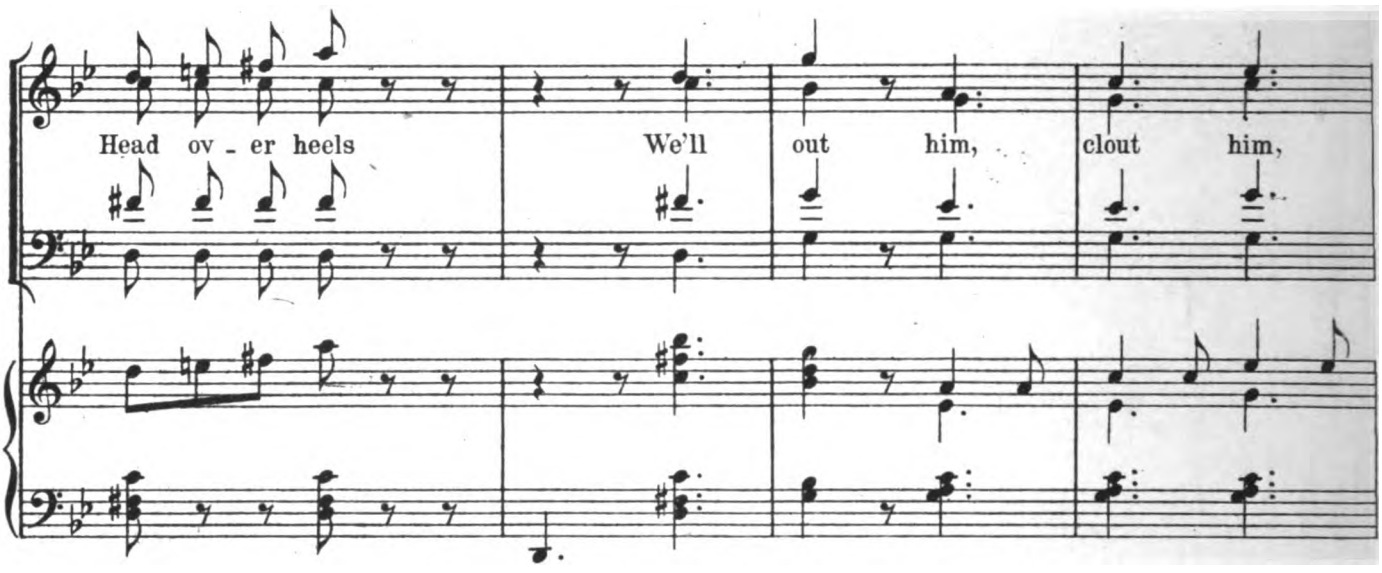

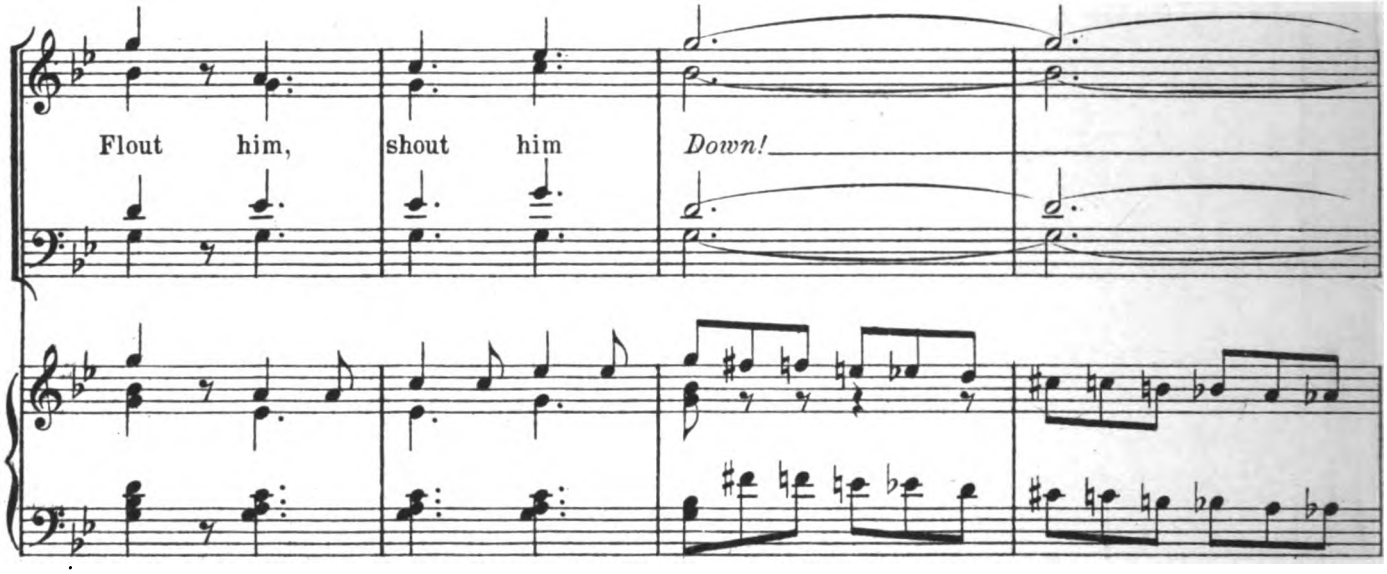

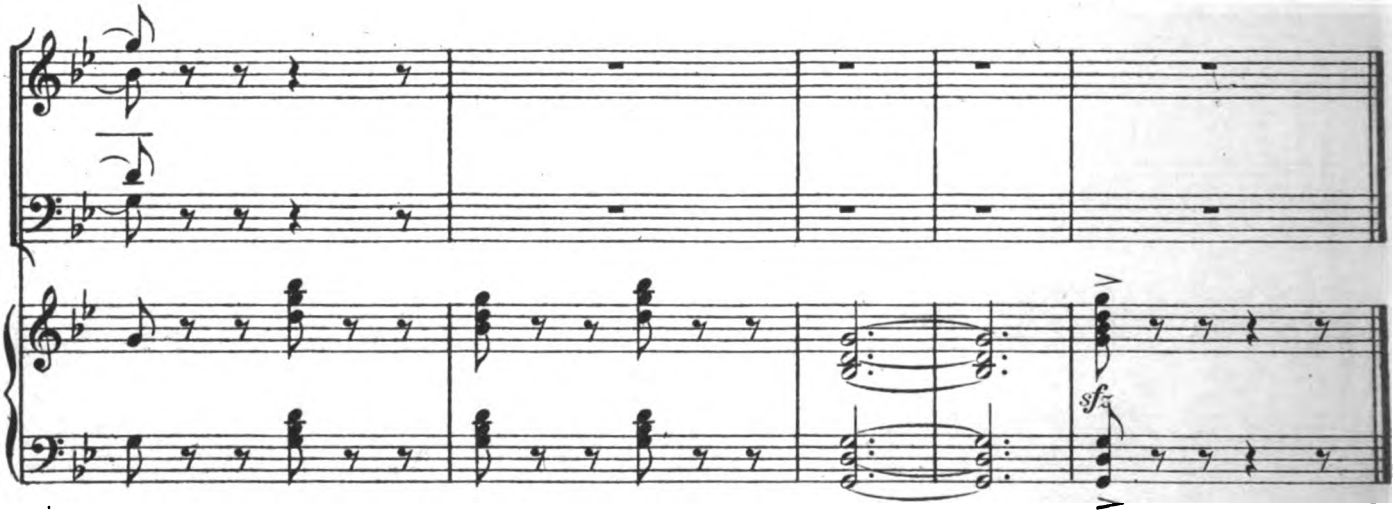

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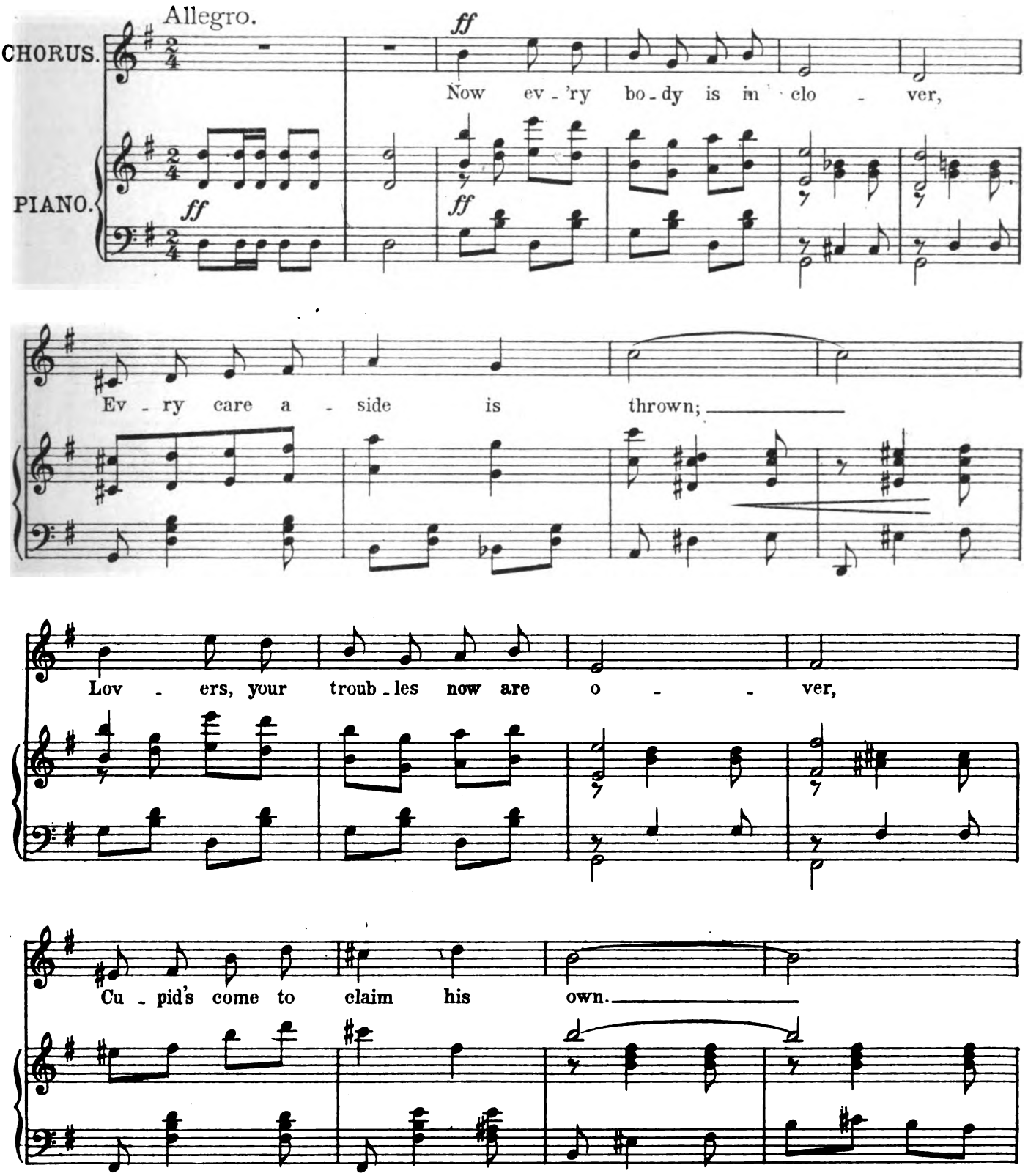
Nº 24. FINALE. ACT II.

ARTHUR WIMPERIS. GUY JONES.


Allegro.
CHORUS.
PIANO.
ff
Now ev - 'ry bo - dy is in clo - ver,
Ev - ry care a - side is thrown;
Lov - ers, your troub - les now are o - - ver,
Cu - pid's come to claim his own.

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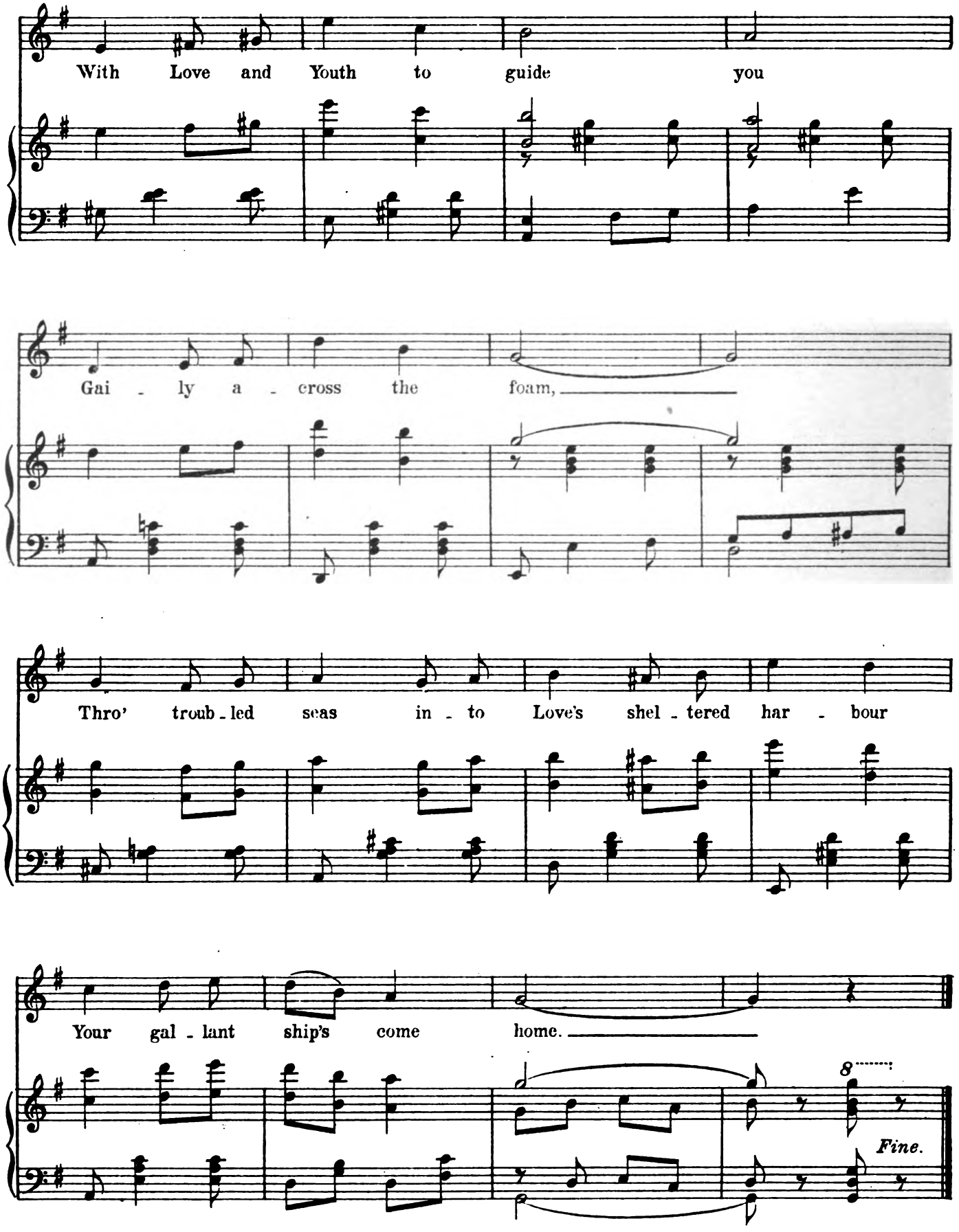
With Love and Youth to guide you
Gai - ly a - cross the foam,
Thro' troub - led seas in - to Love's shel - tered har - bour
Your gal - lant ship's come home.
8
Fine.

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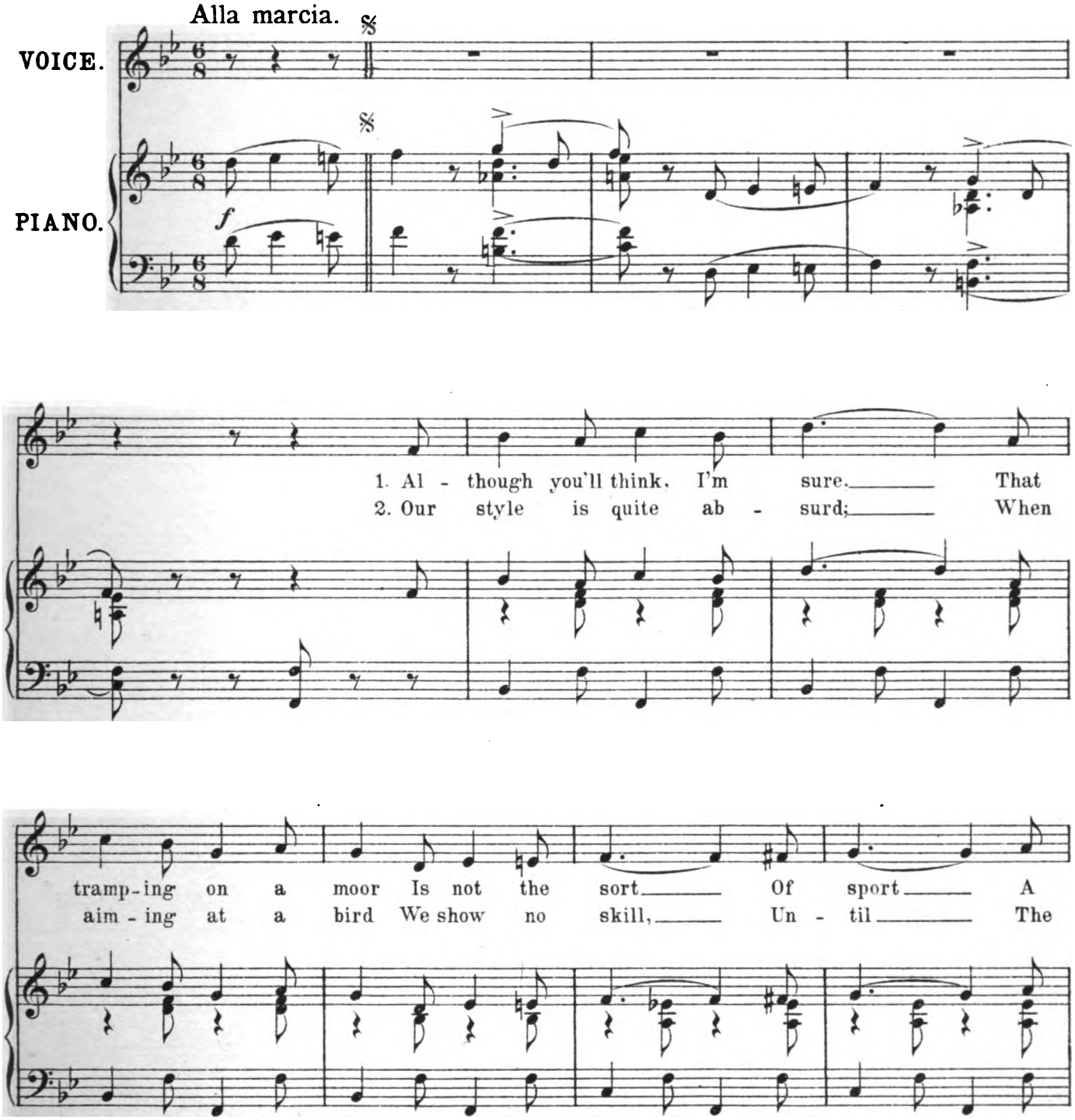
No. 25. SONG:- "THE HEATHER-BELLES".

(LADY MILLICENT GRAEME.)

C. H. BOVILL.


Alla marcia.
VOICE.
PIANO.
f
1. Al - though you'll think, I'm sure. That
2. Our style is quite ab - surd; When
tramp-ing on a moor Is not the sort Of sport A
aim - ing at a bird We show no skill, Un - til The

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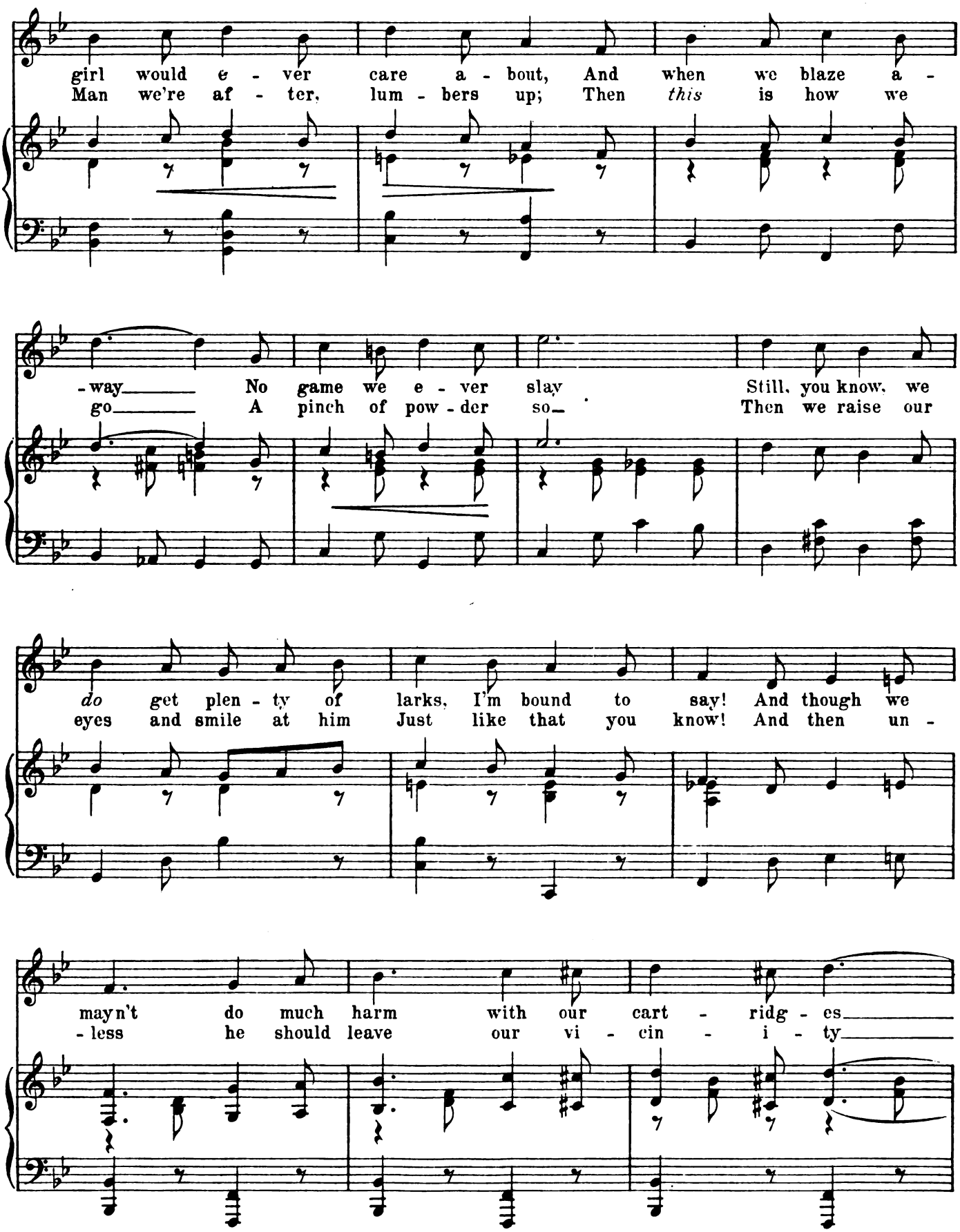
girl would e - ver care a - bout, And when we blaze a -
Man we're af - ter, lum - bers up; Then this is how we
- way No game we e - ver slay Still, you know, we
go A pinch of pow - der so Then we raise our
do get plen - ty of larks, I'm bound to say! And though we
eyes and smile at him Just like that you know! And then un -
mayn't do much harm with our cart - ridg - es
- less he should leave our vi - cin - i - ty

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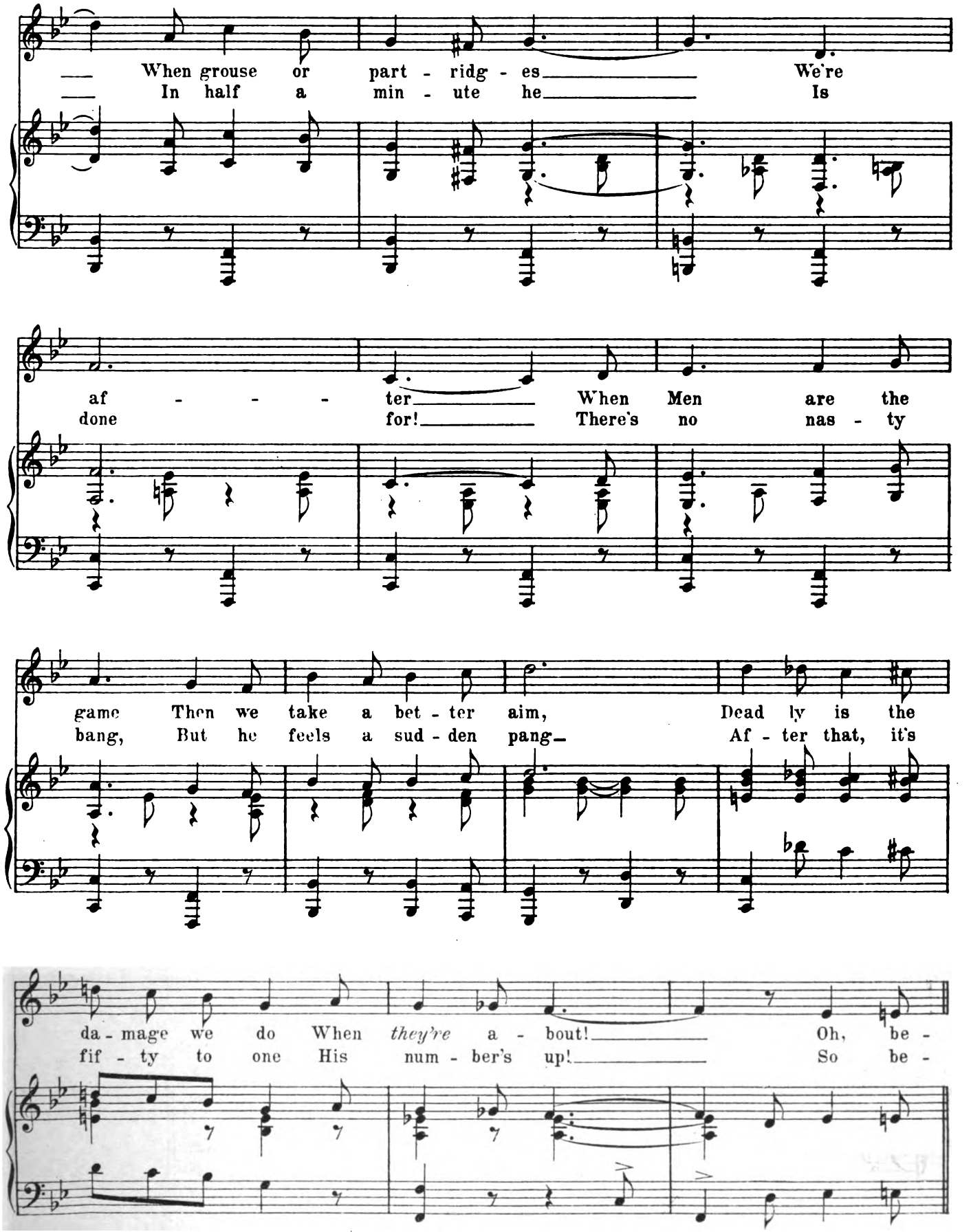
When grouse or part - ridg - es We're
In half a min - ute he Is
af - - - ter When Men are the
done for! There's no nas - ty
game Then we take a bet - ter aim, Dead ly is the
bang, But he feels a sud - den pang Af - ter that, it's
da - mage we do When they're a - bout! Oh, be -
fif - ty to one His num - ber's up! So be -

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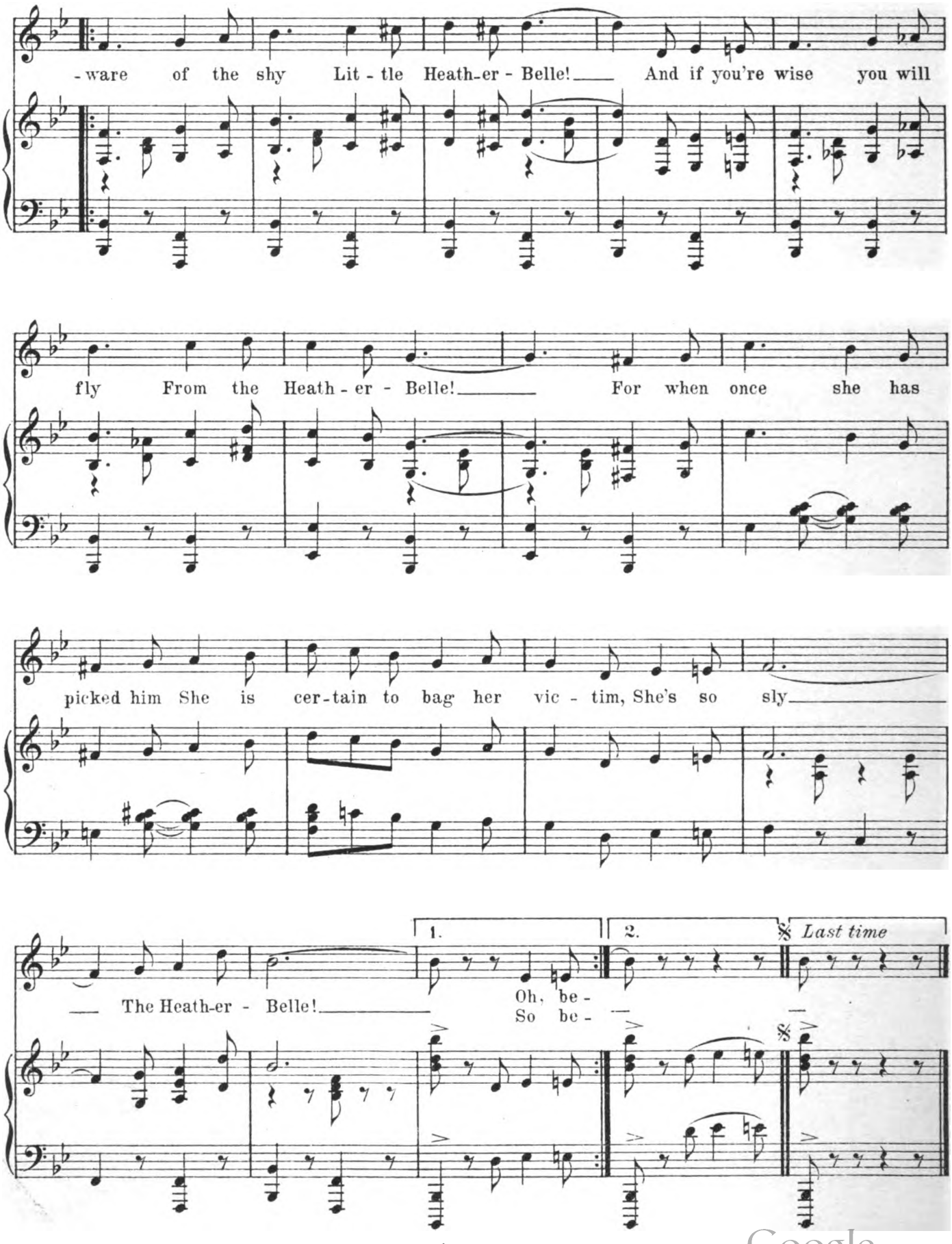
-ware of the shy Lit - tle Heath-er - Belle! And if you're wise you will
fly From the Heath - er - Belle! For when once she has
picked him She is cer-tain to bag her vic - tim, She's so sly
The Heath-er - Belle!
1.
2.
Last time
Oh, be -
So be -

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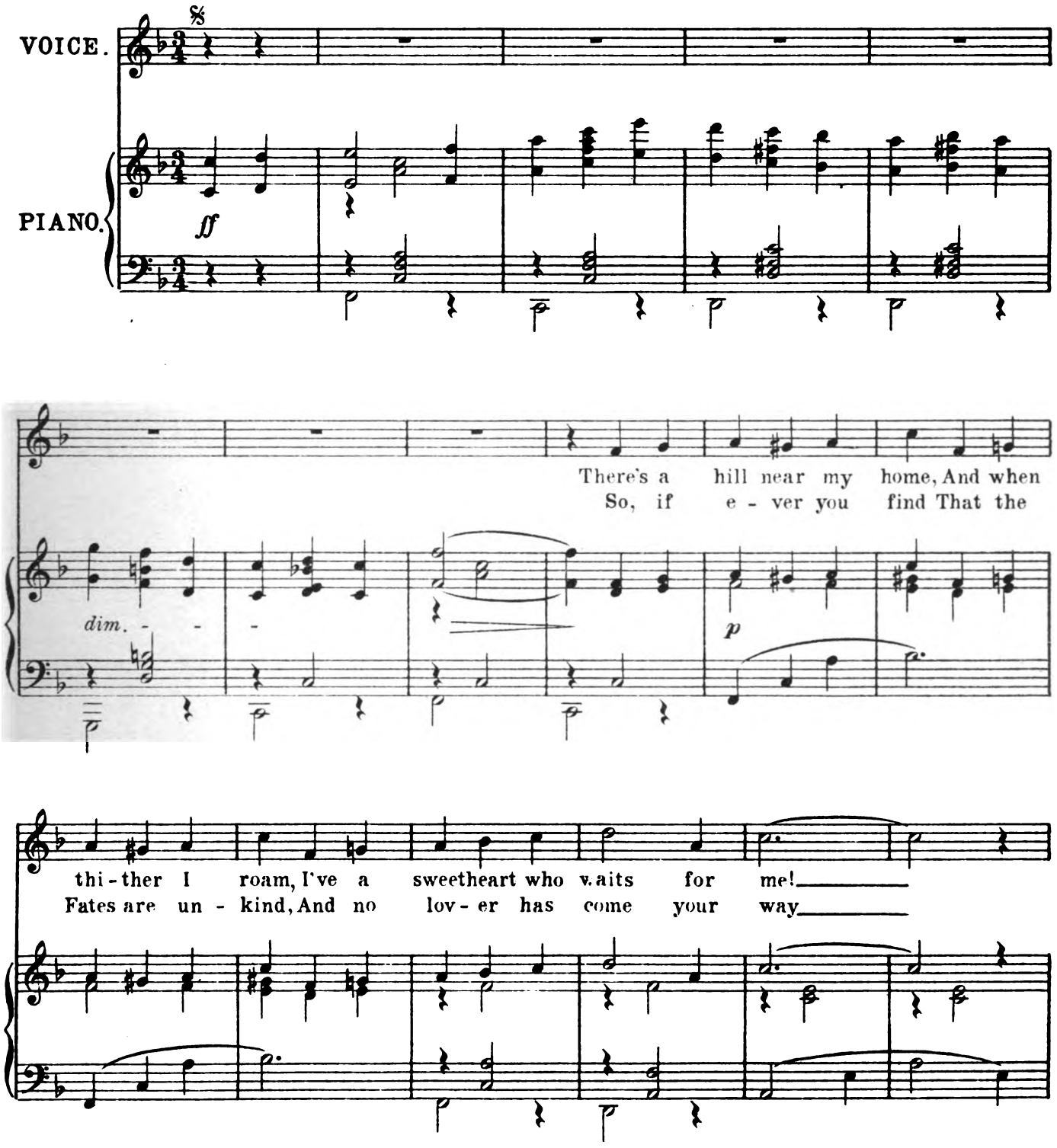
No. 26.—"ECHO SONG."

(MARY Mc LEOD.)

C. H. BOVILL.


VOICE.
PIANO.
ff
There's a hill near my home, And when
So, if e - ver you find That the
dim. - - -
p
thi - ther I roam, I've a sweetheart who waits for me!
Fates are un - kind, And no lov - er has come your way

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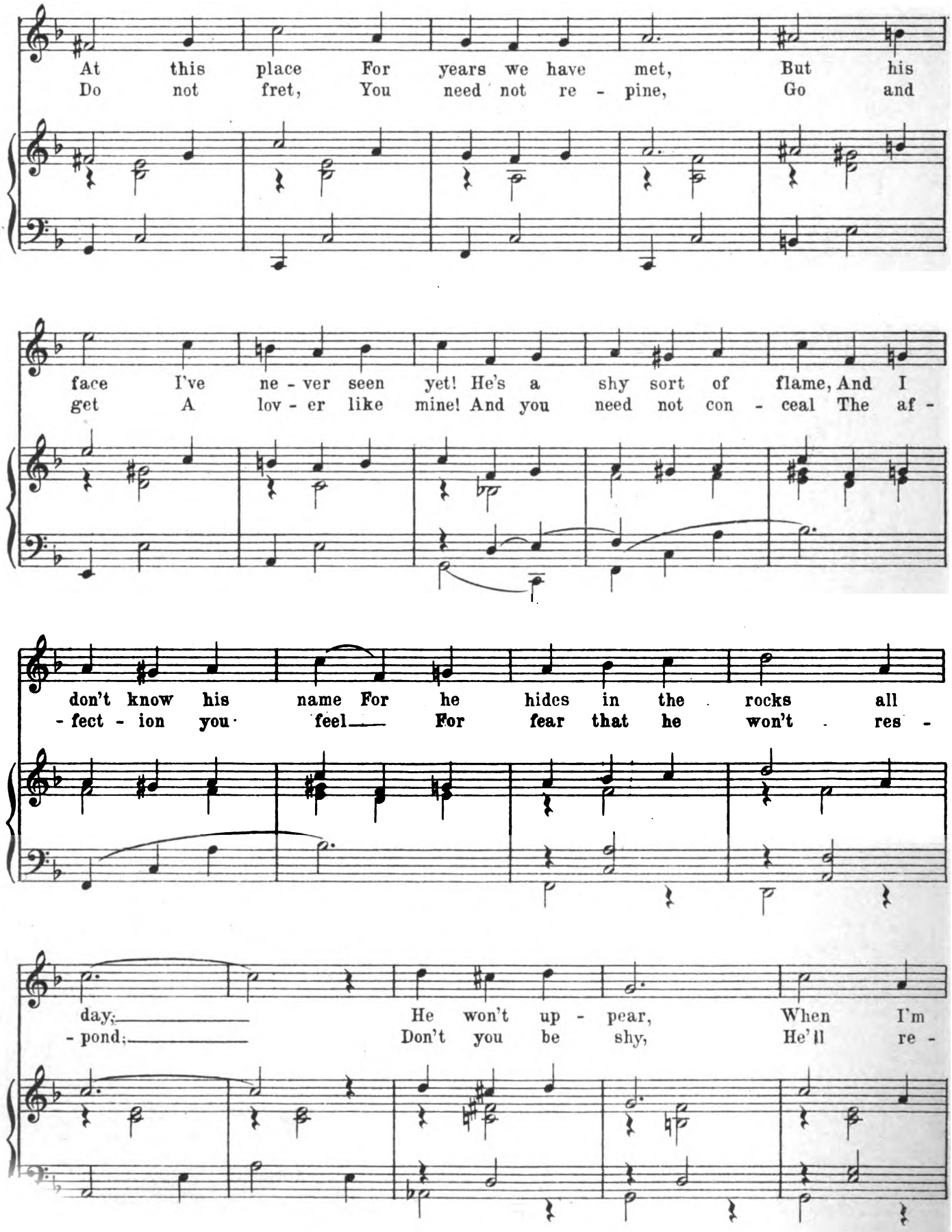
At this place For years we have met, But his
Do not fret, You need not re - pine, Go and
face I've ne - ver seen yet! He's a shy sort of flame, And I
get A lov - er like mine! And you need not con - ceal The af -
don't know his name For he hides in the rocks all
- fect - ion you feel For fear that he won't res -
day;
- pond;
He won't up - pear, When I'm
Don't you be shy, He'll re -

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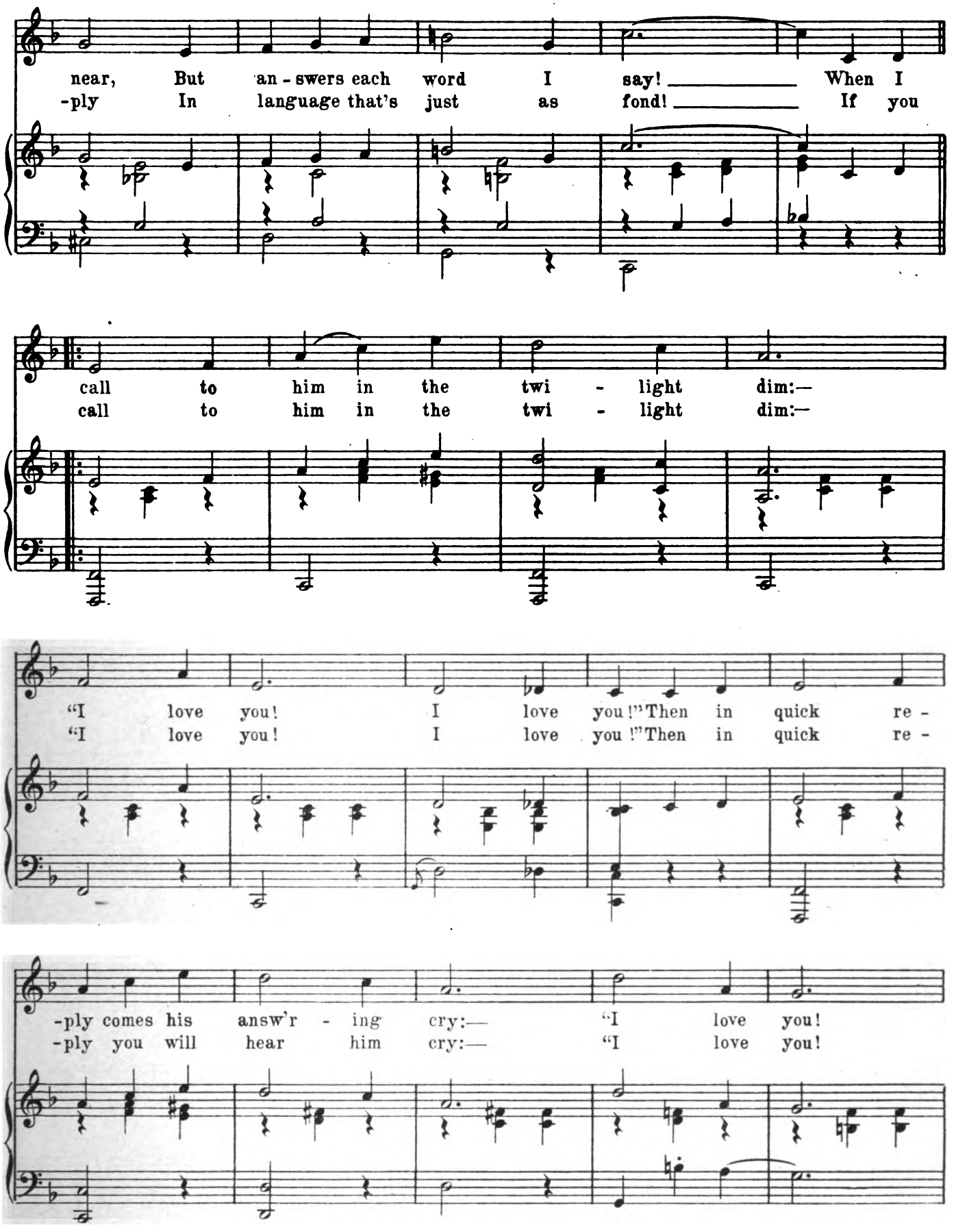
near, But an - swers each word I say! When I
-ply In language that's just as fond! If you
call to him in the twi - light dim:—
call to him in the twi - light dim:—
"I love you! I love you!" Then in quick re -
"I love you! I love you!" Then in quick re -
-ply comes his answ'r - ing cry:— "I love you!
-ply you will hear him cry:— "I love you!

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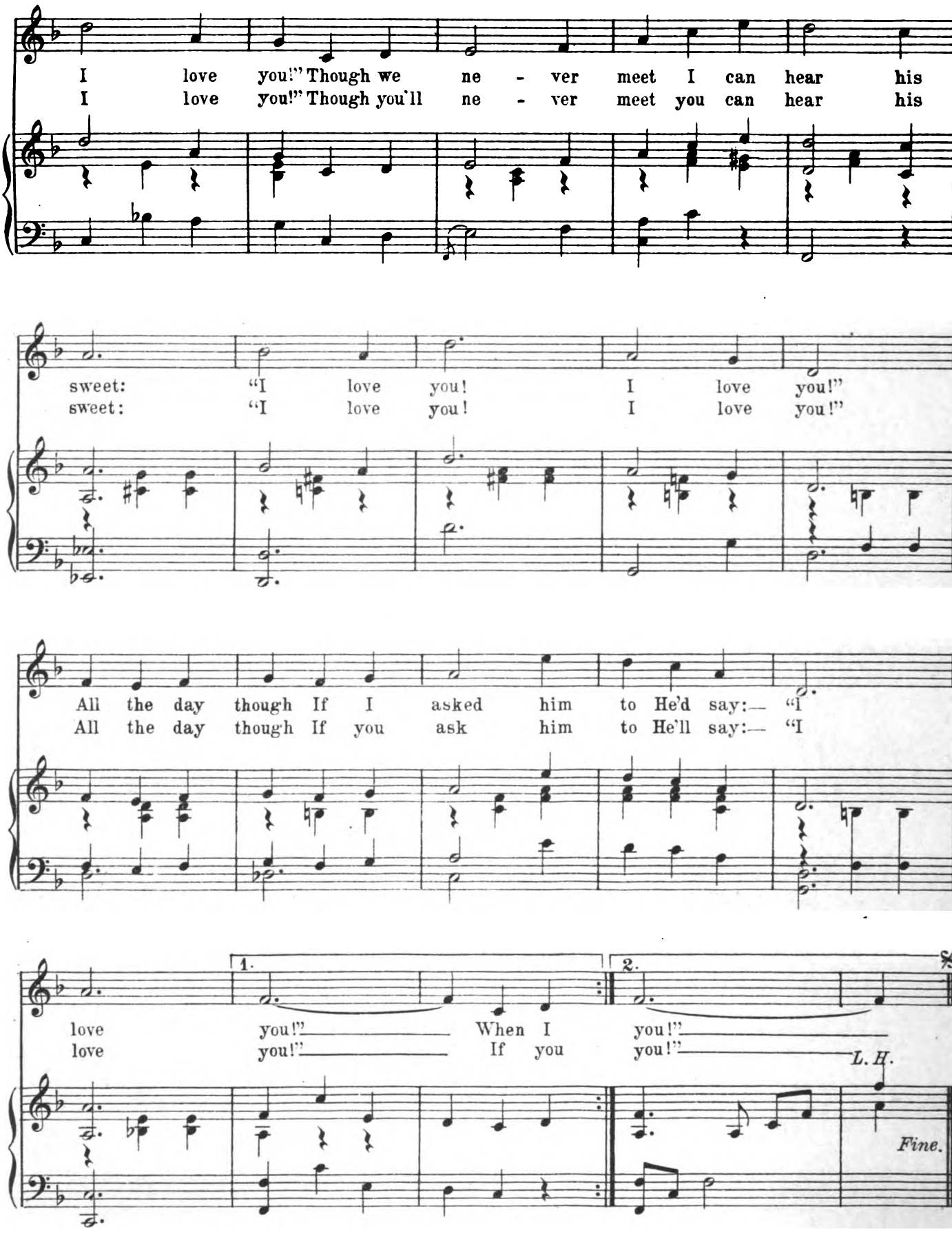
I love you!" Though we ne - ver meet I can hear his
I love you!" Though you'll ne - ver meet you can hear his
sweet: "I love you! I love you!"
sweet: "I love you! I love you!"
All the day though If I asked him to He'd say:— "I
All the day though If you ask him to He'll say:— "I
1.
2.
love you!" When I you!"
love you!" If you you!"
L. H.
Fine.

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